# Sloop John B

Bahamian folk song (transcription by Richard Le Gallienne first published in 1916)



**INTRO: / 1 2 3 4 / [C] / [C]**

We **[C]** come on the sloop John B, my grandfather and me

A-**[C]**round Nassau town, we did **[G7]** roam **[G7]**

Drinkin’ all **[C]** night, got into a **[F]** fight **[F]**

Well, I **[C]** feel so broke up **[G7]** I wanna go **[C]** home **[C]**

**CHORUS:**

So **[C]** hoist up the John B’s sails, see how the mainsail sets

**[C]** Call for the Captain ashore and let me go **[G7]** home **[G7]**

Let me go **[C]** home, I wanna go **[F]** home, yeah, yeah

Well, I **[C]** feel so broke up **[G7]** I wanna go **[C]** home **[C]**

The **[C]** first mate he got drunk, and broke in the Captain’s trunk

The **[C]** constable had to come, and take him a-**[G7]**way **[G7]**

Sheriff John **[C]** Stone, why don’t you leave me a-**[F]**lone, yeah, yeah

Well, I **[C]** feel so broke up **[G7]** I wanna go **[C]** home **[C]**

**CHORUS:**

So **[C]** hoist up the John B’s sails, see how the mainsail sets

**[C]** Call for the Captain ashore and let me go **[G7]** home **[G7]**

Let me go **[C]** home, I wanna go **[F]** home, yeah, yeah,

Well, I **[C]** feel so broke up **[G7]** I wanna go **[C]** home **[C]**

The **[C]** poor cook he caught the fits, threw away all my grits

And **[C]** then he took, and he ate up all of my **[G7]** corn **[G7]**

Let me go **[C]** home, why don’t they let me go **[F]** home? **[F]**

This **[C]** is the worst trip **[G7]** I’ve ever been **[C]** on! **[C]**

**CHORUS:**

So **[C]** hoist up the John B’s sails, see how the mainsail sets

**[C]** Call for the Captain ashore and let me go **[G7]** home **[G7]**

Let me go **[C]** home, I wanna go **[F]** home, yeah, yeah,

Well, I **[C]** feel so broke up **[G7]** I wanna go **[C]** home **[C]↓ [G7]↓ [C]↓**

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