

Whip Jamboree

And now me lads be of good cheer
For the Irish coast will soon be near
In a few more days we'll sight Cape Clear
Oh Jenny get yer oat cakes done

Chorus

*Whip jamboree, whip jamboree,
With yer ring tailed sailor hanging out behind.
Whip jamboree, whip jamboree,
Oh Jenny get yer oat cakes done.*

And now Cape Clear it is in sight
We'll be off Holyhead by tomorrow night
And we'll catch a glimpse of the old rock light
Oh Jenny get yer oat cakes done.

And now me lads we're off Holyhead
No more salt beef, no more salt bread
Just a man in the chains to swing the lead
Oh Jenny get yer oat cakes done.

And now me lads we're round the rock
With our hammocks all stowed and our sea chests locked
And we're hauling into the Liverpool dock
Oh Jenny get yer oat cakes done.

And now me lads we're all in dock
We'll be off to Napper Tandy's on the spot
And we'll have a swig from the old pint pot
Oh Jenny get yer oat cakes done.