

*This is the only
correct publication
of the "Bully Song"
as sung by Mrs.
Smith Widow Jones.
May Irwin*

May Irwin's "BULLY" SONG

AS SUNG WITH
GREAT SUCCESS
IN THE
"WIDOW JONES"

WORDS AND MUSIC
BY
Charles E. Trevathan



Savenport

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MAY IRWIN'S "BULLY" SONG.

Words and Music by
CHARLES E. TREVATHAN.

Moderato.
PIANO.

Have yo' heard a-bout dat bul - ly dat's just come to town? He's
I'se gwine down the street with my ax in my hand; I'm
round a - mong de nig - gers a lay - in' their bod - ies down. I'm a
look - in' for dat bul - ly, and I'll sweep him off dis land. I'm a
look - in' for dat bul - ly, and he must be found. . . . I'm a
look - in' for dat bul - ly, and he must be found. . . . I'll

Ten - nes-see nig - ger, and I don't al - low, No red - eyed riv - er
take 'long my ra - zor, I'se gwine to carve him deep, And when I see dat

rous-ta-bout with me to raise a row. I'm look-in' for dat
bul - ly, I'll lay him down to sleep. I'm look-in' for dat

colla voce.

Chorus.

bul-ly, and I'll make him bow. When I . . . walk dat lev - ee
bul-ly, and he must be found.

round, round, round, round, When I . . . walk dat lev - ee round, round, round, round,

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

look - in' for dat bull - y an' he must be found.

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 coonjoined 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 drew 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.

MAY IRWIN'S "BULLY" SONG.—3.

When I got through with bully, a doctor and a nurse
 Wan't no good to dat nigger, so they put him in a hearse;
 A cyclone couldn't have tore him up much worse.
 You don't hear 'bout dat nigger dat treated folks so free;
 Go down upon the levee, and his face you'll never see;
 Dere's 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;
 I'm 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 askeer'd of myself.
 I was lookin' for dat bully, now he's on the shelf.

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