

Bill Bailey, Won't You Please Come Home

HUGHIE CANNON

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, dar-ling I'll pay de rent, I know I've
done you wrong. Mem-ber dat rain-y eve dat I drove you out, Wid
noth-in' 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? Home?

and she hung him out billbailey; (127.06)
Billy, he would try, old Belly, (177.23-4)
wore on your groot big bailey bill, (317.30)
the Bull Bailey (448.19)
— Hep! Hello there, Bill of old Bailey! (480.18)