It was down in Old Joe's bar-room, on the corner by the square, the usual crowd was assembled and big Joe Mc Kenny was there.

He was standing at my shoulder, his eyes were bloodshot red, he turned to the crowd around him these are the very words he said...wad he say Jack?

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

CHORUS

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 a high top Stetson hat, put a twenty dollar goldpiece on my watch chain, so god know I died standing pat.

I want six crap shooters for pall bearers, A chorus gonna sing me a song, put a jazz band on my hearse wagon, raise hell, as I roll along.

Roll out your rubber tired carriage roll out your old time hack, Twelve men going to the graveyard and, Eleven coming back

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

Chorus