

This is the only correct publication of the song by May Irwin in the "Widow Jones" farce.

# MAY IRWIN'S "BULLY SONG"

AS SUNG WITH  
GREAT SUCCESS  
IN THE  
"WIDOW JONES"

WORDS AND  
MUSIC BY  
CHARLES E  
TREVATHAN

PRICE 50 CTS.

"BULLY" MARCH TWO-STEP 40c.

"BULLY" WALTZES 75c.



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## MAY IRWIN'S "BULLY" SONG.

Words and Music by  
CHARLES E. TREVATHAN.

Moderato.

VOICE. 

PIANO. 

  
Have yo' heard a - bout dat bul - ly dat's just come to town He's  
I's gwine down the street with my ax in my hand I'm  


  
round a - mong de niggers a layin' their bod - ies down I'm a  
look - in' for dat bully and I'll sweep him off dis land I'm a  
  
*colla voce.*

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

lookin' for dat bully and he must be found. I'm a  
lookin' for dat bully and he must be found. I'll

Ten - nes - see nig - ger and I don't al - low, No  
take 'long my raz - or, I'se gwine to carve him deep, And

red-eyed riv - er roustabout with me to raise a row. I'm  
when I see dat bul - ly, I'll lay him down to sleep. I'm

*colla voce.*

lookin' for dat bully and I'll make him bow.  
lookin' for dat bully and he must be found.

4

CHORUS.

When I \_\_\_\_\_ walk dat lev - ee round, round, round, round,

When I \_\_\_\_\_ walk dat lev - ee round, round, round, round,

When I \_\_\_\_\_ walk dat lev - ee round, \_\_\_\_\_ I'm a

lookin' for dat bully an' he must be found.

*ff*



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 couldn't 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,  
 Im gettin' so bad dat Im askeerd of myself.  
 I was lookin for dat bully, now he's on the shelf.



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Music by  
MONROE H. ROSENFELD.

REFRAIN.

Give me the dear old home-stead, \_\_\_\_\_ The

sun - ny spot where I was born; \_\_\_\_\_ No sweeter place I know,

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## HONEY ON MY LIPS.

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Words and Music by  
CHARLES E. TREVATHAN.

CHORUS.

Honey on er my lips I love yo' Honey de busy bee sips Sweet

as de peachblooms up above yo' Honey on er my lips.

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## THE COONS ARE ALL A-DREAMIN'.

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MARCH CHORUS.

1st time *p* 2nd *ff*

Words & Music by  
PERCY GAUNT.

All the coons are sweet-ly dream - in',

Dream - in' how to play, "Git yo' nick-el hon ey,"

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## THE GIRL I ADORE.

Price 40 cts.

Words by R.C. Mac DONALD.

Music by ARCHIE Mac DONALD.

CHORUS.

Le - na, my dar - ling, You are the girl I love,

Le - na, my Le - na, Pure as the stars a -

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M.  
J. IRWIN, MAY