

♩ = 220

Bill Bailey - D

VERSE → →

A **D**

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

D **D#o** **A7**

She moans the whole day long.

B **A7**

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

A7 **D Break** - - - - -

I know I've done you wrong.

A **D**

'Mem ber that rain - y eve - ning I threw you out, with

D **D7** **G**

no - thin but a fine tooth comb? I

C **G** **G#o** **D** **B7**

know I'm to blame, well, ain't that a shame? Bill

E7 **A7** **D**

Bai - ley won't you please come home?

Bill Bailey, Verse

On one sum - mer morn-in' the sun was shin - in' fine, the
la - dy ho-ney of old Bill Bai-ley she hung clothes on the line in her back
yard + weep - in' hard She
married a B + Q brake-man that took + threwed her down,
bell-owin' like an old prune-fed calf + w a big gang hang - in' rnd + to that
crowd she cried out loud: O