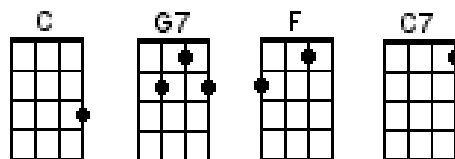


Sloop John B

(simple version)

/↓ ↓↑ ↑↓↑ /↓ ↓↑ ↑↓↑ /
1 & 2* & 3 & 4 & 1 & 2* & 3 & 4 &

*: Slow strum over the strings



C
We sailed on the sloop John B my grandfather and me
G7
Around Nassau town we did roam
C C7 F
Drinking all night — got into a fight
C G7 C
Well I feel so break up I wanna go home

CHORUS:

C
So hoist up the John B sail see how the mainsail sets
G7
Call for the captain ashore let me go home
C C7 F
Let me go home — why don't you let me go home
C G7 C
Well I feel so break up I wanna go home

C
The first mate he got drunk broke up the Captain's trunk
G7
Constable had to come and take him away
C C7 F
Sheriff John Stone — why don't you leave me alone
C G7 C
Well I feel so break up I wanna go home

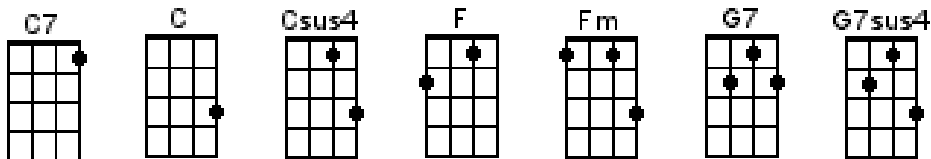
CHORUS

C
The poor cook he caught the fits threw out all of my grits
G7
Then he took and ate up all of my corn
C C7 F
Let me go home — why don't you let me go home
C G7 C
Well this is the worst trip I've ever been on

CHORUS

Sloop John B

(better version)



/↓ ↓ ↑ ↑ ↓ ↑ /↓ ↓ ↑ ↑ ↓ ↑ /
 1 & 2* & 3 & 4 & 1 & 2* & 3 & 4 &

*: Slow strum over the strings

INTRO: C Csus4 C Csus4

C Csus4 C Csus4 C Csus4 C Csus4
 We sailed on the sloop John B — my grandfather and me
 C Csus4 C Csus4 G7 G7sus4 G7
 Around Nassau town we did roam
 C C7 F Fm
 Drinking all night — got into a fight
 C G7 C Csus4 C Csus4
 Well I feel so break up I wanna go home

CHORUS:

C Csus4 C Csus4 C Csus4 C Csus4
 So hoist up the John B sail — see how the mainsail sets
 C Csus4 C Csus4 G7 G7sus4 G7
 Call for the captain ashore let me go home
 C C7 F Fm
 Let me go home — why don't you let me go home
 C G7 C Csus4 C Csus4
 Well I feel so break up I wanna go home

C Csus4 C Csus4 C Csus4 C Csus4
 The first mate he got drunk — broke up the Captain's trunk
 C Csus4 C Csus4 G7 G7sus4 G7
 Constable had to come and take him away
 C C7 F Fm
 Sheriff John Stone — why don't you leave me alone
 C G7 C Csus4 C Csus4
 Well I feel so break up I wanna go home

CHORUS

C Csus4 C Csus4 C Csus4 C Csus4
 The poor cook he caught the fits— threw out all of my grits
 C Csus4 C Csus4 G7 G7sus4 G7
 Then he took and ate up all of my corn
 C C7 F Fm
 Let me go home — why don't you let me go home
 C G7 C Csus4 C Csus4
 Well this is the worst trip I've ever been on

CHORUS