

St. James Infirmary

I went down to the St. James In-firm-ry: To see my ba-by there. She was
ly-in' on a long white ta-ble, So sweet, so cool, so fair. I went fair.

It was down in Old Joe's barroom, At the corner by the square.
The drinks were served as usual, And the usual crowd was there.

Now on my left stood Big Joe McKennedy, 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 the St. James Infirmary, I saw my baby there,
She was lyin' on a long white table, So young, so cold, so fair."

Well 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.