

JUG OF PUNCH

Here is a traditional Irish song sung by most Irish folk singers as well as Donovan Leitch (from Wales)

C//|G7//|C/

[C] As I was sitting with jug and spoon
[G] One fine morning in the [C] month of June
a small bird sat on an [F] ivy bush
And the [C] song he [F] sang was the jug [G7] of [C] punch.
Too-rah-[C]-loo-rah-loo, Too-rah-loo-rah-lay
Too-rah-[G]-loo-rah-loo, Too-[C]-rah-loo-rah-lay
A small bird sat on an [F] ivy bush
And the [C] song he [F] sang was the jug [G7] of [C] punch.

If [C] I were sick and in my bed
And [G] was not able to go [C] or stand
I would not think it at all [F] amiss
To [C] pledge my [F] shoes for a jug [G7] of [C] punch.
Too-rah-[C]-loo-rah-loo, Too-rah-loo-rah-lay
Too-rah-[G]-loo-rah-loo, Too-[C]-rah-loo-rah-lay
I would not think it at all [F] amiss
To [C] pledge my [F] shoes for a jug [G7] of [C] punch.

The [C] learned doctors with all their art
Cannot [G] cure the impression that's on [C] the heart
Even the poor man for-[F]-gets his lunch
When he's [C] safe [F] outside with a jug [G7] of [C] punch
Too-rah-[C]-loo-rah-loo, Too-rah-loo-rah-lay
Too-rah-[G]-loo-rah-loo, Too-[C]-rah-loo-rah-lay
Even the poor man for-[F]-gets his lunch
When he's [C] safe [F] outside with a jug [G7] of [C] punch

What [C] more diversion can a man desire
Than to [G] sit him down by a neat [C] turf fire
Upon his knee a [F] pretty wench
And [C] upon the [F] table a jug [G7] of [C] punch
Too-rah-[C]-loo-rah-loo, Too-rah-loo-rah-lay
Too-rah-[G]-loo-rah-loo, Too-[C]-rah-loo-rah-lay
Upon his knee a [F] pretty wench
And [C] upon the [F] table a jug [G7] of [C] punch

And [C] when I'm dead and in my grave
No [G] costly tomb stone [C] will I have
Just lay me down in my [F] native peat
With a [C] jug of [F] punch at my [G7] head and [C] feet.
Too-rah-[C]-loo-rah-loo, Too-rah-loo-rah-lay
Too-rah-[G]-loo-rah-loo, Too-[C]-rah-loo-rah-lay
Just lay me down in my [F] native peat
With a [C] jug of [F] punch at my [G7] head and [C] feet.