

A Jug of Punch

The Clancy Brothers

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Miscellaneous

Jug Of Punch

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'Twas early, early, in the month of June
I was sitting with my glass and spoon.

A small bird sat on an ivy bunch
And the song he sang was a jug of punch.

CHO: Toor-a-loora-la, toor-a-loora-lie

Toor-a-loora-la, toor-a-loora-lie

(repeat last two lines of verse)

If I were sick, and very bad
And were not able to go or stand,
I would not think it at all amiss
To pledge my shoes for a jug of punch.

CHO:

Than to sit him down by a snug turf fire,
Upon his knee a pretty wench
And upon his table a jug of punch.

CHO:

And when I'm dead and in my grave
No costly tombstone will I have,
I'll dig a grave both wide and deep
With a jug of punch at my head and feet.