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We come on the sloop John B. My grand-fa-ther and me round Nas-sau

6 C G C

town we did roam. Drin-king all night, we got in - to a

11 F C G C

fight, I feel so broke up, I want to go home.

We come on the sloop John B.  
 My grandfather and me  
 round Nassau town we did roam.  
 Drinking all night,  
 we got into a fight,  
 I feel so brokeup,  
 I want to go home.  
 So hoist up the John B.'s sails,  
 see how the main sail sets,  
 send for the captain ashore,  
 let me go home,  
 let me go home, I want to go home,  
 I feel so broke up,  
 I want to go home.

Well, the first mate, he got drunk,  
 and destroyed the people's trunk,  
 a Constable come aboard, take him away,  
 Sheriff Johnstone, please let me alone,  
 I feel so broke up, I want to go home.  
 So hoist up the John B.'s sails, ...

Well the poor cook he got fits,  
 throw 'way all the grits,  
 the he took and eat up all my corn,  
 let me go home, I want to go home,  
 oh, this is the worst trip  
 since I've been born.  
 So hoist up the John B.'s sails, ...