

Quare Bungle Rye

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Now Jack was a sai-lor whcroamed on the town And she was a dam-sel whøkipped up and
8 down Said the dam-sel to Jack as she passed him by Would you care for to pur-chase some
15 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 roddy 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 roddy 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 roddy 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 roddy 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 roddy rye!