

This Song may be Sung in public without fee or licence, except at Music Halls and Variety Theatres.

# THE "NEW CUT" COON.

**CHORUS.**  
Oh, they fancies I'm a Coon from Carolina,  
When they spots me coming ome from graft;  
And the boys all chase me rahnd abahnt the place,  
And finks I'm a nigger, 'cause I'vent washed my face,  
But I've lived in London all my life,  
And my Donah's name isn't Dinah,  
So if I'm a coon, well, as sure as there's a moon,  
The New Cut must be Carolina!

**BUT THERE, WHAT'S THE USE  
OF A-WASHING OF YER CHIVVY.  
WHEN THE WEEK AFTER  
NEXT, IT IS SURE TO BE  
AS BLACK.**

Written by  
**CHARLES  
COLLINS**  
AND  
**EDGAR  
BATEMAN,**



Composed by  
**CHARLES  
COLLINS.**

Sung by

# GUS ELEN.

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**ARPEGGIO LONDON**

Price 4/-

# THE "NEW CUT" COON.

WRITTEN BY  
CHAS. COLLINS & EDGAR BATEMAN.

COMPOSED BY  
CHAS. COLLINS.

**PIANO.**

*Allegro moderato.*

The piano score consists of three systems of music. The first system is marked *ff* and includes the tempo instruction *Allegro moderato.* The second system also includes a *ff* marking. The music is written for piano in a 6/8 time signature with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The notation includes treble and bass staves with various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

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F & D. 5999.

My name's Dick Brahn, I'm a native of Lon - don Tahn;

Worked at the coal wharf for twen - ty years and more.....

Oh, ain't it re - dic - u - lus, peo - ple chatters and makes a fuss And

finks I'm a coon, from the sun - ny Souf - ern shores.....

Last night, I was a - com - ing from the coal wharf, I

'opped in for a gar - gle at the pub they call the "Swan",.... When

some - - one slapped me on my o - ver - all and whis - per'd,

"Ow's the wife and all the pic - ca - nin - nies go - ing on?"

F & D. 5999.

## CHORUS.

Oh, they fancies I'm a coon from Caro-li - - na, When they spots me coming 'ome from graft; . . . . . And the

*mf*

boys all chase me rahnd abaht the place, And finks I'm a nigger, 'cause I 'ave n't wash'd my face; . . . But

I've . . . lived . . . in London all my life, . . . And my Donah's name is -n't Di - nah, . . . So if

I'm . . . a coon, well, as sure as there's a moon, . The New Cut must be Ca-ro-li - - - na!

*ff*

*Fine.*

# THE "NEW CUT" COON.

Written by CHAS. COLLINS & EDGAR BATEMAN.

Composed by CHAS. COLLINS.

Sung by GUS ELEN.

KEY F.

1. My name's Dick Braln, I'm a na-tive of Lon-don Tahn; Worked at the coal wharf for twen-ty years and more. . . Oh, ain't it re-dic-u-lus, peo-ple chat-ters and makes a fuss And finks I'm a coon, from the sun-ny Souf-eru shores. . . Last night, I was a-com-ing from the coal wharf, I 'opped in for a gar-gle at the pub they call the "Swan," When some-one slapped me on my o-ver-all and whis-per'd,

CHORUS.  
f.F.  
"Ow's the wife and all the pic-ca-nin-nies go-ing on?" Oh, they fan-cies I'm a coon from Ca-ro-li-na, . . . When they spots me com-ing 'ome from graft; . . . And the boys all chase me rahnd a-balt the place, . . . And finks I'm a nig-ger, 'cause I 'ave-n't washed my face; . . . But I've . . . lived . . . in Lon-don all my life, . . . And my Do-nah's name is-n't Di-nah, . . . So if I'm . . . a coon, well, as sure as there's a moon, . . . The New Cut must be Ca-ro-li-na!

2.

Once I 'ad a barf, it cost me twopence and drove me daft—  
I was a-coming out—they stops me at the door,  
The manager punched me on the nose, said I been a-feeving clothes,  
Took 'em from a coloured man, a-baving in No. 4.  
I went dahn to Brighton for the half-day,  
The lovely bloom from off the coal was on my face and 'ands,  
A copper comes up and says, "You'd better sling your 'ook, mate,  
Nigger chaps they ain't allowed performing on the sands."

CHORUS—Oh, they fancies I'm a coon from Carry-me-lina, &c.

3.

One day last week, a customer 'ad the blooming cheek,  
Wanted to know if my photo 'e could take—  
"Pompey, 'arf a mo," sez 'e, "Was yer ever in sla-ver-ee?  
And 'ow do you go, when you're walking for the cake?"  
I was lately up the West—delivering,  
I'd shot a 'arf a dozen ton, and swept up every bit;  
But all my fanks was a message to the guv'nor—  
"Don't send niggers any more, our baby's 'ad a fit!"

CHORUS—Oh, they fancies I'm a coon from Carrotty-Liza, &c.

4.

I got that wild, my good temper's completely spiled,  
All day long they're a-getting out my "rag";  
Just nah a blooming "nunny" said, "Ain't yer longing for old Virginny,  
A-playing the banjo where they grows the screws o' shag?"  
I know I shall soon do somefink desprit,  
I'll wash my face to-morrow, and I'll wipe it on a sack;  
But there, what's the use of a-washing of yer chivvy,  
When the week arter next, it is sure to be as black.

CHORUS—Oh, they fancies I'm a coon from Carolina, &c.

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