MY JULIET.

(Oh! ain't you comin' out My Juliet)

A Shakespearean

COON SONG

Written, Composed

and Sung by

HARRISON HILL.

WITH BANJO ACCOMP.T AD. LIB.

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60 ¢

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MY JULIET.

Spoken. This is the Balcony Scene from Romeo and Juliet, arranged as a Modern Coon Song. Shakespeare never wrote a Coon Song. Some people say he never wrote any of his plays. Some say that Bacon wrote them. Others, that Lipton wrote them.

If you want to write a Coon Song it is very easy. First you want two Coons;— (at least, one Coon, and one Cooness) for your hero and heroine.

Shakespeare and I call ours Romeo and Juliet. You can call yours any other names you like There are plenty left.

Then you want a rhyme for the word "Coon." There appears to be only one rhyme to this word— namely "Moon."

There is always one moon in every Coon Song; sometimes two, *if it's very late at night.* No!— that was before the New Act came in.

Then you pick a ninny.— You can pick several ninnies if you like: but there must be at least one.

Then there's that little dance refrain.— or as we say now-a-days *"rerfrangh"* between the verses.

The reason of this is, that on a cold night Romeo may dance around between the verses *and get warm for the next verse.* That's all— except the Chorus.

I get a Chorus every time I sing this song— I only failed once.

It was at a deaf and dumb Asylum.

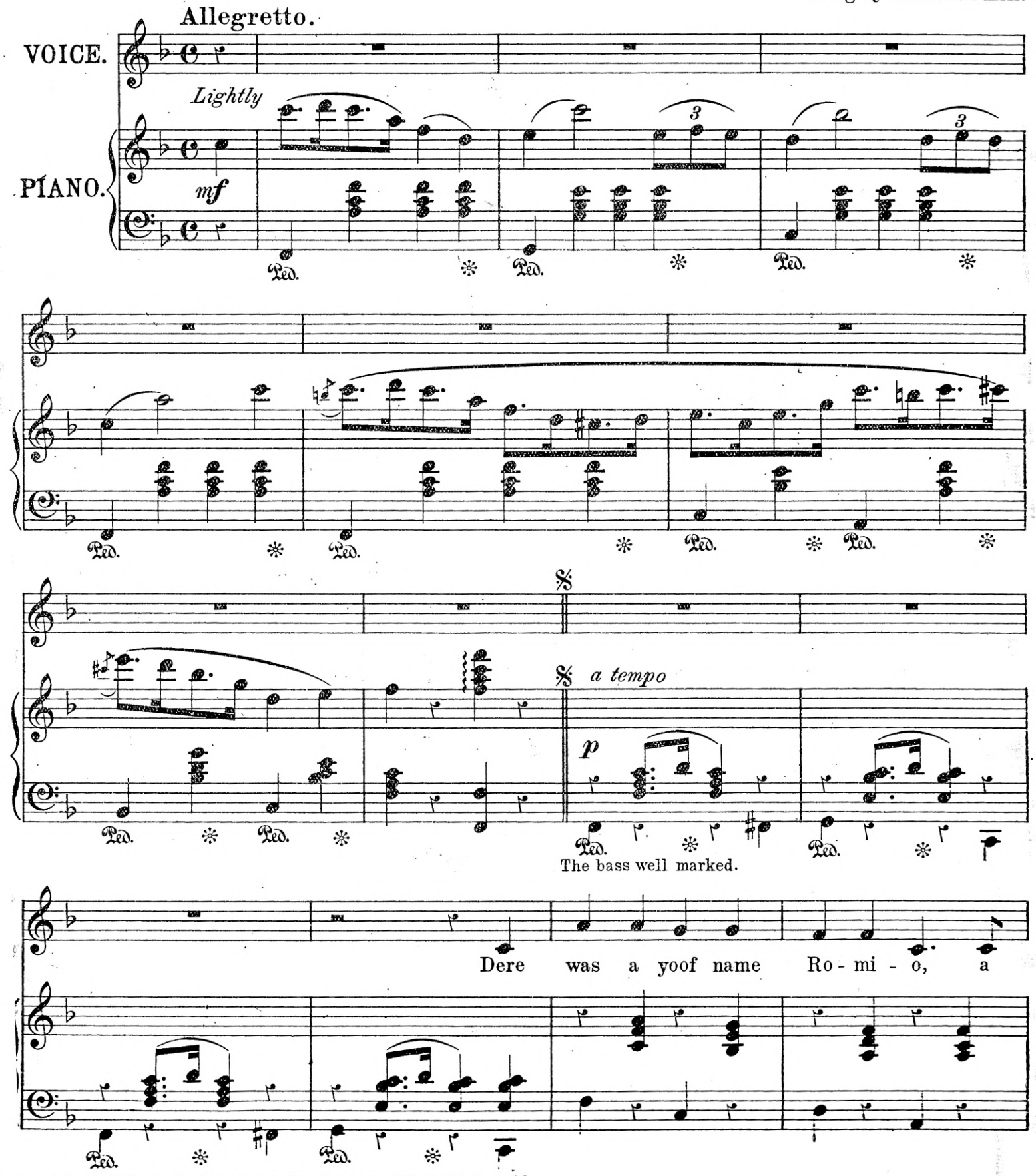
Now we're ready: Turn on the moonlight. Enter Romeo and Juliet.

