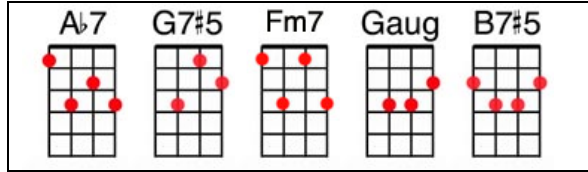


# ST JAMES INFIRMARY *(traditional)*

*Arranged for Uke by John Colter*



G7 Cm G7 Cm Fm Ab7 G7  
I went down to old Joe's bar room, on the corner by the square,

Cm G7 Cm Ab7 G7+5 G7 Cm G7  
The drinks were bein' served as usual, and the usual crowd was there.

Cm G7 Cm Fm Ab7 G7  
On my left stood Joe McKennedy, his eyes were bloodshot red.

Cm G7 Cm Ab7 G7+5 G7 Cm G7  
When he told me his sad story, well these were the words he said:

Cm G7 Cm Fm Ab7 G7  
"I went down to St James Infirmary, and saw my ba-by there,

Cm G7 Cm Ab7 G7+5 G7 Cm G7  
stretched out on a long white table, so cold, so still, so fair.

Cm G7 Cm Fm Ab7 G7  
Let her go, let her go, God bless her, wherever she may be.

Cm G7 Cm Ab7 G7+5 G7 Cm G7  
She could search this whole world over, never find another man like me.

Cm G7 Cm Fm Ab7 G7  
Now, when I die, I want you to dress me, in a black coat and a Stetson hat,

Cm G7 Cm Ab7 G7+5 G7 Cm G7  
put a gold piece on my watch chain, to show that I died standin' pat.

Cm G7 Cm Fm Ab7 G7  
So, now you've heard my story, have an-other round of booze,

Cm G7 Cm Fm7  
And if any - one should ask you -

(no chord-) Ab7 Gaug G7 Cm - B7+5  
I've got the - St - James - In - firm - ary - Blues."

*(For private study, research, and mournful contemplation only.)*