

The Sloop John B.

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7 We sailed on the sloop John B., My gran'-fath-er and me, Round Nas-sau town we did
14 roam Drink-ing all night, got in to a fight I feel so broke up -
20 - I want to go home. So hoist up the John B.'s sails, See how the main sail's
26 set, Send for the Cap-tain a - shore, let me go home. O let me go home,
Please let me go home. I feel so broke up, I want to go home.

The first mate he got drunk and broke in the Cap'n's trunk
The constable had to come and take him away
Sheriff John Stone why don't you leave me alone,
Well I feel so broke up I wanna go home

Chorus

The poor cook he caught the fits
And threw away all my grits
And then he took and he ate up all of my corn
Let me go home, why don't they let me go home
This is the worst trip I've ever been on

Chorus