This Song may be sung in Public without fee or license (except at Theatres and Music Halls) subject to the Condition that the name of the Composer is printed upon the Programme.

MY JULIET.

("Oh! aint yon comin out My Juliet?")

A SHAKESPEAREAN COON SONG.

Written Composed and Sung by Harrison Hill.

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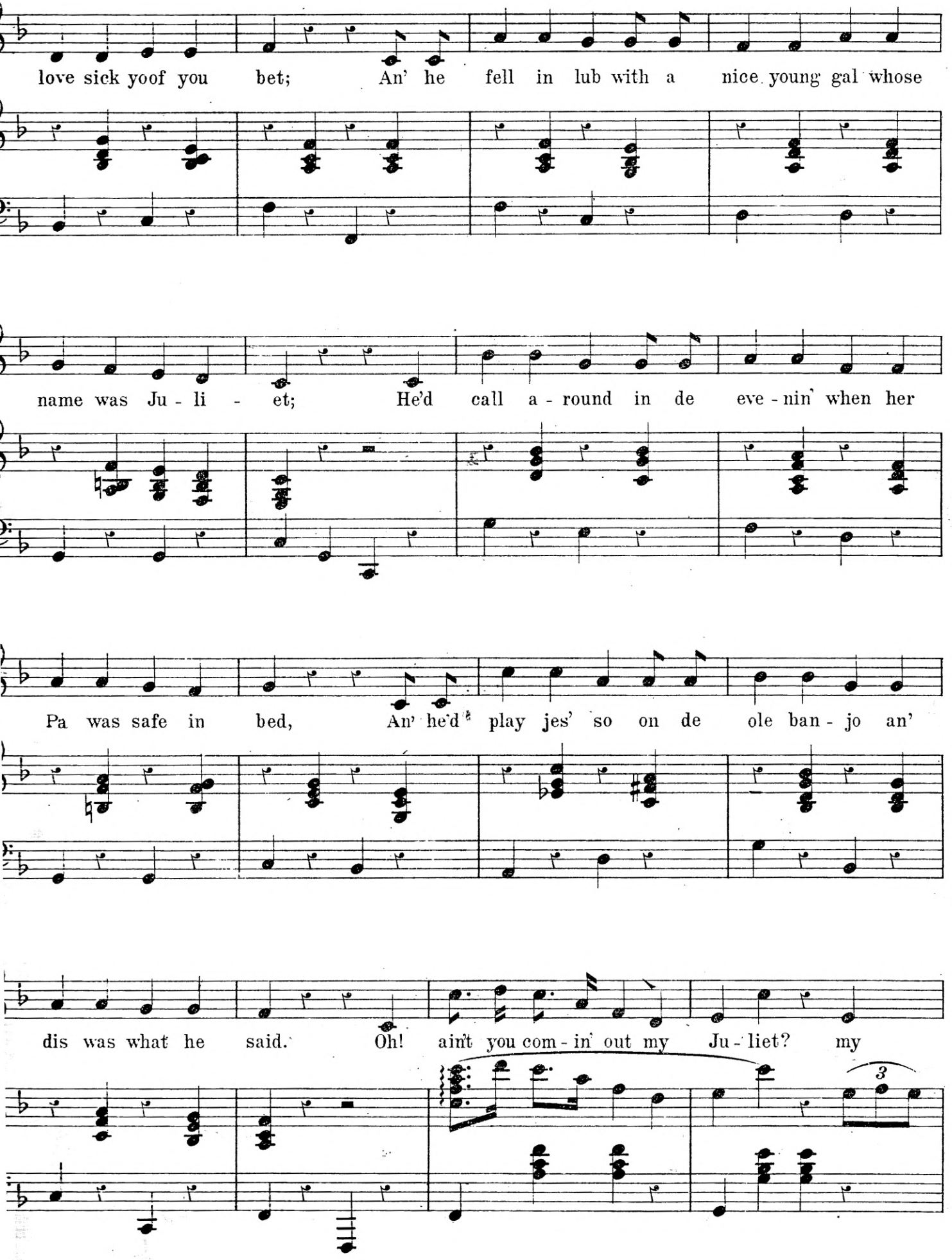
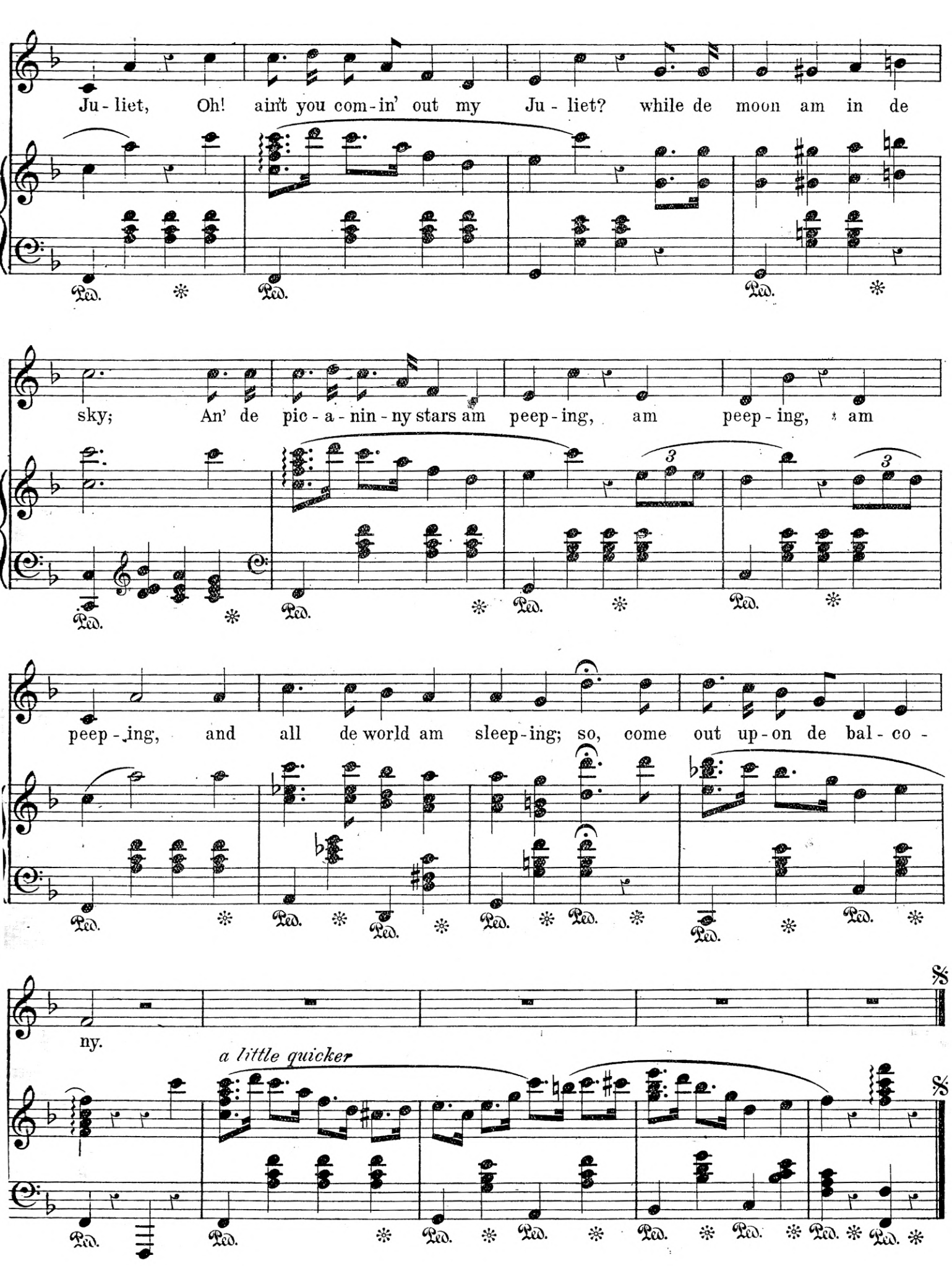

