ST. JAMES INFIRMARY (AMERICAN TRADITIONAL/DON REDMOND/JOE PRIMROSE) *

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E7      Am      E7       Am                 Dm    G7     C        E7
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It was down in old Joe's barroom. On the corner by the square,

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   Am           E7       Am                 E7        Am
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The drinks were served as usual, and the usual crowd was there.

Now on my left stood big Joe McKennedy, and his eyes were bloodshot red,
And he looked at the gang around him, and these were the very words he said.

I went down to the St. James Infirmary, I saw my baby there,
She was stretched out on a long, white table, so cold, so pale, and fair.

Let her go, let her go, God bless her, wherever she may be.
She can ramble this wide world over, and never find another man like me.

Now when I die, please bury me, in my high-top Stetson hat,
Just put a twenty-dollar gold piece on my watch chain,
So the gang will know I died standing pat.

I want six crap shooters for my pall bearers, and a chorus girl to sing me a
song,
Put a jazz band on my hearse wagon, just to raise hell as we roll along.

And now that you have heard my story, I'll take another shot of booze.
If anyone should happen to ask you, well, I've got the gambler's blues

* "St. James Infirmary Blues" is an American folksong of anonymous origin, though sometimes credited to the
songwriter Joe Primrose (a pseudonym for Irving Mills). Louis Armstrong made it famous in his influential
1928 recording. It is based on an 18th century traditional English folk song called "The Unfortunate Rake" –
www.wikipedia.org