

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!**