Quare Bungle Rye

Now Jack was a sailor that roamed on the town,
And he met with a damsel that skipped up and down.
Said the damsel to Jack, as she passed him by,
“Would you care for to purchase some quare bungle rye roddy rye?”

Fol the diddle dye roddy rye roddy 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!”

Chorus

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!”

Chorus

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!”

Chorus

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!”

Chorus

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!

Chorus