

I went down to St. James In-firm'ry to see my ba - by there, she was ly-

in' on a long white ta-ble, so sweet, so cool, so fair.

I went down to St. James Infirmary  
To see my baby there,  
She was lyin' on a long white table,  
So sweet, so cool, so fair.

I went down to old Joe's barroom,  
On the corner by the square  
They were serving the drinks as usual,  
And the usual crowd was there.

Let her go, let her go, God bless her;  
Wherever she may be  
She may search the wide world over  
And never find a better man than me

Get six gamblers to carry my coffin  
Six chorus girls to sing me a song  
Put a twenty-piece jazz band  
on my tail gate  
To raise Hell as we go along

Went up to see the doctor,  
"She's very low," he said;  
Went back to see my baby  
Good God! She's lying there dead.

On my left stood old Joe McKennedy,  
And his eyes were bloodshot red;  
He turned to the crowd around him,  
These are the words he said:

Oh, when I die, please bury me  
In my ten dollar Stetson hat;  
Put a twenty-dollar gold piece  
on my watch chain  
So my friends'll know  
I died standin' pat.

Now that's the end of my story  
Let's have another round of booze  
And if anyone should ask you  
just tell them  
I've got the St. James Infirmary blues