

# St. James Infirmary Blues

## Louis Armstrong

It was down by old Joe's barroom, on the corner of the square  
They were serving drinks as usual, and the usual crowd was there  
On my left stood Big Joe McKenna, and his eyes were bloodshot red  
And he turned his face to the people, these were the very words he said  
I was down to St. James infirmary, I saw  
my baby there  
She was stretched out on a long white table,  
So sweet, cool and so fair  
Let her go, let her go, God bless her  
Wherever she may be  
She may search this whole wide world over  
Never find a sweeter man as me  
When I die please bury me in my high top Stetson hat  
Put a twenty dollar gold piece on my watch chain  
The gang'll know I died standing pat  
Let her go, let her go God bless her  
Wherever she may be  
She may search this wide world over  
Never find a sweeter man as me  
I want six crapshooters to be my pallbearers  
Three pretty women to sing a song  
Stick a jazz band on my hearse wagon  
Raise hell as I stroll along  
Let her go Let her go  
God bless her  
Wherever she may be  
She may search this whole wide  
World over  
She'll never find a sweeter  
Man as me

Songwriters

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