

Chad Mitchell Trio, Whup jamboree

[Moderate tempo. Loud.]

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

[Refrain: "Whup" is shouted.]

Dm F C
Whup, jamboree, whup jamboree.
Big round fat and 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.

(Refrain)

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.

(Refrain)