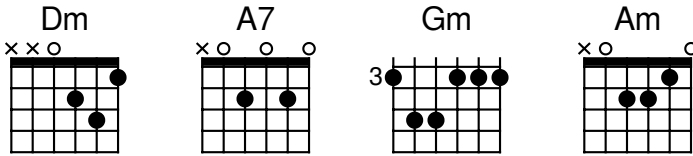


# St. James' Infirmary Blues.

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 [A7] 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 [Dm] 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-[Am] nother [A7] 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]