

# Quare Bungle Rye

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G C G Am

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

8 D7 G Em G Bm C G

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

15 Am G D7 G Am D7 G

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!