

HARRY HUNTER'S NEW SONG.

THE YELLOW COIN.



"Coin, Coin, the yellow coin,
Give me the golden coin,
For I've always found there's a magical sound,
In the ring of the yellow coin."

WRITTEN BY **HARRY HUNTER.**  COMPOSED BY **ALFRED LEE.**

SUNG WITH IMMENSE SUCCESS

BY **FRED. COYNE.**



ENT. STA. HALL.

LONDON: HOPWOOD & CREW, 42, NEW BOND ST. W.

PRICE, 3/-

THE YELLOW COIN.

Written by HARRY HUNTER.

Composed by ALFRED LEE.

VOICE.

CON SPIRITO.

PIANO.

mf

Cres.

ff

New Songs by HARRY HUNTER (half price and post free.)

- | | |
|--|---|
| Go and put your bonnet on Betsy..... pr. 3/- | I've gone wrong for the sake of Sarah.... pr. 3/- |
| The Bold Hibernian Boys..... 3/- | Family Troubles..... 3/- |
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Some fel - - lows I know will make a show, And

some - - times like a roc - ket, They

star - - tle the town but soon come down, When

they've an emp - - - ty poc - - ket, Al -

- though I ad - mit they make a hit, They're

mf

sure to come to smash So

though I am gay I have a way Of

Cres.

stick - ing to the cash

ff

CHORUS.

Coin, coin, yel - low coin, Give me the gol - den

coin.... For I've always found, There's a ma - gi - cal sound In the

ring of the yel - low coin. coin.

mf

ff

Cres. *ff*

Some fellows I know will make a show,
And sometimes like a rocket,
They startle the town, but soon come down,
When they've an empty pocket;
Altho' I admit they make a hit,
They're sure to come to smash,
So though I'm gay I have a way,
Of sticking to the cash.

(SPOKEN.) I must confess that my weakness consists principally in taking care of myself and sticking close to the cash, and I take for my motto—

CHORUS.

Coin, coin, yellow coin,
Give me the golden coin,
For I've always found there's a magical sound,
In the ring of the yellow coin.

Young couples we see of low degree,
Rush into Matrimony,
But love in a cot they find is not,
Composed of milk and honey;
They never would make so great a mistake,
As thus their hands to join,
If they but knew what they'd go through,
For want of yellow coin.

(SPOKEN.) Yes, love is a very pretty picture till the paint comes off, and as so many young ladies are now great painters, I would advise you gentlemen before you've picked your picture to see that it has a good yellow ground, that's the best ground to work upon; when I am asked what complexion I prefer, I say.—

Chorus.— Coin, coin, yellow coin. &c.

At billiards or pool a soft young fool,
Will play with smarter fellows,
But very soon rues, and gets the blues,
If he should lose the yellows,
Dame Fortune will come all smiling to some
Who wager on a race
But most who bet will find they get
Mis(s)fortune in her place.

(SPOKEN) Yes, I can't say I believe in betting and when a man becomes a bettor I always think it's a bettor for worse, I like to put a pound or two on the favorite for the Derby but beyond that I don't *favor it* at all, but say—

CHORUS.

Coin, coin, golden coin,
Give me the yellow coin,
For I've always found there's a magical sound
In the ring of the yellow coin

I know that a friend a pound will lend,
But after once or twice,
You'll find him get shy and pass you by,
Or give you good advice;
Though jolly and *fast* you'd find at last,
His friendship would get cold,
So I contend the *fastest* friend,
Is still the yellow gold.

(SPOKEN) Yes! when you were hard up your friend would send you a nice letter and his portrait but forget to send you a portrait of Her Majesty in gold, which would be more welcome so I say again.—

Chorus.— Coin, coin, yellow coin, &c.

New and Popular Comic Songs —

Old Black Snow. (J. T. Tate. R.A.M.) . . . 3/-	{	Sammy Stammers . . J. F. Mc Ardle. 4/-
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J. F. McARDLE'S GREAT STUTTERING SONG.

SAMMY STAMMERS.

SUNG BY JAMES FRANCIS, EDWARD TERRY, G.W. ANSON,
HARRY PAULTON, LIONEL BROUGH, CHARLES COLLETTE.

CHORUS.

Yes I fuf-fuf-fuf-fuf-flutter, And I stut-tut-tut-tut-ter, Stumble
mum-ble, grum-ble, fum-ble, Jum-ble. all I've got to say, And I
mum-mum-mum-mum-mut-ter, And I spup-pup-pup-pup-plutter, Still I
sput-ter all I ut-ter in a fuf-fuf-fun-ny way.

Half Price 2/-

RINKING ROSE.

SUNG BY JAMES FRANCIS.

Written by CHAS. TOWNLEY. Composed by W. REDMOND.

CHORUS.

Rink, rink, rink, rink, She said she'd be my bride, To
mate with me and skate with me, For e-ver by my side.... But
oh! the lit-tle vix-en broke Her lov-ing lit-tle pledge, By
bolt-ing with a Ci-ty clerk Who did the out-er edge....

Half Price 1/6.

ONLY AN IVY LEAF.

Composed by D. WOOD.

Arranged by W. WILLIAMS.

I've brought thee an I-vy leaf on-ly an
I-vy leaf From the land of the
rose where the wild hea-ther grows.

Half Price 1/6.

TIME MAY STEAL THE ROSES DARLING.

Written by ARTHUR W. FRENCH. Composed by CHAS. D. BLAKE.

Time may steal the ro-ses, dar-ling, From thy cheeks so fair and
bright And thy eyes'neath gol-den lash-es,
Lose the radiance of their light; Beau-ty cannot last. for

Half Price 1/6.

DOWN IN THE MEADOW WHERE THE VIOLETS GROW.

Written by HARRY HUNTER.

Composed by ALFRED LEE.

'Twas in the summer time when the sun was low,
Sinking in the west with a golden glow, Long, long a-go that I
met my Flo. Down in the mea-dow where the violets grow, We

Half Price 1/6.

DARLING MINNIE LEE.

Written by DEXTER SMITH.

Composed by E. N. CATLIN.

Where the vi-o-lets are blowing, Smiling in the gentle
breeze, And the zephyrs sing sweet ca-rols
As they flit among the trees; Where the merry songsters

Half Price 1/6.

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