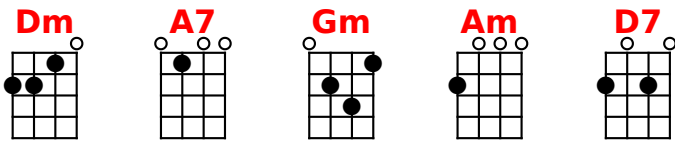


St. James' Infirmary Blues.

Traditional, with many versions



Instrumental Intro:

[Dm] [A7] [Dm] [A7] [Dm] [A7] [Dm] (stop)

Verse 1:

It was **[Dm]** down in **[A7]** Old Joe's **[Dm]** barroom **[A7]**
At the corner **[Gm]** by the **[Am]** square **[A7]**
The **[Dm]** drinks were **[A7]** served as **[Dm]** usual,
And the **[Gm]** usual **[Am]** crowd **[A7]** was **[Dm]** there **[A7] [Dm] [A7]**

Verse 2:

[Dm] On my left stood **[A7]** big Joe Mc- **[Dm]** Kennedy. **[A7]**
His eyes were **[Gm]** bloodshot **[Am]** red. **[A7]**
As he **[Dm]** looked at the **[A7]** gang a-**[Dm]** round him,
[Gm] These were **[Am]** the **[A7]** very words he **[Dm]** said: **[A7] [Dm] [A7]**

Verse 3:

[Dm] "I went down to the **[A7]** St. James In-**[Dm]** firmary. **[A7]**
I saw my **[Gm]** baby **[Am]** there, **[A7]**
Stretched **[Dm]** out on a **[A7]** long white **[Dm]** table,
[Gm] So **[Am]** young, so **[A7]** cold, so **[Dm]** fair" **[A7] [Dm] [A7]**

Instrumental:

[Dm] "I went down to the **[A7]** St. James In-**[Dm]** firmary. **[A7]**
I saw my **[Gm]** baby **[Am]** there, **[A7]**
Stretched **[Dm]** out on a **[D7]** long white **[Gm]** table,
[Gm] So **[Am]** young, so **[A7]** cold, so **[Dm]** fair" **[A7] [Dm] [A7]**

Verse 4:

[Dm] Well, let her go, let her **[A7]** go, God bless her, **[A7]**
Wherever **[Gm]** she may **[Am]** be. **[A7]**
She may **[Dm]** search this **[A7]** wide world **[Dm]** over
And **[Gm]** never find a-**[A7]** nother man like **[Dm]** me. **[A7] [Dm] [A7]**

Verse 5:

Get sixteen **[A7]** coal black **[Dm]** horses **[A7]**
To pull that **[Gm]** rubber-tired **[Am]** hack. **[A7]**
It's **[Dm]** seventeen **[A7]** miles to the **[Dm]** graveyard,
But my **[Gm]** baby's **[Am]** never **[A7]** coming **[Dm]** back. **[A7] [Dm] [A7]**

Instrumental:

[Dm] Get sixteen **[A7]** coal black **[Dm]** horses **[A7]**
To pull that **[Gm]** rubber-**[Am]** tired **[A7]** hack.
It's **[Dm]** seventeen **[A7]** miles to the **[Dm]** graveyard,
But my **[Gm]** baby's **[Am]** never **[A7]** coming **[Dm]** back. **[A7] [Dm] [A7]**

Verse 6:

[Dm] Oh, when I **[A7]** die, just **[Dm]** bury me **[A7]**
In my **[Dm]** high top **[Gm]** Stetson **[Am]** hat. **[A7]**
Put a **[Dm]** twenty-dollar **[A7]** gold piece on my **[Dm]** watch chain

So the **[Gm]** gang will know I **[Am]** died **[A7]** standin' pat. **[Dm] [A7] [Dm] [A7]**

Verse 7:

[Dm] I want six crap **[A7]** shooters for pall- **[Dm]** bearers, **[A7]**

A **[Dm]** chorus girl to **[Gm]** sing me a **[Am]** song. **[A7]**

Place a **[Dm]** jazz band **[A7]** on my hearse **[Dm]** wagon

To **[Gm]** raise **[Am]** hell as **[A7]** we roll a-**[Dm]** long. **[A7] [Dm] [A7]**

Verse 8:

[Dm] Well now that you've **[A7]** heard my **[Dm]** story, **[A7]**

I'll **[Dm]** take another **[Gm]** shot of **[Am]** booze. **[A7]**

And if **[Dm]** anyone **[A7]** here should **[Dm]** ask you,

I've **[Gm]** got the **[Am]** St James In-**[A7]** firmary **[Dm]** blues. **[A7] [Dm] [A7]**

Instrumental Outro:

And if **[Dm]** anyone **[A7]** here should **[Dm]** ask you, **[A7]**

(slower) I've **[Gm]** got the **[Am]** St James In-**[A7]** firmary **[Dm]** blues. **[A7] [Dm]** (hold)