The Jug of Punch

One pleasant evening in the month of June,
As I was sitting with my glass and spoon,
A small bird sat on an ivy bunch,
And the song he sang was "The Jug of Punch".

Toora loora loo - toora loora lay
Toora loora loo - toora loora lay
A small bird sat on an ivy bunch,
And the song he sang was "The Jug of Punch". (as above)

What more diversion can a man desire,
Than to sit him down by an old turf fire,
Upon his knee a pretty wench,
Aye, and on the table a jug of punch?

Chorus

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

Chorus

Let the doctors come with all their art;
They'll make no impression upon my heart -
Even the cripple forgets his hunch
When he's not outside of a jug of punch!

Chorus

And when I'm dead, aye, 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.

Chorus