

St James Infirmary Blues

(Traditional)

Intro: **Bb** // **A** // **Dm** **Bb** // **A** // **Dm**

Dm **A** **Dm**
It was down at old Joe's bar-room,

Bb **A** **A7**
At the corner by the square,

Dm **A** **Dm**
Drinks were served as usual,

Bb **A** **Dm**
And the usual crowd was there.

Dm **A** **Dm**
On my left stood big Joe McKenney,

Bb **A** **A7**
His eyes were bloodshot red,

Dm **A** **Dm**
And as he looked at the crowd around him

Bb **A** **Dm**
These were the very words he said.

Dm **A** **Dm**
I went down to St. James Infirmary

Bb **A** **A7**
I saw my baby there,

Dm **A** **Dm**
Stretched out on a long white table,

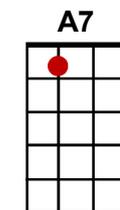
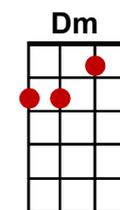
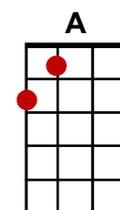
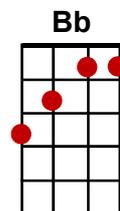
Bb **A** **Dm**
So young, so cold, so fair.

Dm **A** **Dm**
Seventeen coal-black horses,

Bb **A** **A7**
Hitched to a rubber-tyred hack,

Dm **A** **Dm**
Seven girls goin' to the graveyard,

Bb **A** **Dm**
Only six of them are coming back



Cont'd

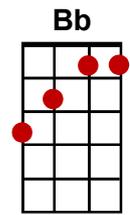
St James Infirmary Blues (Cont'd)

Dm A Dm
Let her go, let her go, God bless her

Bb A A7
Wherever she may be,

Dm A Dm
She may search this wide world over,

Bb A Dm
And never find another man like me.

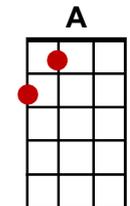


Dm A Dm
When I die, when I die, just bury me,

Bb A A7
In my high-top Stetson hat,

Dm A Dm
Place a twenty-dollar goldpiece on my watch chain,

Bb A Dm
To let the Lord know I died standing pat.



| | | | | |
|---------|----------------------|----------------|--------------|----------------|
| | Dm A | Dm | Bb | A A7 |
| A----- | ----- | ----- | -----5----- | ----- |
| E----- | -5---5---3--5--3- | ----- | -5--5-----6- | -5----- |
| C--2-5- | ----- | -5--5-2---2-5- | ----- | ----- |
| G----- | ----- | ----- | ----- | ----- |

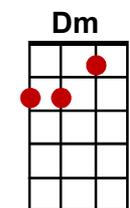
| | | | | |
|---------------------|----------------------|-------------------|----------------------|-----------|
| | Dm A | Dm | Bb A | Dm |
| A----- | ----- | ----- | ----- | ----- |
| E -5---5---3--5--3- | ----- | ----- | -5--5-5---4--4-4- | -2----- |
| C----- | -5-2---2---2- | -5--5-5---4--4-4- | ----- | ----- |
| G----- | ----- | ----- | ----- | ----- |

Dm A Dm
I want six crap-shooters for my pallbearers,

Bb A A7
A chorus girl to sing me a song,

Dm A Dm
Place a jazz band on my hearse-wagon,

Bb A Dm
To raise hell as we roll along.



Dm A Dm
Now that you've heard my story,

Bb A A7
I'll take another shot of booze,

Dm A Dm
And if anyone here should ask you,

Bb A Dm Bb // A // Dm↓
I've got those old St. James Infirmary blues.

