

St. James Infirmary

The Brothers Four

I went down to the St. James Infirmary,
Saw my sweet baby there;
Lying still and quiet,
So cold, so young, so fair.

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

I went down to the St. James Infirmary,
All was still as the night;
My gal was on the table,
Stretched out so pale, so white.

Though she treated me, mean and lowdown,
Some how I just didn't care;
My soul is sick and weary,
But I hope we meet again, up there.

Let her go, let her go, God bless her,
Wherever she may be;
She may search this wild world over,
But she'll never find a man like me.
No, she'll never find a man like me...