

## SLOOP JOHN B IN D

D

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

A

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.

A

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 the fits, and threw away all my grits,  
and then he took and he ate up all of my corn.

A

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