

Quare Bungle Rye

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F Bb F Gm

Now Jack was a sai-lor who roamed on the town And she was a dam-sel who skipped up and

8 C7 F Dm F Am Bb F

down Said the dam-sel to Jack as she passed him by Would you care for to pur-chase some

15 Gm F C7 F Gm C7 F

quare bun-gle rye rod-dy rye? Fol the did-dle rye rod-dy rye rod-dy rye

Says Jack to himself, "Now what can this be,
But the finest old whiskey from far Germany:
Smuggled up in a basket, and sold on the sly,
And the name that it goes by is quare bungle rye rod-dy rye!"

So he gave her a pound, and he thought nothing strange.
She said, "Hold now me basket while I run for your change."
He took a look in the basket: a child he did spy!
"Ah, bedammit!" says Jack, "This is quare bungle rye rod-dy rye!"

Now to get the child christened was Jack first intent;
To get the child christened to the parson's he went.
Says the parson to Jack, "What will he go by?"
"Ah, bedammit!" says Jack, "Call him quare bungle rye rod-dy rye!"

Says the parson to Jack, "That's a very queer name!"
"Ah, bedammit!" says Jack, "'Twas a queer way he came:
Smuggled up in a basket, and sold on the sly,
And the name that he'll go by is quare bungle rye rod-dy rye!"

So come all ye sailors that roam on the town:
Beware of them damsels that skip up and down!
Take a look in their baskets, as you pass them by,
Or else they might flog you some quare bungle rye rod-dy rye!