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# Bill Bailey, Won't You Please ----

# Come Home?

Words & Music By

## Hughie Cannon

Co-Author & Composer Of

"I Hate To Get Up Early In The Morn"

"Just Because She Made Dem Goo Goo Eyes"

5



Successfully Sung by FANNIE MIDGELEY

# THIS IS THE CHORUS OF BLOOMING LIZE

WORDS BY  
ATT. G. WOODWARD

MUSIC BY  
BEN. M. JEROME

REFRAIN.

Bloom - ing Lize!..... there's a fun - ny twin - kle in your eyes, ....

*mp ff*

3

'Taint like saint - like pos - es peo - ple paint like an - gels in the skies;.....

Just my sighs..... ask that you'll the cru - el truth dis - guise;.....

3

If you must ex-pel me, pray don't tell me, Bloom - ing Lize. She told such Lize.....

1. 2.

D. C.

Blooming Lize. 3 pp—3d p.

Geo. Beaverson. 35 Frankfort St., N. Y.

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FOR SALE WHEREVER MUSIC IS SOLD

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



Words and Music by HUGHIE CANNON.

*Moderato.*

mf

On one sum-mer's day.....  
Bill drove by dat door.....

*Till ready.*

*fz* *mp*

Sun was shin - ing fine,..... The la - dy love of old Bill Bail-ey was hangng clothes on de  
In an au-to-mo - bile,..... A great big dia - mond, coach-and foot - man, hear dat big wench

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## AN ORIGINAL BALLAD IN WORDS AND MUSIC "SHE'S SLEEPING BY THE SILV'RY RIO GRANDE"

By THOS. J. HUGHES and CHAS. KOHLMAN.

A song which for beauty of melody and peerless words cannot be surpassed, and is now being featured  
by all leading soloists and quartettes. For sale at your music store.



line in her back yard,..... and weep - ing hard;..... She  
 squeal; "He's all a - lone,"..... I heard her groan;..... She

married a B. and O. brakeman, Dat took and throw'd her down, Beller-ing like a prune-fed calf, wid a  
 hol - lered thro' that door, "Bill Bai-ley, is you sore? Stop a minute; won't you listen to me? Won't

big gang hang - ing 'round; And to dat crowd,..... She yelled out loud:.....  
 I see you no more?" Bill winked his eye,..... As he heard her cry:.....

Bill Bailey, Won't You Please Come Home? 4 pp—2d p.

## "YOU WERE NEVER INTRODUCED TO ME"

By NAT. BIVINS.

A splendid coon song by the author of "I Ain't Seen No Messenger Boy." The above song is now being featured by all star singers and is sure to be a winner.

CHORUS.

Won't you come home, Bill Bai - ley, won't you come home? She moans de

*mp-f* *ff*

whole day long;..... I'll do de cook - ing, dar - ling,

I'll pay de rent; I knows I've done you wrong;.....

Bill Bailey, Won't You Please Come Home? 4 pp--3d n.

**“ APPEARANCES, DEY SEEM TO BE AGAINST ME. ”**

By GARDENIER & KOHLMAN.

Something new in a darky song and a positive hit. Words very catchy, music entrancing.  
Secure a copy, you will not regret it.

'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 some home?..... home?.....

Bill Bailey, Won't You Please Come Home! 4 pp - 4th p.

Geo. Beaverson, 35 Frankfort St., N. Y.

# PING PONG LANCIERS

Arranged by THEO. F. MORSE.

This is one of the best medley lancers on the market to-day and contains such hits as  
 "Ain't That A Shame," "Little Boy in Blue," "Come Out, Dinah, on the Green," "My Princess Zulu Lulu,"  
 "Bill Bailey, Won't You Please Come Home?" "Way Down in Old Indiana."



# SOME SWINGING



## FARE THEE HONEY FARE THEE WELL

Words by JOHN QUEEN Music by WALTER WILSON

**CHORUS**

What more could a poor gal do I  
 What more could a poor gal do I

thid him oys-ters fed him kid sey stow I  
 eg-lin you was me and I was you Doyne

kneet down on my knees and black his shoes All for that  
 blame me now for feel-ing kind-er blue All for that

man, that mean-ly man-  
 man, that mean-ly man-

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## I MUST HAVE BEEN A DREAMIN'

Moderato. Composed by BOB COLE

**CHORUS**

apt' wake, I must a been a dream in' while' all dis was a  
 apt' Case I woke up mid a scream-in' An' my eyesday was a  
 gram in' Oat my forehead was a weam-in' Per-cep-tion was a  
 streamin' I must a been a dream in dreamin' all the time

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## I HATES TO GET UP EARLY IN THE MORN.

Words by JOHN QUEEN. Music by HUGH CANNON.

**CHORUS**

Hates to get up ear-ly in the morn.  
 or er did that thing-uh I was born, I like to peed my  
 big fat head, it do be-ome of a great big add ing bed, Ome I hates to get up  
 ear-ly in the morn. Just 'tain I, morn.

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# COON CHORUSES

## I GOT MINE.

COON SONG.

Words by JOHN QUEEN. Music by CHAR CARTWELL

**CHORUS**

I got mine boys, I got mine,  
 I got mine boys, I got mine, That

grabbed that bean-dred dol-lar bill thar' the win-dow I did climb,  
 got long to that piece of fowl I had one horrible time,  
 egg got pulled he about got out and need a nigger stew.

Ev er more than I've worn good clothes liv-ing on chuk-ee and  
 Coon-com grabbed that re-ale by the neck I snatched on be-  
 I tried to get through the win-dow but I couldn't get through in

wine for the lead-er of so-ci-ety more I got mine  
 hand The coon in front-thighs he had the whole thing but I got mine  
 face I see my made from a man - let pure coon I got mine

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## STARLIGHT

(STARLIGHT'S MA GAL)

REFRAIN. Solo. By CLIFTON CRAWFORD  
 Words of "SMALL LITTLE BITTER MARY GREEN"

Her eyes are set in a row, Star light's her name, she looks like  
 nig-gh the best, Star light's me name, All coons are cre-er to get my Star light

1. 2.  
 talk, she she gives them all the go by, Star-light's me got get

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## OH OH MISS CAROLINE

(Honey Make This World Seem Bright For Me.)

Words by HARRY J. BECKEN. Music by T. HAYO DEAST

**CHORUS**

Oh oh oh Miss Car-o-line Say you'll be my  
 Oh oh oh Miss Car-o-line Tell me please what  
 queen do you, if love is blind I know I'll see  
 feel that love, Some-thing look a drop as you can  
 see, No one else could love you more  
 me, When I hit the ground I had to wish please  
 you're the one I'm liv-ing for How my dear the  
 let a little bit off the top, And How my dear the  
 world seem bright for me  
 world seem bright for me

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# FOR SALE EVERYWHERE

# THIS IS THE CHORUS OF CLIFTON CRAWFORD'S NEW SONG

Author of Simple Little Sister Mary Green, Nancy Brown, Etc.

## POLLY

CHORUS.

Pol - ly, Pol - ly mine, with your eyes filled with glee,.....

Wak - ing or sleep - ing my heart's in your keep - ing, you've got me;..... I

went for a ride on the trol - ley..... and I sat at your back with the men,..... It's fol - ly, but,

Pol - ly, since there on that trol - ley, you've jol - lied me ev - er since then..... then.....

POLLY. 3 pp-3d p.

Geo. Beaverson, 35 Frankfort St., N. Y.

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