St James Infirmary Blues

(Traditional)

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

Bb

          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.

A

        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

        Dm   A   Dm
I went down to St. James Infirmary
        Bb   A   A7
I saw my baby there,
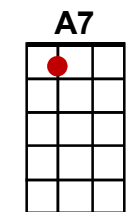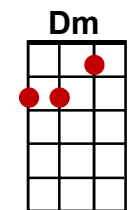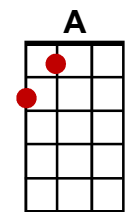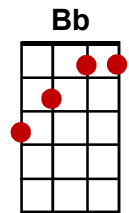   Dm   A   Dm
Stretched out on a long white table,
      Bb   A   Dm
So young, so cold, so fair.

A7

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
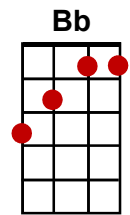Only six of them are coming back

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.
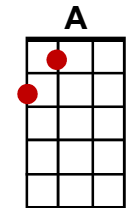
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            Dm          A       Dm                            Bb         A  A7
A------- |------------------- |------------------- |---------5------ |--------
E------- |-5----5----3--5--3- |------------------- |-5---5--------6- |--5-----
C---2-5- |------------------- |--5---5-2----2-5-- |---------------- |--------
G------- |------------------- |------------------- |---------------- |--------
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       Dm          A         Dm                 Bb           A          Dm
A-------------------- |------------------- |---------------------- |-----------|
E -5----5----3--5--3- |------------------- |---------------------- |-----------|
C-------------------- |--5-2----2---2-- |-5---5-5----4---4-4--- |--2--------|
G-------------------- |------------------- |---------------------- |-----------|
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          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.
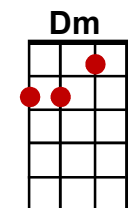
          Dm   A   Dm
Now that you've heard my story,

              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 gambler's blues.