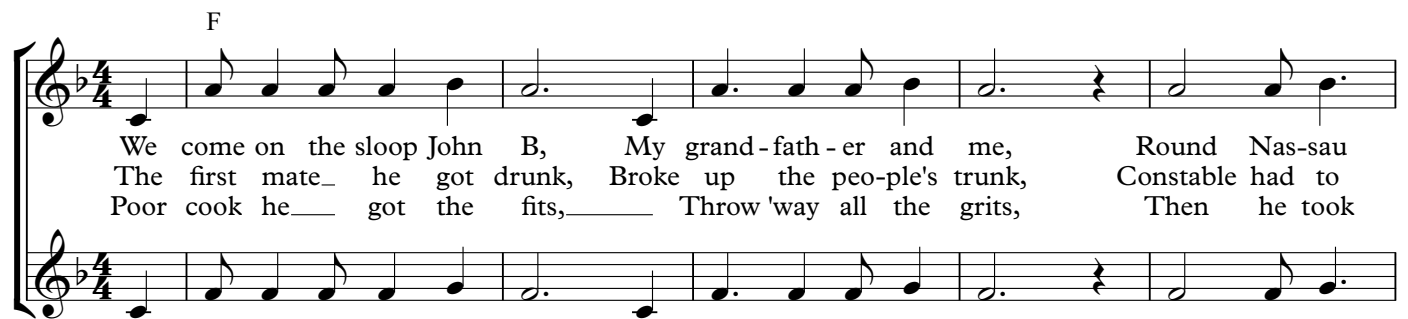


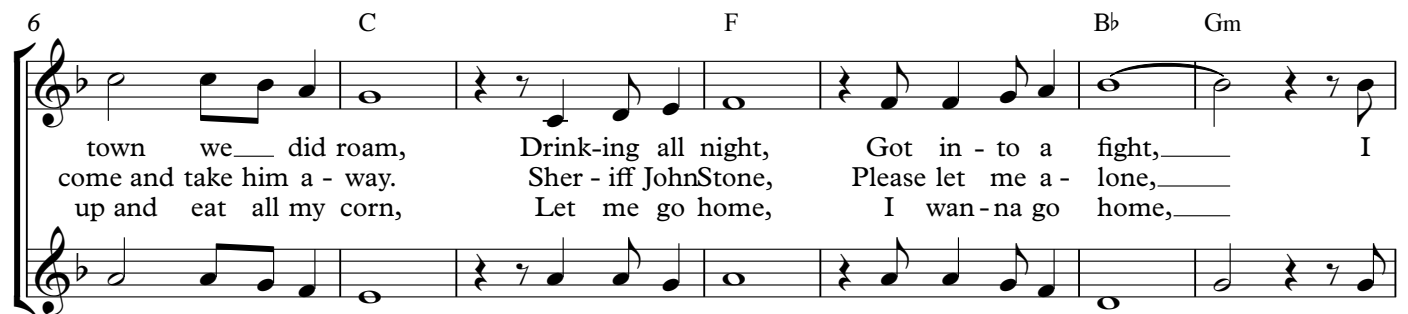
The Sloop John B

F



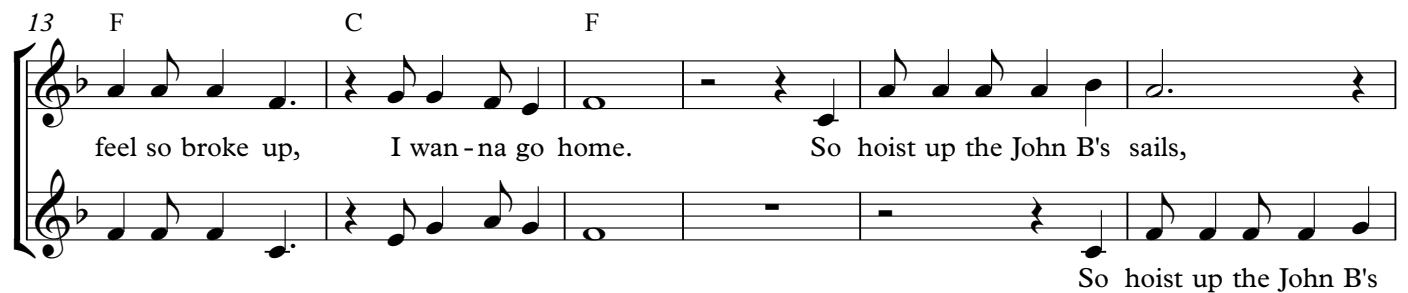
We come on the sloop John B, My grand-fath-er and me, Round Nas-sau
The first mate_ he got drunk, Broke up the peo-ple's trunk, Constable had to
Poor cook he_ got the fits, Throw 'way all the grits, Then he took

