

## ***JUG of PUNCH***

**'T WAS VERY EARLY IN THE MONTH OF JUNE  
AS I WAS SITTING WITH MY GLASS AND SPOON  
I HEARD A THRUSH SINGING IN THE BUSH  
AND THE SONG SHE SANG WAS THE JUG OF PUNCH**

***TOORA-LOORA-LOO, TOORA-LOORA-LAY  
TOORA-LOORA-LOO, TOORA-LOORA-LAY  
I HEARD A BIRD SINGING IN THE BUSH  
AND THE SONG SHE SANG WAS THE JUG OF PUNCH!***

**WHAT MORE DIVERSION CAN A MAN DESIRE  
THAT TO SIT HIM DOWN BY A SNUG COAL FIRE  
UPON HIS KNEE A PRETTY WENCH  
AND UPON THE TABLE A JUG OF PUNCH?**

**IF I WERE SICK AND NOT WELL AT ALL  
AND WAS NOT ABLE TO STAND OR FALL  
WHEN MISERIES COME IN A FEARFUL BUNCH  
WHAT WILL DRIVE THEM OFF BUT A JUG OF PUNCH?**

**LET THE DOCTOR TRY WITH ALL HIS ART  
TO CURE AN INFRACTION OF THE HEART  
BUT IF LIFE WAS DWINDLING WITHIN AN INCH  
WHAT WOULD BRING IT BACK BUT A JUG OF PUNCH?**

**BUT WHEN I'M DEAD AND IN MY GRAVE  
NO COSTLY TOMBSTONE WILL I HAVE  
BUT LAY ME DOWN IN MY NATIVE PEAT  
WITH A JUG OF PUNCH AT MY HEAD AND FEET!**