

Altan, The Jug Of Punch

Being on the twenty-third of June
Oh as I sat weaving all at my loom
Being on the twenty-third of June
Oh as I sat weaving all at my loom
I heard a thrush singing on yon bush
And the song she sang was the jug of punch

What more pleasure can a boy desire
Than sitting down, oh beside the fire
What more pleasure can a boy desire
Than sitting down, oh beside the fire
And in his hand, oh a jug of punch
And on his knee a tidy wench

When I am dead and left in my mold
At my head and feet place a flowing bowl
When I am dead and left in my mold
At my head and feet place a flowing bowl
And every young man that passes by
He can have a drink and remember I

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