


QUARE BUNGLE RYE

Irish

Whistle



Now Jack was a sai- lor who roam'd on the town, And she was a dam-sel who

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skipped up and down. Said the dam-sel to Jack— as she passed him by, "Would you

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care for to pur-chase some quare bun-gle ry rod-dy rye?" Fol the did-dle rye rod-dy

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rye rod - dy rye.

Thought Jack to himself, "Now what can this be?
But the finest of 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?
Fol the diddle rye roddy rye roddy rye"

Jack gave her a pound and he thought nothing strange
Said she, "Hold the basket till I get you your change"
Jack looked in the basket and a baby did spy
Oh, Begorrah, said Jack, this is
quare bungle rye roddy rye?
Fol the diddle rye roddy rye roddy rye

Now to get the child christened was Jack's first intent
For to get the child christened, to the parson he went
Says the parson to Jack, "What will he go by?"
Begorrah, says Jack, Call him
quare bungle rye roddy rye?
Fol the diddle rye roddy rye roddy rye

Said the parson to Jack, "That's a mighty queer name"
Says Jack to the parson, "It's 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?
Fol the diddle rye roddy rye roddy rye

Now all you young sailors who roam on the town
Beware of those damsels who skip up and down
Take a look in their basket as they pass you by
Or else they may sell you some
quare bungle rye roddy rye?
Fol the diddle rye roddy rye roddy rye