

St. James Infirmary

E- B⁷ E-
It was down in old Joe's barroom,
 C⁷ B⁷
on the corner of the square
 E- B⁷ E-
They were serving drinks as usual,
 C⁷ B⁷ E-
and the usual crowd was there

On my left stood Big Joe McKennedy,
and his eyes were bloodshot red.
And he turned his face to the people,
these were the very words he said.

I was down to St. James infirmary,
I saw my baby there.
She was stretched out on a long white table,
So sweet, cool and so fair.

Chorus:

*Let her go, let her go, God bless her,
Wherever she may be.
She may search this whole wide world over,
Never find a sweeter man as me.*

When I die please bury me,
In my high top Stetson hat.
Put a twenty dollar gold piece on my watch chain,
The gang'll know I died standing pat.

(Chorus)

I want six crapshooters to be my pallbearers.
Three pretty women to sing a song.
Stick a jazz band on my hearse wagon,
Raise hell as I stroll along.

(Chorus)

St. James Infirmary

A- E⁷ A-
It was down in old Joe's barroom,
F⁷ E⁷
on the corner of the square.

A- E⁷ A-
They were serving drinks as usual,
F⁷ E⁷ A-
and the usual crowd was there.

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(Chorus)

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Three pretty women to sing a song.
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Raise hell as I stroll along.

(Chorus)

St. James Infirmary

6- 3⁷ 6-
It was down in old Joe's barroom,
 4⁷ 3⁷
on the corner of the square
 6- 3⁷ 6-
They were serving drinks as usual,
 4⁷ 3⁷ 6-
and the usual crowd was there

On my left stood Big Joe McKennedy,
and his eyes were bloodshot red.
And he turned his face to the people,
these were the very words he said.

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Chorus:

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