

We  
 The  
 Poor  
 come on the sloop "John B.", my grand - fa - ther and me, a -  
 first - mate he got drunk, and broke in the ca - tains trunk, the  
 cook he caught the fits, <sup>3</sup> threw 'way all ma grits, and then  
 round of Na - ssau town. we do roam, drin - king all -  
 con - sta - ble had to come and take him away. She - riff Jo - hn  
 he took and he ate up all of my corn. Let me go  
 night, got in to a fight, well I  
 Stone, why don't you leave me alone well I  
 home, why don't you let me go home? This is - Chor  
 feel so broke - up, I wa - nna go home! So  
 feel so broke - up, I wa - nna go home!  
 the worst trip, I've e - ver been on.  
 hoist up the "John B." sail, so see how the main - sail sets, call  
 for the Capitain a - shore, let me go home. Let me go  
 home, I wannago home, well I  
 feel so broke - up I wa - nna go home! home!  
 1.,2. 3.