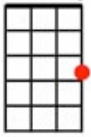


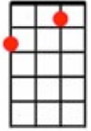
Sloop John B

Cmaj



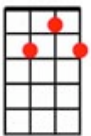
^C
We come on the Sloop John B, my grandfather and me.
Around Nassau town we did roam,

Fmaj



^C ^F
Drinking all night, Got into a fight,
Well I feel so broke up, I wanna go home.

G7



Chorus:
^C
So hoist up the John B sail, see how the mainsail sets,
Call for the captain ashore, let me go home.
^C ^F
Let me go home, I wanna go home,
Well I feel so broke up, I wanta go home.

^C
First Mate, he got drunk, broke in the captain's trunk,
Constable had to come and take him away.
^C ^F
Sheriff John Stone, why don't you leave me alone?
^C ^{G7} ^C
Well I feel so broke up, I wanna go home.

Chorus.

^C
The poor cook he caught the fits, threw away all my grits,
Then he took and ate up all of my corn.
^C ^F
Let me go home, I wanna go home,
^C ^{G7} ^C
This is the worst trip I've ever been on.

Chorus.