Gunga Dum

Abstract
In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay’s first paragraph.

"You may talk o' gin and beer, when you like to please yer ear Or you know just what you 'ave and clean fergot it. But when you wake at morn, you will wish you 'ad some corn And you'll trade yer stogies off to 'im what's got it. Now in Chicago's ruddy clime, where I used to do me time A-servin' of 'is majesty (some cop) Of all them mealy guys, there was one what you could buy T'was our cell block's trusted trusty, Charlie Schwartz"

Cover Page Footnote
Appeared in the issue: 1972.

This prose is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1972/iss1/30
N.B.

Romeo —
Juliet called
(Shesaidyouknow
her last name).
Anyway,she wantsyoutocomeovertonight.
Somethingaboutabalcony(?). 
(Shesoundslike
Avery nicegirl, Romeo.
Whydon’tyoubring
her over here
some night?)
But—
Romeo,Idon’tknowif
I approve
Of yoursneakingaround.
If you’reashamed—
Of yourfriends—
You know
you shouldn’t be with them.
They may cause trouble.
Surely
You would be much
Happier here
With them (her) sipping
A few Cokes.
But if you do go
To Juliet’s,
Be sure to behave yourself, and
Give our best to her parents.
Remember —
You are carrying the honor
Of the Montague name
With you.

Mom

Son —
I just saw
Your mother’s note.
She doesn’t seem
To trust you.

And I just
Want you to know
That I do. But —
Do be careful.
You know how Mom
Worries. But —
You have a good
Head on your
Shoulders.
And you won’t do
Anything foolish.
Have a good time.

Dad

John McCarthy

Author: GungaDum

GUNGA DUM

You may talk o gin and beer, when you like to please yer ear
Or you know just what you ’ave and clean forgot it.
But when you wake at morn, you will wish you ’ad some corn
And you’ll trade yer stogies off to ’im whats got it.
Now in Chicago’s ruddy clime, where I used to do me time
A-servin’ of ‘is majesty (some cop)
Of all them meaty guys, there was one what you could buy
T’was our cell block’s trusted trusty, Charlie Schwartz

E was Dum, dum dum.
You scummy pile o street dirt Charlie Schwartz.
Hey go slippy down some cliff if you’ve naught to make us stiff
You scummy pile o street dirt Charlie Schwartz

O the clothes what Charlis ’ad got to smellin’ pretty bad
Then the air around ‘in coulda drove you blind
Then some rag you couldn’t use was enough to pay for booze
If ’is homemade stock was all what you could find
But that ’omemade stock didn’t pay if it set fer ’alf a day
Then one sip would make yer bloomin’ eyeballs crawl
Then we’d holler and we’d cry, bring us water ’fore we die
’ow ’e caught it when ’e couldn’t save us all

‘E was Dum, dum, dum.
You ninny ’ow me bleedin’ insides ’urt!
Mix a bicarb up this mimit, and put an aspirin in it
Can’t you even mix some booze up, Charlie Schwartz?

But I shan’t forget the night that we ’ad that lovely fight
And the guards was searchin’ cell blocks far an’ near
Then ole’ Charlie Schwartz I spied, “I got booze in ’cre” I cried
If they catch me I’ll be in fer fifty years
So before I could say no, to me “cupboard” does ‘e go
And ’e swallows all that bilge what i ’ad saved
Then ’e turned a funny green, cause that stuff ’ad drilled ’im clean
Make me sick the way that beggar crawled an’ raved

‘E was Dum, dum, dum.
That rot laid Charlie up for Nigh a month
But ’e took it with a grin though it would ’ave done me in
Yet a better man than I am Charlie Schwartz