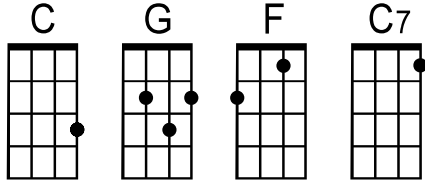


The Sloop John B (Key of C)

by Richard Le Gallienne, (1917)



C

We come on de Sloop John B. My grandfather and me

Round Nassau town, we did roam

Drinking all night, we got in a fight

We feel so broke-up, we wanna go home.

Chorus: So hoist up de John B sails

See how de main sail sets

Send for de Captain--Shore! Let me go home!

Let me go home. Let me go home

I feel so broke-up, I wanna go home.

De first mate, he got drunk, broke in de Cap-tain's trunk

De constable had to come and take him a-way

Sheriff John Stone, why don't you leave me a-lone?

I feel so broke up, I wanna go home.

Chorus

De poor cook he got fits, tro' way all de grits

Den he took an' eat up all o'my corn!

Let me go home, I want to go home!

Dis is de worst trip, since I been born!

Chorus

I feel so broke-up, I wanna go home!