

Sloop John B

by Richard Le Gallienne, (1917)

We come on de Sloop John B.	My grand-father and me
Round Nassau town	we did roam
Drinking all night	got in a fight
Well I feel sobroke-up	I wanna go home

Chorus

So hoist up- de John B sails	
See how de main sail sets	
Send for de Cap-tain a Shore!	Let me go home!
Let me go home	Let me go home--
Well I feel so broke-up-	I wanna go home--

De first mate he got drunk	broke in de Captain' trunk
De constable had to come	and take him a-way
Sheriff John Stone	why don't you leave me a-lone?
Well I feel so broke-up	I wanna go home

Chorus

De poor cook he got fits	tro' way-all de grits
Den he took an' eat-up	all o' my corn!
Let me go home	I wanna go home
Dis is de worst trip	since I been born!

Chorus