

BILL BAILEY
Won't You Please Come Home?

(Words & Music by Hughie Cannon – 1940)

On one Sum^{er}mer'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 won't you please --
come -- home.” --

3 times
at end

ugh
at end