

# Wreck of the Sloop John B

traditional West Indies folk  
song about a fishing boat sunk in about 1900 in the Bahamas

*E* (A) *E E* (A) *E*  
We come on the Sloop John B, my grandfather and me.  
*E E B7 B7*  
Around Nassau town we did roam,  
*E E7 A Am*  
Drinking all night, Got into a fight,  
*E B7 E E*  
Well I feel so break up, I wanta go home.

*E* (A) *E E* (A) *E*  
So hoist up the John B's sail, see how the mains'l sets,  
*E E B7 B7*  
Send for the captain ashore, let me go home.  
*E E7 A Am*  
Let me go home, I wanta go home,  
*E B7 E E*  
Well I feel so break up, I wanta go home.

First Mate, he got drunk, broke up the people's trunk,  
Constable had to come and take him away.  
Sheriff John Stone, why don't you leave me alone?  
Well I feel so break up, I wanta go home.

The poor cook he caught the fits, threw away all my grits,  
Then he took and ate up all of my corn.  
Let me go home, I wanta go home,  
This is the worst trip I've ever been on.

Words and music adapted by Lee Hays from a collection by Carl Sandburg