

The Jug of Punch

The Jug of Punch

Capo II

trad. Ireland - FF Arrangement

1. As I was sit - ting with a jug and spoon, on
 2. What more di - ver - sion can a man de - sire, than to
 3. All ye mor - tal lords drink your nec - tar wine, and
 4. Oh, but when I'm dead and in my grave, no

3
 one fine morn in the month of June, A bird - ie sang on an
 court a girl by a neat turf fire? A Ker - ry pippin and the
 the quality folks drink their cla - ret fine. I'll give them all the grapes
 cost - ly tomb - stone I will crave. Just lay me down in my

6
 i - vy bunch, and the song he sang was "The Jug of Punch." Too ra
 crack and crunch, and on the ta - ble a jug of punch.
 in the bunch for a jol - ly pull at the jug of punch.
 na - tive peat, with a jug of punch at my head and feet.

9
 loo ra loo too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra loo to ra loo ra loo. A

13
 birdie sang on an i - vy bunch, and the song he sang was "The Jug of Punch" .

Playing Notes: - play with a bounce!

The Jug of Punch

1. As I was sitting with a jug and spoon,
on one fine morn in the month of June,
A birdie sang on an ivy bunch,
and the song he sang was "The Jug of Punch."

Chorus: Too ra loo ra loo too ra loo ra loo,
too ra loo ra loo to ra loo ra loo.
A birdie sang on an ivy bunch,
and the song he sang was "The Jug of Punch" .

2. What more diversion can a man desire,
than to court a girl by a neat turf fire?
A Kerry pippin and the crack and crunch,
and on the table a jug of punch.
Too ra loo ra ...
3. All ye mortal lords drink your nectar wine,
and the quality folks drink their claret fine.
I'll give them all the grapes in the bunch
for a jolly pull at the jug of punch.
Too ra loo ra ...
Too ra loo ra ...

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