

St James Infirmary

I went down to old Joe's Bar Room,	Em	B7	Em	/
On the corner of the square,	Em	Am	Em	B7
The drinks were served as usual,	Em	B7	Em	/
And the usual crowd was there.	C	B7	Em	/

On my right was Old Joe McKennedy,
His eyes were bloodshot red,
And as he raised his flagon,
These are the words he said.

I went down to St. James Infirmary,
Saw my baby there,
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 can look this wide world over,
But she'll never find a sweet man like me.

[Jam]

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