

Bill Bailey, Won't You Please Come Home? Hughie Cannon, 1902

G

On one summer's day, sun was shining fine
The lady love of old Bill Bailey was hanging clothes on the line

D7

G

In her back yard and weeping hard

G

She married a B. and O. brakeman, that took and throw'd her down
Bellowing like a prune-fed calf, with a big gang hanging 'round

D7

G

And to that crowd, she yelled out loud

G

Won't you come home Bill Bailey won't you come home

D7

I moan the whole night long

G

I'll do the cooking honey I'll pay the rent, I know I done you wrong

'member that rainy evening that

G7

C

I drove you out, with nothing but a fine tooth comb

G

E7

Yes I know that I'm to blame well ain't that a shame

A7

D7

G

Bill Bailey won't you please come home

G

Bill drove by that door, in an automobile

A great big diamond coach and footman hear that big wench squeal

D7

G

"He's all alone," I heard her groan

G

She hollered through that door, "Bill Bailey is you sore?

Stop a minute, won't you listen to me? Won't I see you no more?"

D7

G

Bill winked his eye, as he heard her cry

<Chorus>

