BILL BAILEY, WON'T YOU PLEASE COME HOME?

Won't you come home, Bill Bailey,
won't you come home?

She moans the whole day long;
I'll do the cooking, darling,
I'll pay the rent; I know I've done you wrong.
'Member that rainy eve that I drove you out,
With nothing but a fine tooth comb?
I know I'm to blame, Well, ain't that a shame?

A7

Bill Bailey, won't you please come home?