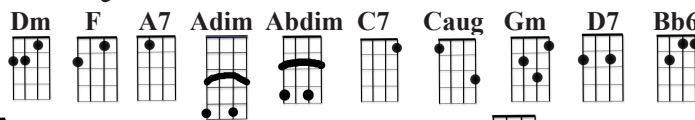


# Bill Bailey, Won't You Please Come Home

Hughie Cannon © 1902



On one sum - mer's day Sun was shin - ing fine. The  
 Bill drove by dt door In an au - to mo - bile A

La - dy love of old Bill Bai - ley was hang - ing clothes on de line in her back  
 great big dia - mond, coach and front - man, hear \_\_\_ dat big wench squeal "Hes' all a -

yard. \_\_\_\_\_ and weep - ing hard. \_\_\_\_\_ She  
 lone" \_\_\_\_\_ I heard her groan. \_\_\_\_\_ She

mar - ried a B and O brake - man Dat took and throw'd her down.  
 hol - lered thru' \_\_\_ that door, \_\_\_ "Bill Bai - ley is you sore?

Bel - ler - ing like \_\_\_ a \_\_\_ prune \_\_\_ fed to calf \_\_\_ wid a big gang hang - in'  
 Stop \_\_\_ a min - ute won't you lis - ten to me, \_\_\_ Won't \_\_\_ I see you no

'round; And to dat crowd \_\_\_\_\_ she \_\_\_ yelled out loud: \_\_\_\_\_  
 more" Bill winked his eye, \_\_\_\_\_ As he heard her cry: \_\_\_\_\_

## Bill Bailey, Won't You Please Come Home

25 F F F  F

Won't you come home Bill Bai - ley? Won't you come home.

29 F F  A dim C7 C7

She moans the whole day long.

33 C7 C7 C7 C7

I'll do da cook - in' dar - lin', I'll pay the rent.

37 C7 C7  C aug F F

I know I've done you wrong.

41 F F F  F

'Mem - ber dat rain - y eve dat I drove you out, wit

45 F F  A dim Gm D7 Gm

nogh - in' but a fine tooth comb? I

49  Bb6  Bb6  Abdim F D7  G7 C7

know I'se to blame, well, ain't dat a shame? Bill Bai - ley won't you please come

55 1. F G7 C7 2. F F

home? home?