

Bully song.

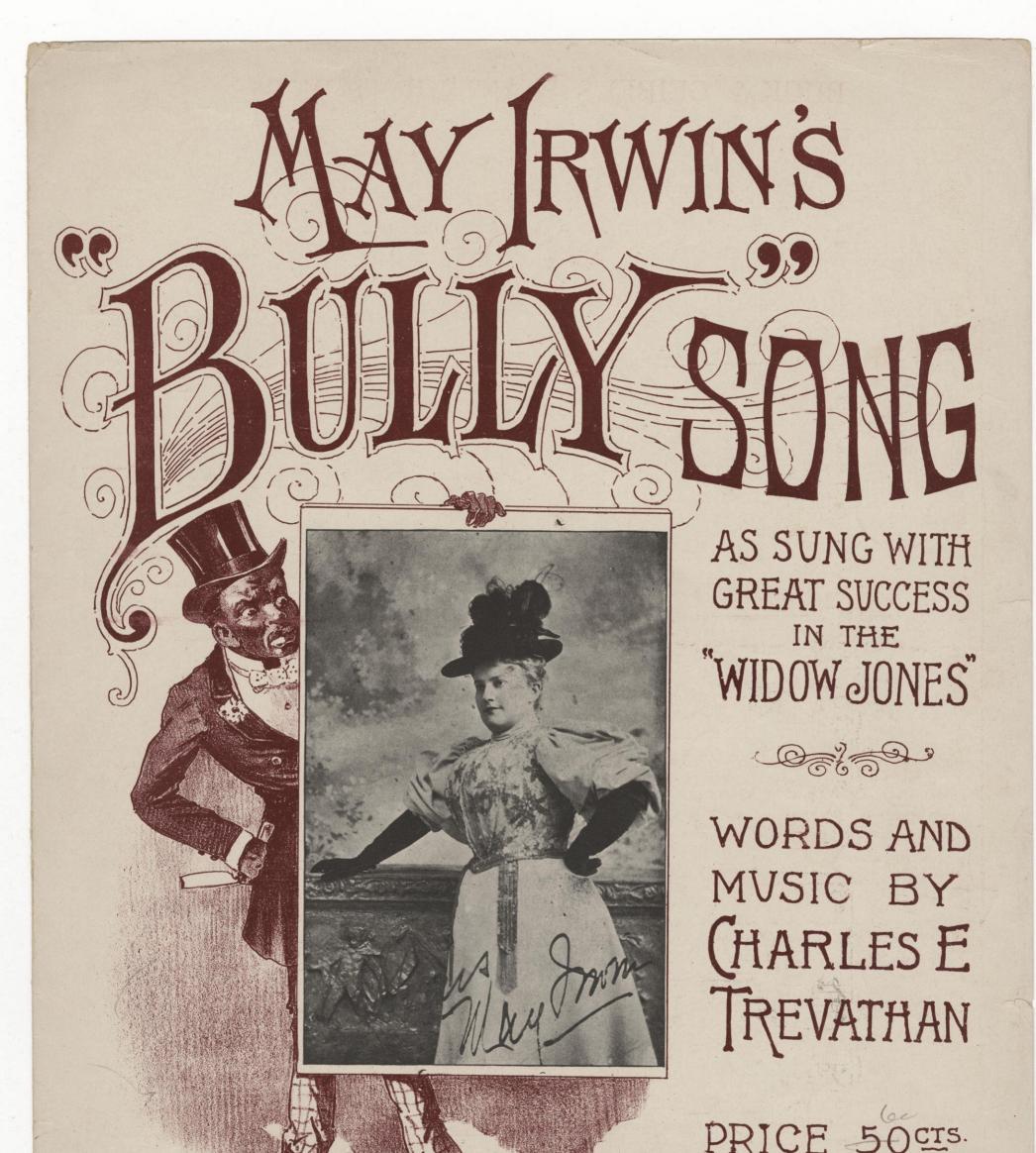
London: Chas. Sheard & Co., 1896

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WHITE-SMITH MUSIC PUB. Co.,

CHICAGO.

CHARLES E. TREVATHAN.

MAY IRWIN'S"BULLY" SONG.

