

Whup Jamboree

Whup Jamboree, whup jamboree
Oh a long-tailed sailor man comin' up behind
Whup Jamboree, whup jamboree
Come an' get your oats me son

The pilot he looked out ahead
The hands on the cane and the heavin' of the lead
And the old man roared to wake the dead
Come and get your oats me son

Oh, now we see the lizzard light
Soon, me boys, we'll heave in sight
We'll soon be abreast of the Isle of Wight
Come and get your oats me son

Now when we get to the black wall dock
Those pretty young girls come out in flocks
With short-legged drawers and long-tailed frocks
Come and get your oats me son

Wel,, then we'll walk down limelight way
And all the girls will spend our pay
We'll not see more 'til another day
Come and get your oats me son