

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Jug of Punch 2

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It being on the twenty-third of June-o
As I sat weaving all on my loom
I heard a thrush singing on yon bush
And the song she sang was a jug of punch

Ladderly fol the dee
Ladderly fol the dee deedle eedle dum
Dithery idle dum dithery idle deedle dum
Dithery idle dum dithery idle deedle dum
Dithery idle deedle eedle eedle dum dum dee

What more pleasure could a boy desire
Than to sit him down-o, beside the fire
And in his hand-o a jug of punch
Aye, and on his knee-o, a tidy wench

What more hardships could a boy desire
Than sit him down-o behind the door
And in his hand-o no jug of punch
Aye, and on his knee-o, no tidy wench

When I am dead, all my drinking's o'er
I'll drink one glass and I'll drink no more
For fear I mightn't get it on that day
I will drink it now and I'll drink away

When I am dead and left in my mould
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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collected from Edward Quinn of County Tyrone, Ireland
SOF