St. James Infirmary - (Traditional)

It was down at old Joe's bar room
At the corner by the square
Drinks were served as usual
And the usual crowd was there

On my left stood big Joe MacKenney
His eyes were bloodshot red
And as he looked at the gang around him
These were the very words he said

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

Seventeen coal-black horses
Hitched to a rubber-tired hack
Seven girls goin' to the graveyard
Only six of them are coming back

Let her go. Let her go, God bless her
Wherever she may be
She may search this wide world over
And never find another man like me
When I die, when I die, just bury me
In my high-top Stetson hat
Place a twenty-dollar gold piece on my watch chain
To let the Lord know I died standing pat

I want six crap-shooters for my pallbearers
A Chorus girl to sing me a song
Place a jazz band on my hearse wagon
To raise hell as we roll along

Now that you've heard my story
I'll take another shot of booze
And if anyone here should ask you
I've got those old gambler's blues