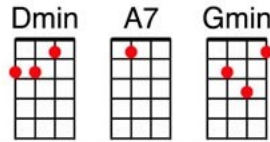


# The St James Infirmary Blues

Traditional, Arranged by Elijah K. Wilbury



**Intro:** Dm-A7-Dm-Gm-A7-Dm-A7-Dm-A7-Dm

Dm            A7        Dm  
It was down in Old Joe's barroom,  
                 Gm    A7  
On the corner by the square,  
     Dm   A7            Dm  
The usual crowd was assembled  
                 A7            Dm  
Big Joe McKinney was there.

He was standing at my shoulder.  
His eyes were bloodshot red;  
He turned to the crowd around him,  
These are the very words he said:

"I went down to the St. James Infirmary  
I saw my baby there,  
She's laid out on a cold white table,  
So so cold, so white, so fair.

Let her go, let her go, God bless her;  
Wherever she may be  
She may search the whole wide world over  
She'll never find a man as sweet as me.

There were sixteen snow white horses  
When the coachman's whip did crack  
It was only 5 miles to the graveyard  
But my baby ain't never coming back

Now I may die o'er the ocean  
I may get killed by a cannon ball  
But you can bet your last wooden nickel  
Twas a woman who caused it all

When I die, when I die, bury me  
In my wide brim Stetson hat;  
Put two gold pieces o'er my eyelids  
So the Lord'll know I died standing pat

I want six crap shooters for pall bearers.  
Six chorus girls to sing me a song.  
Put a ol' Dixie jazz band on my hearse wagon.  
To raise Hell as I roll along.

I want seventeen coal-black horses  
Hitched to a rubber tired hack  
Twelve men are going to the graveyard  
Only eleven are coming back."

And there he finished his sad story  
And took another shot of booze  
Said if anyone asked what killed him  
It was the St James Infirmary Blues.

**Outro:** Dm-A7-Dm-Gm-A7-Dm-A7-Dm-A7-Dm