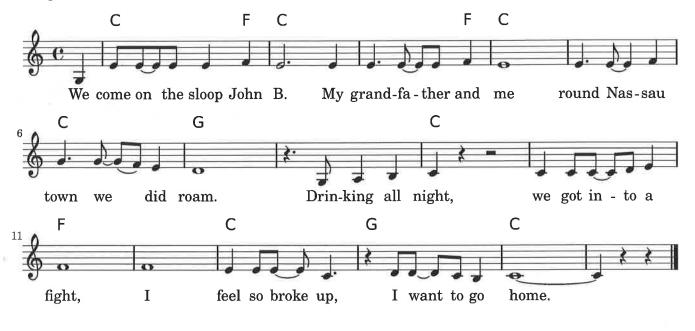
Sloop John B



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 breokeup, 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, ...

