

Sloop John B

We sailed on the sloop John B, my grandfather and me
Around Nassau town we did roam
Drinking all night Got into a fight
Well I feel so broke up I want to go home

Chorus

So hoist up the John B's sail See how the mainsail sets
Pipe up the Captain aboard, Let me go home,
Let me go home..... I wanna go home,
Well I feel so broke up, I wanna 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

The sloop John B was wrecked in about 1900 off the Bahamas. Apparently the crew had a reputation for heavy drinking. The song was originally a West Indies folk song, first written down in 1917

Chords C (key) F, Dm, G7