

# The Kingston Trio, Sloop John B

Lee Hays/Carl Sandburg

We come on the sloop John B, my grandfather and me. Around Nassau town we did roam.  
Drinkin' all night. Got into a fight. Well, I feel so break up, I want to go home. (I want to go home. So)

Chorus:

Hoist up the John B's sails. See how the main sails set. Call for the captain ashore, let me go home  
Let me go home. (I want to go home.) I want to go home. (Why don't you let me go home?)  
Well, I feel so break up, I want to go home. (I want to go home.)

First mate, he got drunk. Broke up the people's trunk. Constable had to come and take him away.  
Sheriff John Stone (Sheriff John Stone), why don't you leave me alone? (Why don't you leave me alone?)  
Well, I feel so break up, I want to go home. (I want to go home. So, now)

(Chorus)

Well, the poor cook he caught the fits. Throw away all of my grits. Then he took and he ate up all of  
Let me go home. (I want to go home.) I want to go home. (Why don't you let me go home?)  
This is the worst trip since I've been born. (Since I have been born. So, now)

(Chorus)

Hoist up the John B's sails. (John B. sails) See how the main sails set. (Main sails set.)  
Call for the captain ashore, let me go home. (Let me go home.)  
Let me go home. (I want to go home.) I want to go home. (Why don't you let me go home?)  
Well, I feel so break up, I want to go home. (I want to go home.)