love sick yoof you bet; An' he fell in lub with a nice young gal whose
name was Ju - li - et; He'd call a - round in de eve - nin' when her
Pa was safe in bed, An' he'd play jes' so on de ole ban - jo an'
dis was what he said. Oh! ain't you com - in' out my Ju - liet? my
3

Ju - liet, Oh! ain't you com-in' out my Ju - liet? while de moon am in de
sky; An' de pic - a - nin - ny stars am peep - ing, am peep - ing, am
peep - ing, and all de world am sleep - ing; so, come out up - on de bal - co -
ny.
a little quicker
Ped.

MY JULIET.

1

Dere was a yoof name Ro-mi-o, a love-sick yoof you bet,
An' he fell in lub wid a nice young gal, whose name was Ju-li-et,
He'd call aroun' in de ebenin' when her Pa was safe in bed,
An' he'd play, jes' so, on de ole ban-jo, an' dis was what he said.

Oh! ain't you comin' out my Juliet?
My Juliet! My Juliet!
Oh! ain't you comin' out my Juliet?
While de moon am in de sky.
An' de picaninny stars am peeping
Am peeping! Am peeping!
An all de world am sleeping—
So,— come out upon de bal-co-ny.

2

Says he, "I swear by de moon up dere," I lub you more an' more.
Oh! neely half as much agen as any gal be-fore;
Says Juliet "Dear! how came you here?" Says he "I clomb de wall!"
Says she, "If papa catches you, you won't go home at all. *(Spoken.)* Singing.

Oh! ain't you comin' out my Juliet? &c.

3

Dey said "good night" a fousan' times, as lovers always do,
An' he asked for jes' one little kiss, *(strike the top note once)* and she said, he might have two, *(strike the top note twice)*
Den' he clomb into a cherry tree, an' clomb up to de top.
But he gave a cough! and de branch broke off! an' let poor Romio drop!! *(Spoken)* Still Singing.

Oh! ain't you comin' out my Juliet? &c.

4

The Nurse came to de windo an was bery much upset
Says she, "dat 'air am a bur-gu-lair," "I must waken Cap-u-let!"
Den Papa Capulet came out an he says "What noise was dat?"
Says Juliet "Oh! I do not know, but I tink it was de cat." *(Spoken.)* Singing.

Oh! ain't you comin' out my Juliet? &c.

5

Den Papa Capulet, says he, "What a naughty gal you am!"
"How could you tell yo' poor Papa such an' orrid wicked cram?
Den he told her ob' George Washington who nebber told a lie:
And Ro-mi-o and Ju-li-et, dey bofe agreed to die!
(Spoken.) Which they did: ***but,*** once a year, on de fourth ob July, a ghostly voice may be heard outside Mr. Capulet's house, still singing:-

Oh! ain't you comin' out my Juliet? &c.

ENCORE VERSE *De Moral ob de tale!*

Now de Moral ob dis little tale is clear, as you may know.
You Faders, nebber call yo' sons by de name ob Ro-mi-o!
An' de lesson for de ladies, am eben clearar yet!
Oh! nebber call yo' daughters by de name of Juliet!!
Spoken. Den you'll nebber have any Romio comin' along✢..... singing.

Oh! ain't you comin' out my Juliet? &c.

✢*Here mention the name of the house, or road, where you are singing.*