

SM 289

# Billy's Very Good To Me.

Words by CHAS. NOEL DOUGLAS.

Music by ISIDORE WITMARK.

Moderato con moto.

Voice.

Piano.

*mf* *grazioso.* *pp* *f*

Some wom-en keep com-plain-ing 'bout the treat-ment that they get, So a  
 Bil - ly course he nev - er works, it is - n't right he should, His  
 She says "when we have oys - ters why then Bil - ly dear ex - cels, For  
 She said "When Bill goes to a show with joy I just turn green, For

*rit* *p*

Ad. \*

la - dy friend I ques-tioned just the last time that we met. And she  
 health is far too del - i - cate 'Twas nev - er ve - ry good. He  
 when he's gulped 'em down he al - ways 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 mar - ried life's a dream with— my he - lov - ed Bill, Though we  
nev - er brings me home a cent, but if din - ner ain't on deck, He'll  
when for for - ty blocks a great big— can of beer I've chased, He  
day I had the tooth - ache and was— cra - zy as a goat, Bill

have our lit - tle troub - les dear, as mar - ried folks all will. Now—  
smash up all the fur - ni - ture and twist my bloom - ing neck, If there  
gives to me the emp - ty can to see how good it tastes, He—  
tapped me gent - ly on the face, the teeth went down my throat, The—

Bil - ly came home full last night and grabbed me by the nose. He  
ain't no grub, nor mon - ey, Bill says "Git it, git it quick" His  
throws me out the win - dow, Oh my Bil - ly's just too sweet. He  
Doc - tor came with his X rays them for - ty teeth to find. But

yanked my hair out by the roots, and shred - ded all my clothes, He —  
 lan - guage al - ways was po - lite and fol - lowed by a kick, Then he  
 says it's much the quick - est way for me to reach the street, Bil - ly  
 could - n't quite lo - cate 'em, So Bill says, "Say you are blind!" He —

stood me on the fire - es - cape from twelve - o' - clock till three. Oh! there  
 throws the coal - stove at my head as down the stairs I flee. Oh there  
 nev - er throws me out to hurt me tho' I'm in re - pairs. He —  
 kicked a hole clear thro' me and got all the teeth but three. Oh there

ain't no use of talk - in' Bil - ly's ver - y good to me.  
 ain't no use of talk - in' Bil - ly's ver - y good to me.  
 says it's done to save my legs the te - di - ous trip down stairs,  
 ain't no use of talk - in' Bil - ly's ver - y good to me.

## REFRAIN. moderato.

Bil - ly, Oh I loves him, for he's ver - y ver - y good, Though he  
 Bil - ly, Oh I loves him, he's a man with - out a flaw, As a  
 Bil - ly, Oh I loves him, he's an an - gel with - out wings, Though  
 Bil - ly, Oh I loves him, and his prais - es should be sung, Though he's

bangs my head a - gainst the wall and says it's on - ly wood, And has  
 punch - ing bag he says That I beat all he ev - er saw, On my  
 ev - ry thing that ain't changed down right at my head he flings, And  
 on - ly left me half an eye and quar - ter of a lung He's let

danced up - on my ribs till he has bust - ed for - ty - 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 di - a - phragm 'till through me you can see, Still there

ain't no use of talk - in' Bil - ly's ver - y good to me.  
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