St. James Infirmary Blues (Traditional)

       Am   E7   Am
It was down at old Joe's bar room
        Am   F7   C   E7
At the corner   by the square
           Am   E7   Am
They were serving drinks as usual
        F7   E7   Am
And the usual   crowd was there

        Am   E7   Am
On my left stood big Joe MacKennedy
      Am   F7   C   E7
His eyes were bloodshot red
         Am   E7   Am
And as he looked at the gang around him
         F7 E7   Am
These were the very words he said.

       Am   E7   Am
I went down to St. James Infirmary
Am   F7   C   E7
  I saw my baby   there
         Am   E7   Am
Stretched out on a long, white table
   F7   E7   Am
So young, so   cold, so fair

Am   E7   Am
Seventeen coal-black horses
Am   F7   C   E7
Hitched to a rubber-tied hack
Am E7   Am
Seven girls goin' to the graveyard
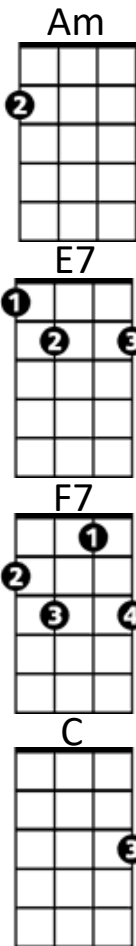   F7   E7   Am
Only six of them are coming back

        Am   E7   Am
Let her go. Let her go, God bless her
Am   F7   C   E7
Wherever she may be
          Am   E7   Am
She may search this wide world over
           F7   E7   Am
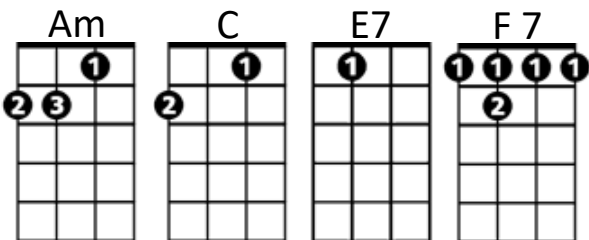And never find another man like me

Instrumental Verse

Am   E7   Am
When I die just bury me
Am   F7   C E7
In my high-top Stetson hat
        Am   E7
Place a twenty-dollar gold piece
Am
On my watch chain
        F7   E7   Am
To let the Lord know I died standing pat

        Am   E7   Am
I want six crap-shooters for my pall-bearers
     Am   F7   C   E7
A chorus girl to sing me a   song
          Am   E7   Am
Place a jazz band on my hearse wagon
    F7   E7   Am
To raise hell as we roll along

Am   E7   Am
Now that you've heard my story
Am   F7   C   E7
I'll take another shot of booze
          Am   E7   Am
And if anyone here should ask you
F7   E7   Am
I've got the gambler's blues

Instrumental Verse, end on Am

Am

E7

F7

C

BARITONE

Am   C   E7   F 7