

A Jug Of Punch - Irish Folk

D A7 D
One pleasant eve-ning in the month of June_ As I was sitting with my glass and spoon
D - G D A7 D

A song bird sat__ on an iv-y bunch And the song he sang _ was "The Jug Of Punch"
D A7 A7 D

Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay, too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay

D G D A7 D
A song bird sat on an ivy bunch And the song he sang _ was "The Jug Of Punch"

D A7 D
What more di-version can a man desire?_ Than to sit him down by an ale-house fire
D G D A7 D

Up-on his knee_ a pret - ty wench And up-on the tab-le_ a jug of punch
D A7 A7 D

Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay, too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay

D G D A7 D
Up-on his knee a pret - ty wench And up-on the tab-le_ a jug of punch

D A7 D
Let the doc-tors_ come with all their art_ They'll make no im-pres-sion up-on my heart
D - G D A7 D

But were life gone_ with - in an inch, what would bring it back_ is a jug of punch
D A7 A7 D

Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay, too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay

D G D A7 D
But were life gone_ with - in an inch, what would bring it back_ is a jug of punch

D A7 D
And if I get drunk, well, the money's me own And them don't like me leave me a-lone
D G D A7 D

I'll string me fid-dle and I'll rosin me bow And I'll be wel-come wher-ev-er I go
D A7 A7 D

Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay, too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay

D G D A7 D
I'll string me fid-dle and I'll rosin me bow And I'll be wel-come wher-ev-er I go

D A7 A7 D
And when I'm dead and in my grave No cost-ly tomb-stone will I crave
D G D A7 D

Just lay me down in my nat-ive peat With a jug of punch at my head and feet
D A7 A7 D

Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay, too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay

D G D A7 D
Just lay me down in my native peat With a jug of punch at my head and feet