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1896

May Irwin's "Bully" Song

Charles E Trevathan *Composer*

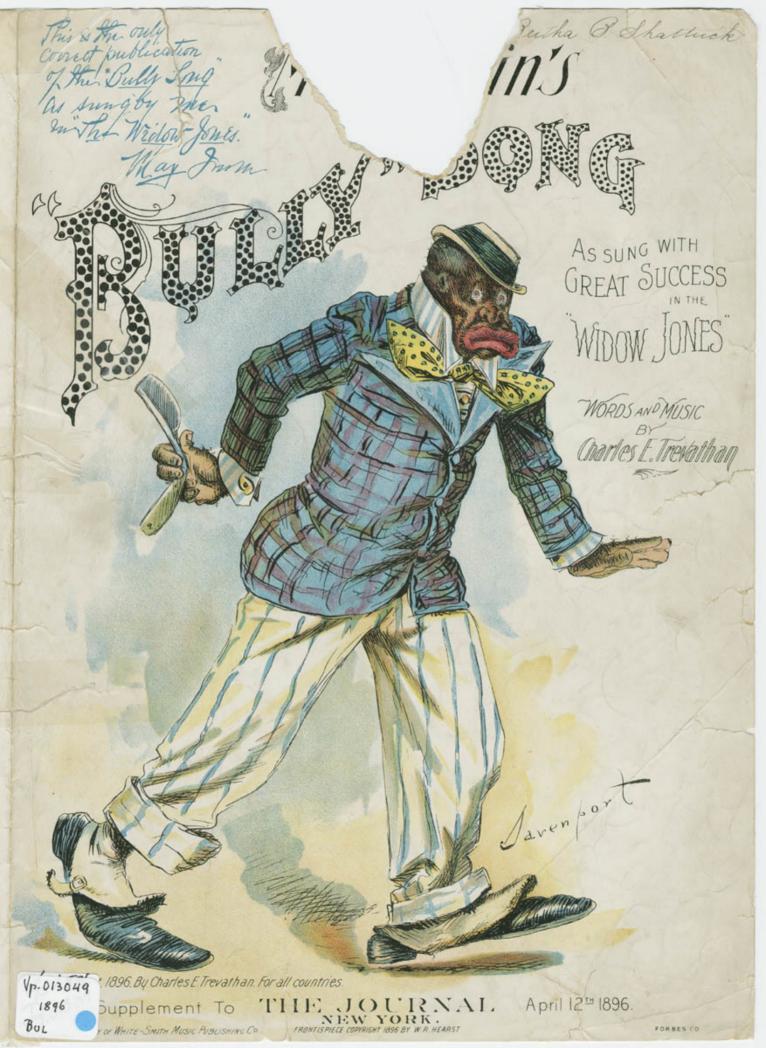
John Davenport *Illustrator*

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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, You don't hear bout dat nigger dat treated folks so free; 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. I'm lookin' for dat bully, and he must die. 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. 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; 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.