



SLOOP JOHN B

Traditional West Indies folk song, Beach Boys version

We come on the sloop John B, my grandfather and me,
Around Nassau town we do roam.

Drinking all night, got into a fight,

Well I feel so broke up, I wanna go home.

So hoist up the John B's sail, see how the mainsail sets,
call for the Captain ashore, let me go home.

Let me go home, I wanna go home, yeah yeah.

Well I feel so broke up, I wanna go home.

The first mate he got drunk, and broke in the Captain's trunk,
The constable had to come and take him away.
Sheriff John Stone, why don't you leave me alone, yeah yeah.
Well I feel so broke up, I wanna go home.

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.
Let me go home, why don't they let me go home.
This is the worst trip, I've ever been on.

The John B. was an old sponger boat whose crew were in the habit of getting notoriously merry whenever they made port. It was wrecked and sunk at Governor's Harbour in Eleuthera, the Bahamas, in about 1900.

This Ukulele Society of America "Chord Sheet" is for education and personal enjoyment only. Selling this sheet or collecting a fee performing from this sheet without the express written consent from the copyright owner(s) is prohibited and may be punishable by law.