

Sloop John B  
The Kingston Trio

#-----PLEASE NOTE-----#  
#This file is the author s own work and represents their interpretation of the #  
#song. You may only use this file for private study, scholarship, or research. #  
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#  
#034  
{title:Sloop John B}  
{st:Traditional}  
We c[C]ome on the Sloop John B, my grandfather and me.  
Around Nassau town we did r[G7]oam,  
Drinking all n[C]light, Got into a f[F]light,  
Well I f[C]eel so break up, [G7]I wanta go h[C]ome.

{C:Chorus:}  
So h[C]oist up the John B sail, see how the mains l sets,  
Call for the captain ashore, let me go h[G7]ome.  
Let me go h[C]ome, I wanta go h[F]ome,  
Well I f[C]eel so break up, [G7]I wanta go h[C]ome.

First Mate, he got drunk, broke up the people s trunk,  
Constable had to come and take him away.  
Sheriff John Stone, why don t you leave me alone?  
Well I feel so break up, I wanta go home.

{C:Chorus.}

The poor cook he caught the fits, threw away all my grits,  
Then he took and ate up all of my corn.  
Let me go home, I wanta go home,  
This is the worst trip I ve ever been on.

{C:Chorus.}

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# Submitted to the ftp.nevada.edu:/pub/guitar archives  
# by Steve Putz  
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