Whup Jamboree

Long-tailed sailor men hanging down behind.

Come and get your oats, my son!

The captain, he looks out ahead,
With a hand on the wheel and the heaving of the lead.
The boatswain ROARS to wake the dead:
"Come and get your oats, my son!

Chorus

Now, brave boys, be of good cheer,
For the Irish coast will soon draw near.
We'll set a course for old Cape Clear.
"Come and get your oats, my son!

Chorus

And now Cape Clear, it is in sight -
It's Offaly today, but, tomorrow night,
We'll steer a course for Europe's light.
"Come and get your oats, my son!

Chorus

And now we're past the Lizzard lights,
The shore will soon be heaving into sight.
We'll soon be abreast of the Isle of Wight.
"Come and get your oats, my son!

Chorus

Now, when we reach the Blackwall docks,
Them pretty young girls will come in flocks.
It's down with their knickers and up with their frocks!
"Come and get your oats, my son!

Chorus

Then we'll walk down Limelight Way,
And on them girls we'll spend our pay -
We'll not see more till another day.
"Come and get your oats, my son!

Chorus