

# Sloop John B

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C We come on the Sloop John B. mygrand-fa - ther and me a-round Nas-sau  
6 F G C F  
12 C G C  
17  
22 G C  
27 F C G C  
home yea yea well I feel so broke up I wan-na go home

2. The first mate he got drunk  
broke in the captain's drunk  
the constable had to come and take him away  
Sheriff John Stone why don't you leave me alone yea yea  
well I feel so broke up I wanna go home

3. The poor cook he caught the fish  
it 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