

St. James Infirmary

Words & Music by Joe Primrose

Slow
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I went down— to St. James'— In - firm - 'ry,— To see my ba - by there.

— She was ly - in'— on a long— wood - en ta - ble;— So

cold, so still,— so bare. Good luck, God speed— and— bless her,— Where

ev - er she— may— be. She could search this whole wide world

ov - er,— She'd ne - ver find— a bet - ter man— than me.