

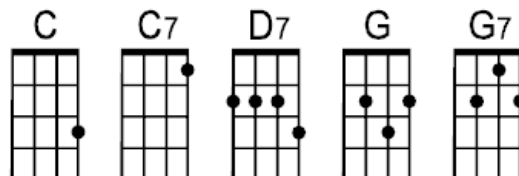
## Sloop John B Traditional

G G G G  
We come on the sloop John B., my grandfather and me.

G G D7 D7  
Around Nassau town we did roam.

G G7 C C7  
A-drinkin' all night, got into a fight,

G D7 G G  
Well, I feel so break up, I want to go home.



G G G G  
So hoist up the John B. sails, see how the mainsail sets.

G G D7 D7  
Call for the captain ashore, let me go home.

G G7 C C7  
I want to go home, I want to go home,

G D7 G G  
Well, I feel so break up, I want to go home.

G G G G  
Well, the first mate he got drunk, broke up the people's trunk,

G G D7 D7  
The constable had to come and take him away.

G G7 C C7  
Oh, Sheriff John Stone, please leave me alone,

G D7 G G  
Well, I feel so break up, I want to go home.

G G G G  
Well, the poor cook he got fits, threw away all of my grits,

G G D7 D7  
Then he took and ate up all my corn.

G G7 C C7  
Let me go home, why don't they let me go home?

G D7 G G  
This is the worst trip I've ever been on.

The lyrics presented here are a mix of those used by the Kingston Trio and the Beach Boys. The song appeared in Harpers Magazine in 1916 with 5 verses. In that version the Captain's pig ate the corn. That makes sense! The great Alan Lomax recorded the Cleveland Simmons Group in the Bahamas in 1935. Prior to the Beach Boys it was usually done in calypso style, although Johnny Cash did a regrettable country version in '59.