

## 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.*