Handwritten at top:

C#M   G# #CM A G# G#7

Lynda spotted
this & cut it
out. 5/27/12

```
Am                E          Am
It was down in Old Joe's bar-room,
                F      E       E7
on the corner by the square,
    Am     E            Am
the usual crowd was assembled
    F       E          Am
and big Joe Mckenny was there.


Am                  E       Am
He was standing at my shoulder,
              F       E      E7
his eyes were bloodshot red,
    Am            E       Am
he turned to the crowd around him
   F          F     E       Am
these are the very words he said...wad he say Jack?


Am                  E           Am
I went down to the St. James Infirmary
          F     E       E7
I saw my baby there,
          Am              E           Am
she was layed out on a cold white table,
   F        E            Am
so cold, so white, so fair.
```
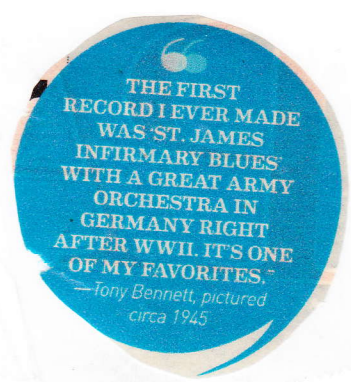
CHORUS:

```
Am                      E        Am
Let her go, let her go, god bless her
        F      E      E7
wherever she may be,
        Am          E         Am
she may search this wide world over,
   F      E    E    E         Am
she'll never find a sweet man like me.


Am            E      Am
When I die, bury me,
              F       E       E7
in a high top Stetson hat,
```

Handwritten chords on right:

Bm F# BM

G F# F#7

Bm F# Bm

G F# Bm

C#M

```
        Am            E            Am
put a 20 dollar goldpiece on my watch chain,
    F            E            Am
so god know I died standing pat.


Am              E`                  Am
I want 6 crapshooters for pallbearers,
                F        E      E7
chorus gonna sing me a song,
        Am            E          Am
put a jazz band on my hearse wagon,
        F        E        Am
raise hell, as I roll along.
```

CHORUS

```
Am              E              Am
Roll out your rubber tired carriage
                F        E      E7
roll out your old time hack,
Am      E            Am
12 men going to the graveyard and,
F   E        Am
11 coming back


Am              E        Am
Now that I've told my story,
                  F      E        E7
I'll take another shot of booze,
        Am              E        Am
and if anyone should happen to ask me,
    F        E        Am
I got those, gambler's blues.
```

CHORUS