

## Kingston Trio "The Jug Of Punch"

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Francis McPeake/Ewan MacColl

As I was sitting with a jug and spoon, one Sunday  
morning in the month of June.  
A birdie sang in an ivy bunch and the song he sang was  
the jug of punch.

Chorus:

Tura lura lu, tura lura lu, tura lura lu, tura lura lu.

A birdie sang in an ivy bunch and the song he sang was  
the jug of punch.

What more diversion can a man desire than to court a  
girl by a cheerful fire?

A carey pippin to crack and crunch and on the table a  
jug of punch.

(Chorus)

A carey pippin to crack and crunch and on the table a  
jug of punch.

Ye mortal lords, drink your nectar wine and ye quality  
folk, sip your claret fine.

I'd give them all the grapes in the bunch for a jolly pull  
at my jug of punch.

(Chorus)

I'd give them all the grapes in the bunch for a jolly pull  
at my jug of punch.

Ye learned doctors, with all your art, cannot cure a  
depression on the heart.

But even a cripple forgets his hunch when he's snug  
outside of a jug of punch.

(Chorus)

But even a cripple forgets his hunch when he's snug  
outside of a jug of punch.

And when I'm dead and I'm in my grave, no costly  
tombstone do I ever crave.  
Just lay me down in my native peat with a jug of punch  
at my head and feet.

(Chorus)

Just lay me down in my native peat with a jug of punch  
at my head and feet. (Ooo, Ooo)

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