

Jamaica Farewell

Down the way where the nights are gay
And the sun shines daily on the mountain top
I took a trip on a sailing ship
And when I reached Jamaica I made a stop

**||: But I'm sad to say I'm on my way
Won't be back for many a day
My heart is down, my head is turning around
I had to leave a little girl in Kingston town :||**

Down at the market you can hear
Ladies cry out while on their heads they bear
'Akey' rice, salt fish are nice
And the rum is fine any time of year

CHORUS

Sounds of laughter everywhere
And the dancing girls sway to and fro
I must declare my heart is there
Though I've been from Maine to Mexico

CHORUS

Sloop John B

We come on the Sloop John B, my grandfather and me
Around Nassau town we did roam
Drinking all night; got into a fight
Well I feel so broke up, I want to go home

**So hoist up the John B's sail; see how the main sail sets
Call for the Captain ashore, let me go home
Let me go home, I want to go home, yeah, yeah
Well I feel so broke up, I want to go home**

The first mate he got drunk and broke in the Captain 's trunk
The constable had to come and take him away
Sheriff John Stone, why don't you leave me alone, yeah, yeah
Well I feel so broke up, I want to go home

CHORUS

The poor cook he caught the fits and threw away all my grits
And then he took and he ate up all of my corn
Let me go home, why don't they let me go home
This is the worst trip I've ever been on

CHORUS