

Whup Jamboree  
Chad Mitchell Trio

The captain he looks out ahead  
with a hand on the wheel and the heavin' of the lead  
The bosun roars to wake the dead:  
"Come and get your oats me son."

Whup, jamboree, whup jamboree  
Big round fat man come up behind  
Jamboree, whup jamboree  
Come and get your oats me son

Oh, now we're past the harbor lights  
and the shore will soon be heavin' into sight  
We'll soon be abreast of the Isle of Wight  
Come and get your oats me son

Oh, when we get to the Blackwall docks  
Them pretty young girls come down in flocks  
With short-legged drawers and long-tailed frocks  
Then come and get your oats me son