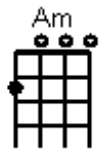


St. James Infirmary Blues

ukulele 19AUG14

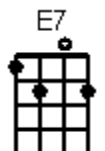
[Am]It was down in [E]Old Joe's [Am]bar-room,
on the corner [F]by the [E]square, [E7]
the [Am]usual [E]crowd was a [Am]ssembled
and [F]big Joe Mc [E]kenny was [Am]there.



[Am]He was standing [E]at my [Am]shoulder,
his eyes were [F]bloodshot [E]red, [E7]
he [Am]turned to the [E]crowd [Am]around him
these are the [F]very [E]words he [Am]said...wad he say Jack?

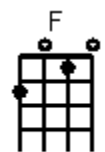


[Am]I went down to the [E]St. James In [Am]firmary
I saw my [F]baby [E]there, [E7]
she was [Am]layed out on a [E]cold white [Am]table,
so [F]cold, so [E]white, so [Am]fair.



Chorus:

[Am]Let her go, let her [E]go, god [Am]bless her
wherever [F]she may [E]be, [E7]
she may [Am]search this [E]wide world [Am]over,
she'll never [F]find a sweet [E]man like [Am]me.



[Am]When I die, [E]bury [Am]me,
in a high top [F]Stetson [E]hat, [E7]
put a [Am]twenty dollar [E]goldpiece [Am]on my watch chain,
so [F]god know I [E]died standing [Am]pat.

[Am]I want six crap [E]shooters for pall [Am]bearers,
A chorus gonna [F]sing me a [E]song, [E7]
put a [Am]jazz band [E]on my hearse [Am]wagon,
raise [F]hell, as [E]I roll [Am]along.

Chorus

[Am]Roll out your [E]rubber tired [Am]carriage
roll out your [F]old time [E]hack, [E7]
[Am]Twelve men [E]going to the [Am]graveyard and,
[F]Eleven [E]coming [Am]back

[Am]Now that I've [E]told my [Am]story,
I'll take another [F]shot of [E]booze, [E7]
and if [Am]anyone should [E]happen to [Am]ask me,
I [F]got those, [E]gambler's [Am]blues.

Chorus