"Sweeth freeth

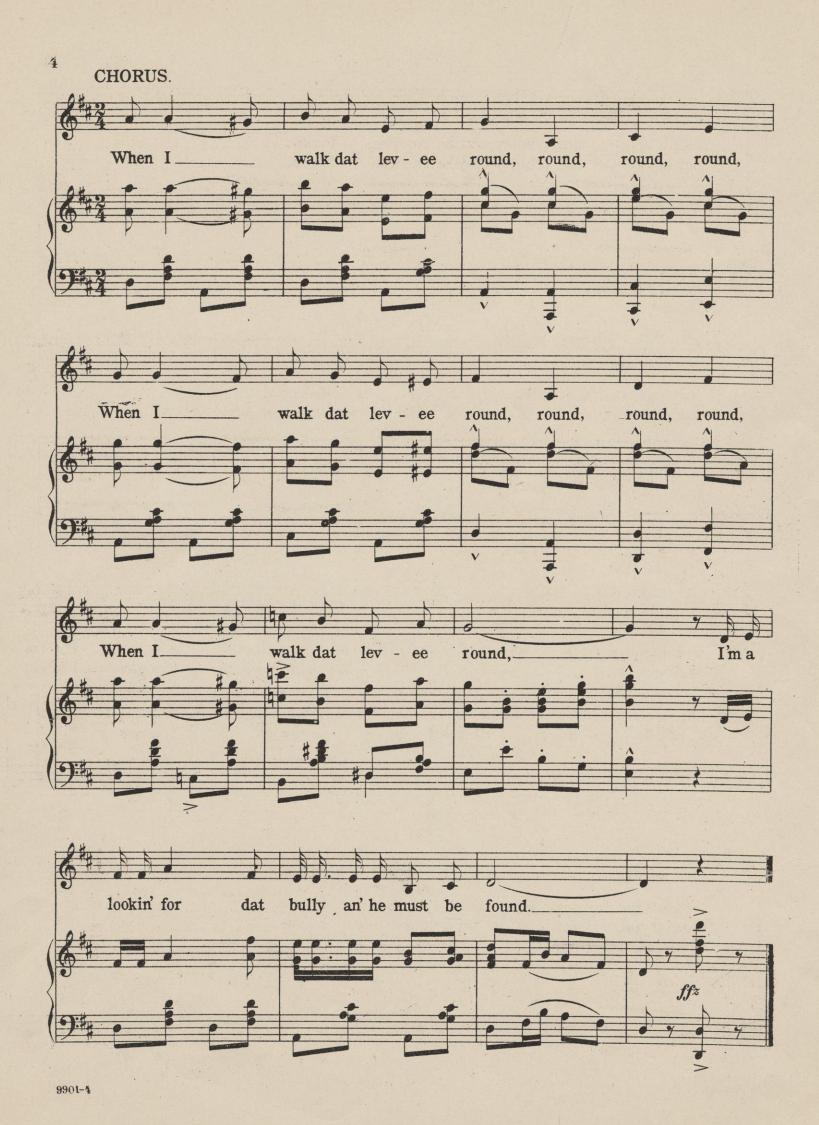


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This publication is prepared under the personal supervision of the Author & Composer Charles E. Trevathan.



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I went to a wingin' down at Parson Jones' Took along my trusty blade to carve dat nigger's bones Just a lookin for dat bully, to hear his groans. I coonjined in the front door, the coons were prancing high For dat levee darkey I skinned my foxy eye. Just a lookin for dat bully but he wan't nigh. I asked Miss Pansy Blossom if she would wing a reel She says, Law, Mr. Johnsing, how high you make me feel. Then you ought to see me shake my sugar heel. I was sandin' down the Mobile Buck just to cut a shine Some coon across my smeller swiped a watermelon rin' I drawed my steel dat gemmen for to fin' I riz up like a black cloud and took a look aroun' There was dat new bully standin on the ground. I've been lookin for you nigger and I've got you found. Razors gun a flyin, niggers gun to squawk, I lit upon that bully just like a sparrow hawk, And dat nigger was just a dyin' to take a walk. When I got through with bully, a doctor and a nurse Want no good to dat nigger, so they put him in a hearse, A cyclone couldnt have tore him up much worse. You dont hear bout dat nigger dat treated folks so free Go down upon the levee, and his face you'll never see. Deres only one boss bully, and dat one is me.

Chorus.

ENCORE.

When you see me comin' hist your windows high;
When you see me goin' hang your heads and cry;
Im lookin' for dat bully and he must die.
My madness keeps a risin' and I'se not gwine to get left,
I'm gettin' so bad dat I'm askeerd of myself.
I was lookin for dat bully, now he's on the shelf.

BUCK & GEIBEL'S PLANTATION SONGS.

