The Sloop John B

Dad tuning

West Indies Folk Song

Chorus

1. We came on the slop John B. My grand - father and
2. The first mate he got drunk, and
3. The poor cook he took sick, and

See how the main sail
Broke up the cap - tains
Threw a - way all the

Dulcimer

sails
Drunk,
sick,
My...
and
had to come
and
take__ him a__ way.

Call for the cap - tain a__ shore I wan - na go home.
Nas__ town we did roam;
sets,
trunk,
grits.

Then he took and ate up all of the corn,

Drink__ all night, got in - to a fight,
Let__ me go home, I wan - na go home,
Sher__ rif John Stone, Please let me a__ lone,
Let me__ a lone__

I feel so break__ up I wan - na go home
I feel so break - up I wan - na go home
I feel so break - up I wan - na go home
This is the worst trip__ I've ev - er been on_____

0: 0 0 0 0 0 0: 0 0 0 0 0
0: 2 2 2 2 3
0: 2 2 2 2 3

0: 0 0 0 0: 0 0 0 0 0
0: 4 4 4 3 2 1

0: 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0