

**BILL BAILEY**  
**Won't You Please Come Home?**

(Words & Music by Hughie Cannon – 1940)

{ **On one Sum<sup>mer</sup>'s day, sun was shin-ing fine,  
The la-dy love of old Bill Bailey  
Was hang-ing clothes on de line;  
In her back yard and weep-ing hard. --  
She mar-ried a B. and O. brake-man  
Dat took and throw'd her down,  
Bel-ler-ing like a prune fed calf  
Wid a big gang hang-ing 'round;  
And to dat crowd she yelled out loud:**

**“Won’t you – come home, Bill Bai ley,  
Won’t you – come home?” –  
She moans - the whole day long; --  
“I’ll do - de cook-ing, darl-ing,  
I’ll pay - de rent; --  
I knows - I’ve done - you wrong. –  
‘Mem-ber - dat rain-y eve dat  
I drove you out, -  
wid noth-ing but a fine - tooth comb?  
I knows I’se - to blame; -  
well, - ain’t dat - a shame? --  
Bill Bai-ley<sup>"</sup> won’t you please –  
come – home.” --**

*3 times  
at end*

*Hugh  
Cannon*