6 C F Bb Gm



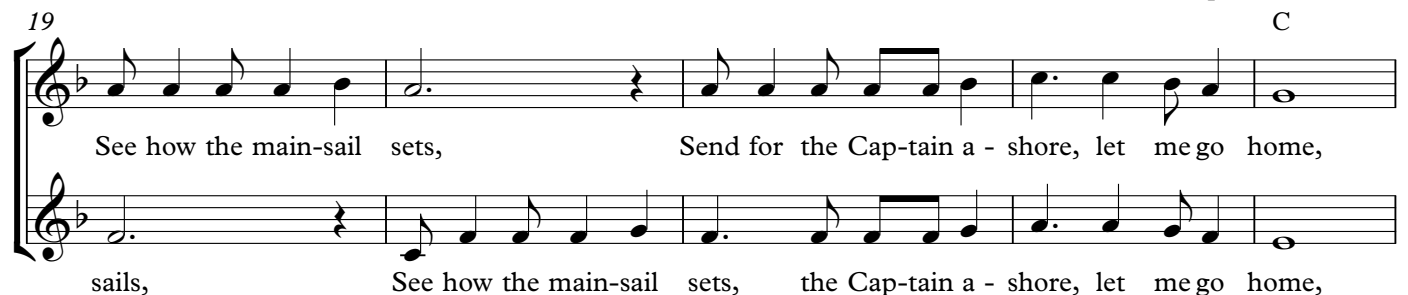
town we_ did roam, Drink-ing all night, Got in - to a fight, I
come and take him a - way. Sher - iff JohnStone, Please let me a - lone,
up and eat all my corn, Let me go home, I wan-na go home,

13 F C F



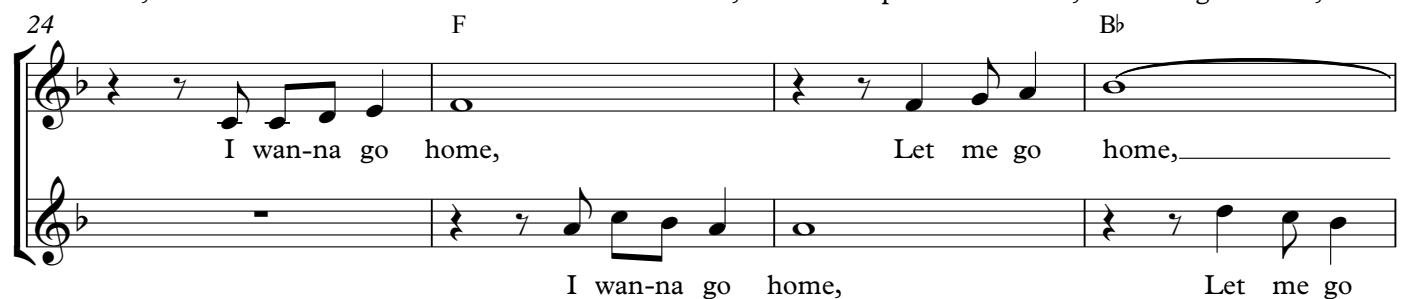
feel so broke up, I wan-na go home. So hoist up the John B's sails,
So hoist up the John B's

19 C



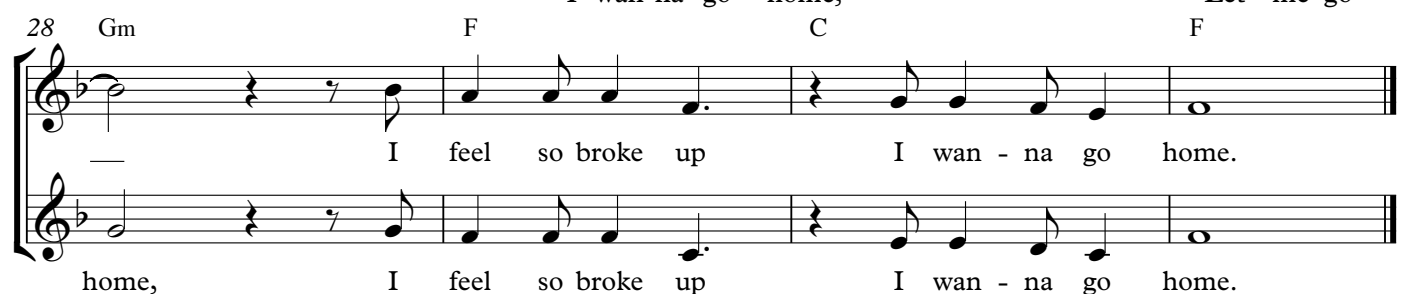
See how the main-sail sets, Send for the Cap-tain a - shore, let me go home,
sails, See how the main-sail sets, the Cap-tain a - shore, let me go home,

24 F Bb



I wan-na go home, Let me go home,
I wan-na go home, Let me go

28 Gm F C F



home, I feel so broke up I wan - na go home.
home, I feel so broke up I wan - na go home.