

# Bring Back to Me My Wandering Boy

M: G; F: C or D  
CD 1-Track 19

Traditional

1. Out in the cold world and far a - way\_ from home,  
 2. Out in the hall - way, there stands a va - cant chair,  
 3. Well I re - mem - ber those part - ing words he said,

5  
 Some moth - er's boy is wand - ering all a - lone,  
 And an old pair of shoes that he used to wear,  
 "We'll meet up yonder, where tears are nev - er shed,

9  
 No one to guide him or keep his foot - steps right,  
 Emp - ty is the cra - dle he used to\_ love so well,  
 In that land of sun - shine a - way from toil\_ and care,

13  
 Some moth - er's boy is home - less to - night.  
 Oh, how I miss him no tongue can tell.  
 When life is over, I'll meet you up there."

17  
 Cho: Oh, bring back to me my wan - der - ing boy,\_ There is no

23  
 oth - er\_ that's left to give me joy, Tell him his moth - er with

28  
 fad - ed cheeks and hair, Is at the old home a - wait - ing him there.\_\_\_\_\_

# Buffalo Gals

M: C; F: F or G  
CD 1-Track 20

Traditional

1. As I was walk - ing down the street, Down the street,  
Down the street, A pret - ty girl I chanced to meet, Oh,  
she was fair to see. Cho: Buff - a - lo gals won't you come out to - night,  
Come out to - night, Come out to - night, Buff - a - lo gals won't you  
come out to - night, And dance by the light of the moon.

C  
2. I danced with a gal with a hole in her stockin',  
G7 C  
Her heel kept a-rockin', her knees kept a-knockin',  
I danced with a gal with a hole in her stockin',  
G7 C  
We danced by the light of the moon.

(Chorus after each verse)

3. I asked her if she'd like to talk, (like to talk 2X)  
Her feet took up the whole sidewalk,  
Oh, she was fair to see.

4. I asked her if she'd have a dance, (have a dance 2X)  
I thought that I might have a chance,  
To shake a foot with her.

5. I asked her if she'd be my wife, (be my wife 2X)  
Then I'd be happy all my life,  
If she'd marry me.

# The Bully of the Town

M: G; F: C or D  
CD 1-Track 21

Unknown, 1895

1. Well I'm look - ing for that bul - ly, Who just got in to  
2. I'm go - ing down the street, with my axe\_\_\_ in my

town, I'm look - ing for that bul - ly, You know he can't be  
hand, I'm look - ing for that bul - ly and I'll sweep him off this

found, And I'm look - ing for that bul - ly of the town.\_\_\_\_  
land, I'm\_\_\_ look - ing for that bully to make him stand.\_\_\_\_

Chor: As I walk this le - vee 'round,\_\_\_ eve - ry night I can be

found,\_\_\_\_ As I walk this le - vee 'round,\_\_\_\_ I'm

look - ing for that bul - ly of the town.\_\_\_\_

H. M. Rounders, B. Keith, Fiddlin' John Carson, Skillet Lickers,  
Stanley Bros, Alan Munde, Allen Shelton, Doug Dillard

G            Gb        G  
3. I'll take my long razor, I'm going to carve him deep,  
E7                            C                    A7  
And when I see that bully, I'll lay him down to sleep,  
D7    G  
I'm looking for that bully to make him weep.

4. I went a winging, down at Parson Jones',  
Took along my trusty blade to carve that fellow's bones,  
Just a'looking for that bully to hear his groans.

5. I walked in the front door, the men were prancing high,  
For that levee fella, I skinned my foxy eye,  
Just a'looking for that bully and he wasn't nigh.

6. I asked Miss Pansy Blossom, if she would wing a reel,  
She says, "Laws, Mr. Johnson, how high you make me feel,"  
Then you ought to see me shake my sugar heel.

7. I rose up like a black cloud and took a look around,  
There was that new bully, standing on the ground,  
I've been looking for you fella and I've got you found.

8. When I got through bully, a doctor and a nurse,  
Were no good to that man, so they put him in a hearse,  
A cyclone couldn't have torn him up much worse.

9. You don't hear about that fella, that treated folks so free,  
Go down upon the levee and his face you'll never see,  
There's only one boss bully and that is me.

10. When you see me coming, hoist your windows high,  
When you see me going, hang your heads and cry,  
I'm looking for that bully and he must die.

11. My madness is a rising, and I'm not going to get left,  
I'm getting so bad that I'm scared of myself,  
I was looking for that bully now he's on the shelf.

# Bury Me Beneath the Willow

M: D; F: G or A  
CD 1-Track 22

Traditional

1. My heart is sad and I am lone - ly, For the  
 2. To - mor - row was to be our wed - ding, God, oh  
 3. She told me that she did not love me, I could  
 4. Place on my grave a snow white li - ly, To prove my

on - ly one I love, When shall I see her oh no  
 God where can she be? She's gone a' court - ing with an -  
 not be - lieve 'twas true, Un - til an an - gel soft - ly  
 love for her was true, To show the world I died of

nev - er, 'Til we meet in hea - ven a - bove. Cho: So bur - y  
 oth - er, And no lon - ger cares for me.  
 whis - pered, "She no lon - ger cares for you."  
 griev - ing, For her love I could not win.

me be - neath the wil - low, Un - der the weep - ing wil - low tree,

When she hears that I am sleep - ing, Then per -

haps she'll weep for me.