SLOOP JOHN B IN D

D
1. We come on the sloop John B, my grandfather and me, around Nassau town we did roam.

   D - D7       G - Em
Drinking all night, got into a fight,

   D               A           D
Well I feel so broke up, I wanna go home.

CHORUS

D
So hoist up the John B's sail, see how the mainsail sets,

   A
call for the Captain ashore, let me go home.

   D - D7       G - Em
Let me go home, I wanna go home, yeah yeah.

   D               A           D
Well I feel so broke up, I wanna go home.

D
2. The first mate he got drunk, and broke up the Captain's trunk, the constable had to come and take him away.

   D - D7       G       Em
Sheriff John Stone, why don't you leave me alone.

   D               A           D
Well I feel so broke up, I wanna go home............Chorus

D
3. The poor cook he caught thefits, and threw away all my grits, and then he took and he ate up all of my corn.

   D - D7       G       Em
Let me go home, why don't they let me go home.

   D               A           D
This is the worst trip, I've ever been on.

+ CHORUS ......

+ CHORUS  No ukes

+ CHORUS ......slow up last line. End on 7 Ds