

A Jug of Punch (Paddy Clancy / Tom Clancy / Liam Clancy / Tommy Makem)

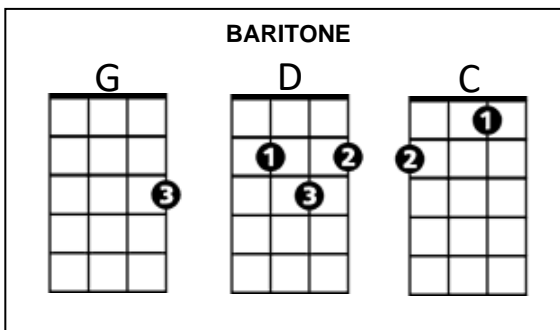
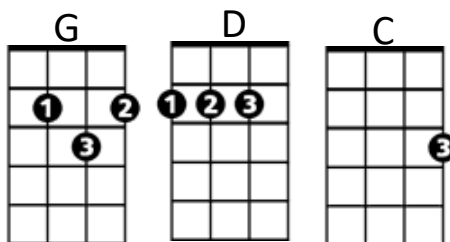
G
One pleasant evening in the month of June
D **G**
As I was sitting with my glass and spoon
C
A small bird sat on an ivy bunch
D7 **G**
And the song he sang was "The Jug of Punch"
G **D**
Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay,
D7 **G**
Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay
C
A small bird sat on an ivy bunch
D7 **G**
And the song he sang was "The Jug of Punch"

G
What more diversion can a man desire?
D **G**
Than to sit him down by snug turf fire
C
Upon his knee a pretty wench
D7 **G**
And on the table a jug of punch
G **D**
Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay,
D7 **G**
Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay
C
Upon his knee a pretty wench
D7 **G**
And on the table a jug of punch

G
Let the doctors come with all their art
D **G**
They'll make no impression upon my heart
C
Even a cripple forgets his hunch
D7 **G**
When he's snug outside of a jug of punch
G **D**
Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay,
D7 **G**
Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay
C
Even a cripple forgets his hunch
D7 **G**
When he's snug outside of a jug of punch

G
And if I get drunk, well, the money's me own
D **G**
And if they don't like me they can leave me alone
C
I'll tune me fiddle and I'll rosin me bow
D7 **G**
And I'll be welcome wherever I go
G **D**
Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay,
D7 **G**
Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay
C
I'll tune me fiddle and I'll rosin me bow
D7 **G**
And I'll be welcome wherever I go

G
And when I'm dead and in my grave
D **G**
No costly tombstone will I have
G **C**
Just lay me down in my native peat
D7 **G**
With a jug of punch at my head and feet
G **D**
Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay,
D7 **G**
Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay
G **C**
Just lay me down in my native peat
D7 **G**
With a jug of punch at my head and feet



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C
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G C
As I was sitting with my glass and spoon
F
A small bird sat on an ivy bunch
G7 C
And the song he sang was "The Jug of Punch"
C G
Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay,
G7 C
Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay
F
A small bird sat on an ivy bunch
G7 C
And the song he sang was "The Jug of Punch"

C
What more diversion can a man desire?
G C
Than to sit him down by snug turf fire
F
Upon his knee a pretty wench
G7 C
And on the table a jug of punch
C G
Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay,
G7 C
Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay
F
Upon his knee a pretty wench
G7 C
And on the table a jug of punch

C
Let the doctors come with all their art
G C
They'll make no impression upon my heart
F
Even a cripple forgets his hunch
G7 C
When he's snug outside of a jug of punch
C G
Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay,
G7 C
Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay
F
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G7 C
When he's snug outside of a jug of punch

C
And if I get drunk, well, the money's me own
G C
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G7 C
And I'll be welcome wherever I go
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G7 C
Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay
F
I'll tune me fiddle and I'll rosin me bow
G7 C
And I'll be welcome wherever I go

C
And when I'm dead and in my grave
G C
No costly tombstone will I have
C F
Just lay me down in my native peat
G7 C
With a jug of punch at my head and feet
C G
Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay,
G7 C
Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay
C F
Just lay me down in my native peat
G7 C
With a jug of punch at my head and feet

