

## **Whup Jamboree**

The pilot he looks out ahead  
With a hand on the chain and the heaving of the lead  
The old man roars to wake the dead  
Come and get your oats, me son

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

Oh now we're past the Lizard Light  
And the shore, me boys, will heave in sight  
We'll soon be abreast of the Isle of Wight  
Come and get your oats, me son

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

traditional, sung by Arthur Blodgett at age 5  
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