Bill Bailey

Bill Bailey
(Hughie Cannon)

One one summer's day,
Sun was shinin' fine,
The lady love of old Bill Bailey
Was hangin' clothes on the line
In her back yard, and weepin' hard.
She married a B&O brakeman
That took and throwed her down,
Bellerin' like a prune-fed calf
With a big gang hanging round
And to that crowd, she hollered loud:

cho: Won't you come home, Bill Bailey
Won't you come home?
She moans the whole day long.
I'll do the cookin', darling
I'll pay the rent,
I know I've done you wrong;
'Member that rainy eve that
I threw you out,
With nothing but a fine-tooth comb?
I know I'm to blame,
Well, ain't that a shame
Bill Bailey won't you please come home.

Bill drove by that door
In an automobile,
A great big diamond, coach and footman
Hear that lady squeal.
He's all alone
I heard her groan.
She hollered through the door
Bill Bailey, is you sore?
Stop a minute, listen to me
Won't I see you no more?
Bill winks his eye
As he heard her cry: