

♩ = 220

Bill Bailey - F

VERSE → →

A

F

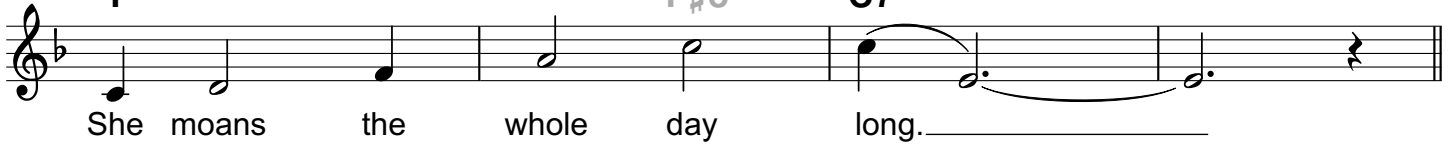


Won't you come home Bill Bai - ley, won't you come home?

F

F#o

C7



She moans the whole day long.

B

C7



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

C7

F Break - - - - -



I know I've done you wrong.

A

F

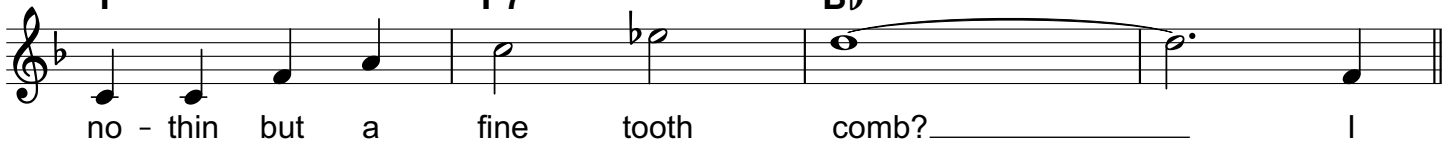


'Mem ber that rain - y eve - ning I threw you out, with

F

F7

Bb



no - thin but a fine tooth comb? I

C

Bb

Bo

F

D7



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

G7

C7

F



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
mar-ried a B + Q brake-man that took + throwed 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

Dm **A7**
F **A7** **Dm** **D#o**
C7 **F** **A7**
Dm **A7**
F **A7** **Dm** **D#o**
C7 **F** **C7**