

# Saint James Infirmary

[J. J. Milteau](#)

I went down to Saint James Infirmary  
For to see, for to see my baby there  
Man, she was laid out on a long white table  
She was so cold and so cool and so fair  
Let her go, let her go, God bless her  
Wherever she might be  
Lord, you can search this whole  
Search this whole wide world over  
But she ain't never gonna find  
Another lover man like me  
When I die, I want you to dress me in straight lace shoes  
I want a box back coat and a Stetson hat  
I want a twenty dollar gold piece on my watch chain  
So everybody gonna know that I died standing pat

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