The Jug Of Punch
Album: Make Way

As I was sitting with a jug and spoon, one Sunday morning in the month of June.
A birdie sang in an ivy bunch and the song he sang was the jug of punch.
Chorus:
Tura lura lu, tura lura lu, tura lura lu, tura lura lu.
A birdie sang in an ivy bunch and the song he sang was the jug of punch.
What more diversion can a man desire than to court a girl by a cheerful fire?
A carey pippin to crack and crunch and on the table a jug of punch.
(Chorus)
A carey pippin to crack and crunch and on the table a jug of punch.
Ye mortal lords, drink your nectar wine and ye quality folk, sip your claret fine.
I'd give them all the grapes in the bunch for a jolly pull at my jug of punch.
(Chorus)
I'd give them all the grapes in the bunch for a jolly pull at my jug of punch.
Ye learned doctors, with all your art, cannot cure a depression on the heart.
But even a cripple forgets his hunch when he's snug outside of a jug of punch.
(Chorus)
But even a cripple forgets his hunch when he's snug outside of a jug of punch.
And when I'm dead and I'm in my grave, no costly tombstone do I ever crave.
Just lay me down in my native peat with a jug of punch at my head and feet.
(Chorus)
Just lay me down in my native peat with a jug of punch at my head and feet.
(Ooo, Ooo)