

St. Patrick's Day "Jug Of Punch"

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One evening in the month of June
As I was sitting in my room
A small bird sat on an ivy bunch
And the song he sang was "The Jug Of Punch."

Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay,
Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay
A small bird sat on an ivy bunch
And the song he sang was "The Jug Of Punch."

What more diversion can a man desire?
Than to sit him down by an alehouse fire
Upon his knee a pretty wench
And upon the table a jug of punch.

Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay,
Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay
Upon his knee a pretty wench
And on the table a jug of punch.

Let the doctors come with all their art
They'll make no impression upon my heart
Even a cripple forgets his hunch
When he's snug outside of a jug of punch.

Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay,
T too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay
Even a cripple forgets his hunch
When he's snug outside of a jug of punch.

And if I get drunk, well, me money's me own
And them don't like me they can leave me alone
I'll chune me fiddle and I'll rosin me bow
And I'll be welcome wherever I go.

Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay,
T oo ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay
I'll chune me fiddle and I'll rosin me bow
And I'll be welcome wherever I go.

And when I'm dead and in my grave
No costly tombstone will I crave

Just lay me down in my native peat
With a jug of punch at my head and feet.

Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay,
Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay
Just lay me down in my native peat
With a jug of punch at my head and feet.

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