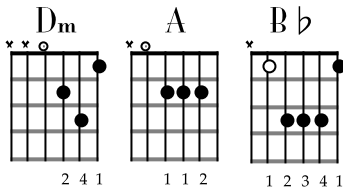


St. James Infirmary

Irving Mills?

Louis Armstrong And his Hot Five (1929)

No Capo

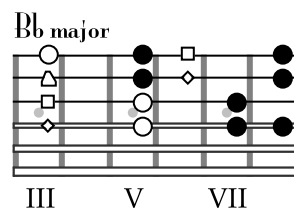
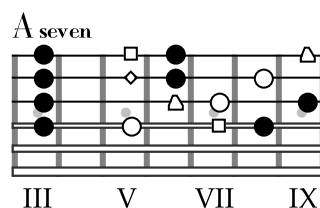
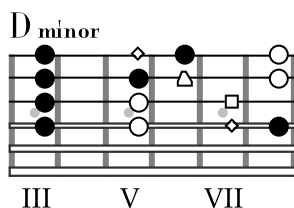
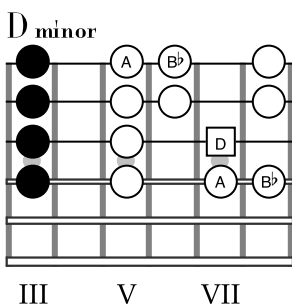
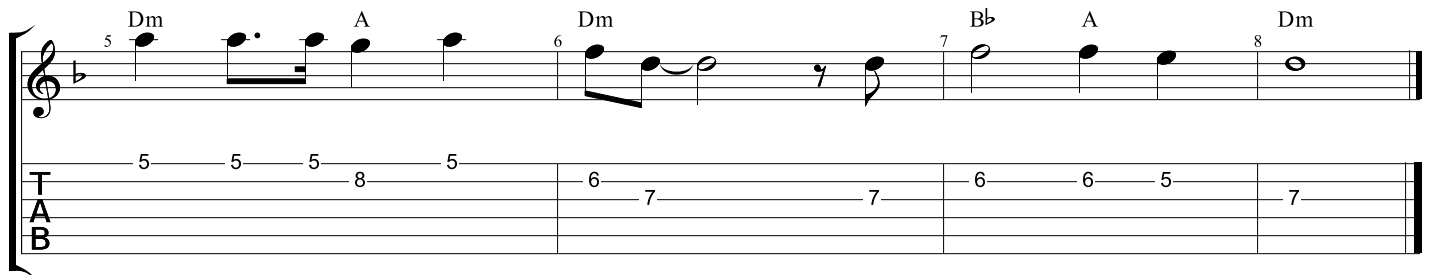
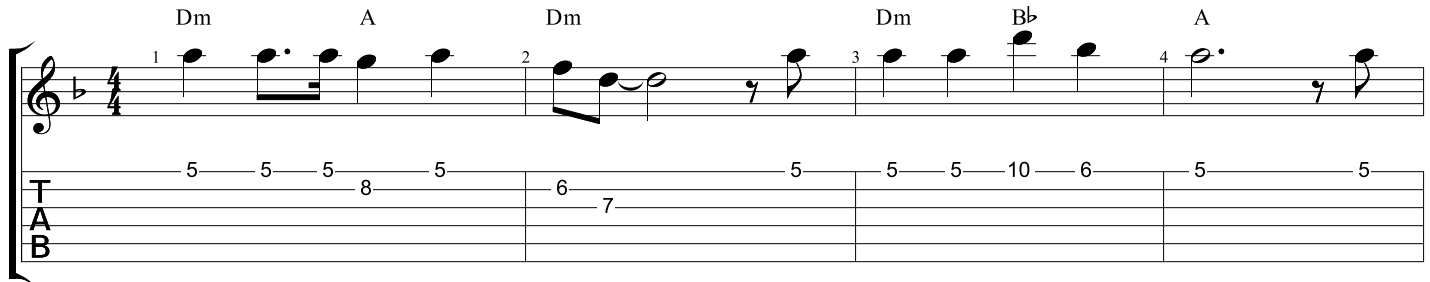
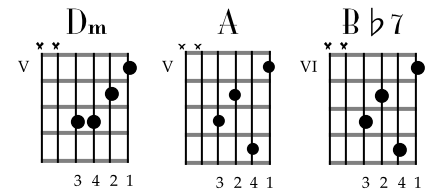
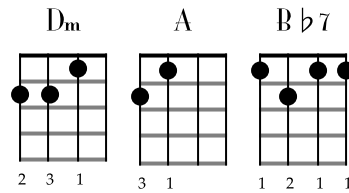
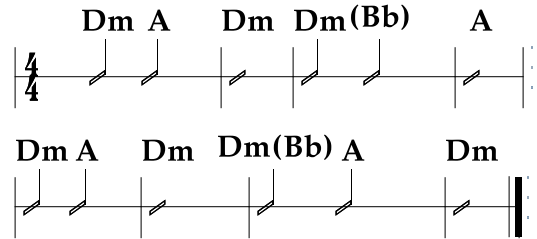


I went down to the St. James Infirmary
I saw my baby there,
she was stretched out on a long white table,
so cold, so sweet, so fair

Let her go, let her go, god bless her
wherever she may be
She may search this wide world over,
she'll never find a sweet man like me

When I die, bury me in straight lace shoes
I want a box back coat and Stetson hat,
put a 20 dollar goldpiece on my watch chain
so the boys know I died standing pat

♩ = 63



St. James Infirmary

Alternate Lyrics

Dm A Dm
It was down in Old Joe's bar-room,
Dm (Bb) A
on the corner by the square,
Dm A Dm
the usual crowd was assembled
Dm (Bb) A Dm
and big Joe Mckenny was there

Dm A Dm
He was standing at my shoulder,
Dm (Bb) A
his eyes were bloodshot red,
Dm A Dm
he turned to the crowd around him
Dm (Bb) A Dm
these are the very words he said,

Dm A Dm
I went down to the St. James Infirmary
Dm (Bb) A
I saw my baby there,
Dm A Dm
she was stretched out on a long white table,
Dm (Bb) A Dm
so cold, so sweet, so fair

Dm A Dm
Let her go, let her go, god bless her
Dm (Bb) A
wherever she may be
Dm A Dm
She may search this wide world over,
Dm (Bb) A Dm
she'll never find a sweet man like me

Dm A Dm
I want 6 crapshooters for pallbearers,
Dm (Bb) A
chorus gonna sing me a song,
Dm A Dm
put a jazz band on my hearse wagon,
Dm (Bb) A Dm
raise hell, as I roll along

Dm A Dm
Roll out your rubber tired carriage
Dm (Bb) A
roll out your old time hack,
Dm A Dm
12 men going to the graveyard and,
Dm (Bb) A Dm
11 coming back

Dm A Dm
Now that I've told my story,
Dm (Bb) A
I'll take another shot of booze,
Dm A Dm
and if anyone should happen to ask me,
Dm (Bb) A Dm
I got those, gambler's blues

