

I went down in Old Joe's barroom
On the corner by the square
Many drinks have been served as usual
And the usual crowd was there

On my left stood Joe McKennedy
And his eyes were bloodshot red
When he told me that sad story
These are the words that he said

When I went down to St James infirmary
To see my baby there
And she was stretched on a long white table
So cold, so white, so fair

Oh let her go, let her go, God bless her
Wherever she may be
She can search this wide world over
She'll never find another man like me

Sixteen coal black horses
To pull that rubber tied hack
And there's seventeen miles to the graveyard
And my baby's ain't never very well

Well, now that you've heard my story
Well, have another round of booze
And if anyone should ever ask you
I've got the St. James infirmary blues

Let her go, let her go, God bless her
Wherever she may be
She can search this wide world over
She'll never find another man like me

Let her go, let her go, God bless her
Wherever she may be
And she can search this wide world over
She'll never find another man like me
No she'll never find another man like me
She'll never find another man like me