

THE GREATEST COON SONG OF THE SEASON

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Music and Words

BY

LEE JOHNSON,

AUTHOR OF

"Don't You Lub Your Colored Baby"



As sung with howling
success by

MISS MAY IRWIN

OF THE

Widow Jones Company



THE

NEW



BULLY

GEORGE W. P.

Published by

THE ZENO MAUVAIS MUSIC COMPANY,

769 Market Street, San Francisco.

4

THE NEW BULLY

AS SUNG IN THE "WIDOW JONES."

Comp by LEE JOHNSON

Arr by DOC ALBERT.

Tempo di March

f

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1. Have you heard 'bout dat
2. I'm goin' down de

Bul-ly jus' come down to town. He's down 'mong de nig-gers I'se
street wid my ax in my han' Jus' lookin' fo' dat bul-ly to

gwine to run him down-I's a lookin' fo' dat Bully he mus' be foun'. I'm a
wipe him off de lan' I's a lookin' fo' dat Bully he mus' be foun' I'll

ten - ness - ee nig - ger. an' I do't low no red-eyed roust 'bout. wid
 take 'long my razer an' I'm goin' to carve him deep. When I see dat bul - ly I'll

me to raise a row. I'm lookin' fo' dat bully to make him bow. ———
 lay him down to sleep. I'se lookin' fo' dat bully he mus' be foun'. ———

When I walk dat Levee 'round. ROUND ROUND ROUND

CHORUS *p* 2 time *ff*

When I walk that levee round. ROUND, ROUND, ROUND. When I

walk dat levee 'round—
I'se lookin' fo' dat

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bully he mus' be foun'—
foun'.

III.

Dat Bully went to de coon ball down at Johnson's hall,
An' tried to kiss my Lulu, de belle ob de ball ;
An' my baby, she commenced to squall.
I flew at dat nigger wid razer in my han',
If I'd landed on dat Bully he'd seen de promised lan'—
But de Bully ob de levee wouldn't stan'.

IV.

I went to a wingin' down to Parson Jones',
I took 'long my trusty blade to carb dat nigger's bones,—
I'se lookin' for dat Bully to hear him groan.
Dat coon jumped throu' de front doo', nigs were prancin' high,
Fo' dat levee darkie I skinned my foxy eye:
Jus' lookin' fo' dat Bully,—he mus' be foun'.

V.

Sing 5th and 6th verses without Chorus between.

I was standin' on de Mobile dock, jus' to cut a shine,
Dat Bully 'cross my smeller swiped a water-melon rine,
I drewed my steel, dat nigger did cotched his fin',
Razers got a flyin', coons began to squawk ;
I lit upon dat Bully jus' like a sparrow-hawk—
Dat nigger was jus' dyin' to take a walk.

VI.

When I got throu' wid dat Bully a doctor an' a nurse
Couldn't do much fo' him, so dey put him in a hearse ;
A cyclone couldn't a-torn him much worse.
Now down on de levee dat Bully can't be foun',
Fo' dey've planted dat nigger six feet under groun',
An' dere's only one mo' bully left,—dat's me!

LAST CHORUS.

When I walk dat levee round,—round, round, round,—
When I walk dat levee round,—round, round, round,—
When I walk dat levee round,
I'se not lookin' fo' dat Bully,—he's been foun'.