

Saint James Infirmary

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Bm F#7 Bm

Em Bm

F#7 Bm

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1. I went down to the St. James In-firm-'ry
2. Went_ up_ to_ see the Doc-tor
3. I went down to_ Joe's_ bar-room_
4. On my left stood_ Joe Mc-Ken-ne-dy,
5. Let her go. Let her go._ God bless her,
6. Oh,_ when I_ die,_ please bury me
7. Get six gamblers to_ car-ry my cof-fin,

8. Now_ that's the_ end of my sto-ry.
To see my ba-by there.
She's ver-y low!" he said,
Onthe cor-ner by the square
His eyes_ blood-shot red.
Wher-e-ver she may be.
Inmy high-top Stet-son hat.
Six chorusgirls to sing my song.
Let's have another round of booze.
She was ly-in' on a long white ta-ble,
Went_ back_ to_ see my ba-by,
They were ser-vin' the_ drinks as us-ual,
He_ turned_ to the crowd a-round him,
She may search_ this_ wide world o-ver.
Put a gold_ piece_ on my watch chain,
Put a jazz_ band_ on my tail gate,
And_ if_ a-ny-one should ask you, just tell them,
So_ sweet, so_ cool,_ so fair.
Great_ God! She was ly-in' there dead.
And the us-ual_ crowd_ was there.
These_ are the_ words_ he said:
She'-ll never find a man_ like me.
So they'll know I_ died_ standin' pat.
To raise Hell as we go_ a-long.
I'vegot the Saint James In-fir-ma-ry Blues.