Billy's Very Good To Me.

Words by CHAS. NOEL DOUGLAS.  
Music by ISIDORE WITMARK.

Moderato con moto.

Voice:

Piano:

Some women keep complaining about the treatment that they get. So a

Bill, they course his never works, it isn't right he should, His

She says when we have oysters why then Billly dear ex-cel, For

She said when Bill goes to a show with joy I just turn green, For

lady friend I questioned just the last time that we met. And she

health is far too delicate. Twas never very good. He

when he gulped ten down he always lets me have the shells, And

when he comes home, he'll sit down and tell me all he's seen, One

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said, Why married life's a dream with my beloved Bill, Though we
never brings me home a cent, but if dinner ain't on deck, Hell
gen'ry blocks a great big can of beer I've chased, He
day I had the toothache and was crazy as a goat, Bill

have our little troubles dear, as married folks all will, Now
smash up all the furniture and twist my bloomin' neck, If there
gives to me the empty can to see how good it tastes, He
tapped me gently on the face, the teeth went down my throat, The

Bill came home full last night and grabbed me by the nose. He
ain't no grum, nor money, Bill says "git it, git it quick" His
throws me out the window, Oh my Billy just too sweet. He
Doctor came with his X rays them forty teeth to find. But

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yanked my hair out by the roots, and shredded all my clothes, He-
language always was polite and followed by a kick, Then he
says it's much the quickest way for me to reach the street, Billy
could, I quite locate 'em; So Bill says, "Say you are blind!" He-

stood me on the fire-escape from twelve o'clock till three. Oh! there
throws the coal-stove at my head as down the stairs I flee. Oh there
never throws me out to hurt me tho'; I'm in repairs. He
kicked a hole clear thru' me and got all the teeth but three. Oh there

ain't no use of talkin' Billy's very good to me.
ain't no use of talkin' Billy's very good to me.
says it's done to save my legs the tedious trip down stairs,
ain't no use of talkin' Billy's very good to me.

Bilby's Very Good $098-4
REFRAIN. moderato

Billy, Oh I loves him, for he's very very good, Though he
Billy, Oh I loves him, he's a man without a flaw, As a
Billy, Oh I loves him, he's an angel without wings, Though he's
Billy, Oh I loves him, and his praises should be sung, Though he's

bangs my head against the wall and says it's only wood, And has
punching bug he says That I beat all he ever saw, On my
every thing that ain't changed down right at my head he flings, And
only left me half an eye and quarter of a lung He's let

danced up on my ribs till he has beat ed forty three, Oh there
nose hell land his fist, and on my chest hell plant his knee, Oh there
tho' each night he swears that it my last on earth shall be, There
day light in my dia phragm till through me you can see, Still there

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