


Old Joe Whip



Now lis-ten all you good fel-lows here, I'll tell you the sto-ry of a bold bomb-a-dier, —

Now Old Joe Whip it was the

(a)

brave man's name, and on a bom-bing run he won glo-rious fame —

Chorus

Old Joe Whip, — mount-ed on the pa-ra-pet, Old Joe Whip, — a Mills bomb in his hand, —

Old Joe Whip, — he stopped a bloom-ing whizz-bang,

Variant - last verse

Now he's a bomb-er in the prom-ised land. — prom-ised land.

2. Kissed old Nobby at the doghouse door
Mounted the parapet at half past four,
He mounted the parapet, the Mills bomb in his hand,
Took a farewell trip into No-Man's Land.
Chorus

3. Now, Old Joe Whip he had a dog named Ben,
Had nine appetites, blooming near ten,
He wouldn't eat meat, he wouldn't eat crusts,
He'd eat rice pudding till he blooming near bust.
Chorus

4. Now Old Joe Whip he went skating one day,
Old Joe Whip went skating away,
Old Joe fell through a hole in the ice,
Now he's skating up to Jesus Christ.
Chorus

Source: Jackie Booth, Stroud, collected by Gwilym Davies, 28 October 1979