

St. James Infirmary

Louis Armstrong

I went down to the St. James Infirmary
Saw my baby there
Stretched out on a long white table
So sweet, so cold, so fair
Let her go, let her go, God bless her
Wherever she may be
She can look this wide world over
She'll never find a sweet man like me
When I die, want you to dress me in straight-lace shoes
Box-back coat and a Stetson hat
Put a twenty-dollar gold piece on my watch chain
So the boys'll know that I died standin' pat

Songwriters

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