

# The Kingston Trio, Jug Of Punch

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)