

YUSS!

OR

THE COSTER'S COURTSHIP.

A

Cockney Love Song,

WRITTEN, COMPOSED & SUNG

BY

Albert Chevalier.

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Price 4/-

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†THIS SONG MUST NOT BE SUNG IN THEATRES OR MUSIC HALLS WITHOUT PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHERS.

The *Referee* says:—"Albert Chevalier does not allow his songs to wear out their welcome, and he has a couple of new ones from the same tap as the last—one 'Yer can't 'elp likin' 'im'—and you must be hard to please if you can help liking the song either; and the other, the ballad of a peripatetic who has not only tried to tickle the palates of the East-enders, but to administer to all their daily wants besides. He has tried to sell everything, from 'trotters to fine strawberries, fourpence the pot,' and has cried the special editions of the papers with 'Latest Divorce Case, all hot!' There is a good deal of wit and observation of character in these songs, and a more sympathetic interpreter than Chevalier, who not only sings well, but acts well, they could not possibly have. He has glorified an unlovely type, and has introduced him in flowing numbers into our homes, for the sentimental costermonger has, in a manner of speaking, put the nose of the jolly dog of the West-end out of joint. He is the favourite of the amateur vocalists, and Chevalier's latest will promptly be added to their repertory."

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A COCKNEY LOVE SONG.

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MODERATO.

PIANO

Marcato il basso.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It features a series of chords and melodic fragments. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a bass line with some triplets. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a 2/4 time signature.

più allegro.

I ain't the sort of bloke to go a-bout and tear my 'air 'Cos

colla voce.

The first system of the song features a vocal line in treble clef and piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature remains one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are: "I ain't the sort of bloke to go a-bout and tear my 'air 'Cos". The piano accompaniment consists of simple chords and bass notes.

in the end a don-na turns out false as she is fair; But straight, I think if

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "in the end a don-na turns out false as she is fair; But straight, I think if". The musical notation follows the same format as the first system.

an - y cove come 'ov - er - in a - round To sneak my Sal - ly

The third system concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "an - y cove come 'ov - er - in a - round To sneak my Sal - ly". The musical notation follows the same format as the previous systems.

from me, I should strike him to the ground! For she is mine, I

know she's mine, I summon'd up my pluck, I shov'd my arm a_ round her waist, and

give her chin a chuck, You should have seen her blush, says she "You sha'n't" says I, "I

shall," There aint an_ oth_ er in it with my lit_ tle eos_ ter gal.....

4

CHORUS.

I turns to Sal - ly, "Sal," says I, "My gal I love but you,"

colla voce.

"Who are yer git - tin' at," says Sally, "Yer don't mean to say that's true."

"Straight," says I, "I'm on the job, for bet - ter or for wuss," Lor'

'lum me! you should just have heard my Sal - ly ans - wer "Yuss.".....

DC.

1

I ain't the sort of bloke to go about and tear my 'air
 'Cos in the end a donna turns out false as she is fair;
 But straight, I think if any cove come 'overin around
 To sneak my Sally from me, I should strike him to the ground!
 For she is mine, I know she's mine, I summon'd up my pluck,
 I shov'd my arm around her waist, and give her chin a chuck,
 You should have seen her blush, says she "You shan't" says I, "I shall,"
 There ain't another in it with my little coster gal.

Chorus. I turns to Sally, "Sal" says I, "My gal I love but you,"
 "Who are yer gittin' at," says Sally, "Yer don't mean to say that's true;"
 "Straight," says I, "I'm on the job, for better or for wuss,"
 Lor' 'lum me! you should just have heard my Sally answer "Yuss."

2

There ain't a lady in the land with such a face as Sal's
 If any cove 'ere says there is why me and 'im ain't pals!
 The gals they call 'er "carrots" but 'er 'air's a lovely brown,
 And fills 'em all with envy when my Sally lets it down;
 And then 'er figure—well of course it ain't for me to say,
 At any rate there ain't another like it down our way;
 I'll tell you what she's just about as fair as fair can be,
 That little coster donna wot's about to marry me!

Chorus.— I turns to Sally, &c.

3

Now all you single costers take the tip from one as knows,
 They tell us it's an awful solemn question to propose;
 But there it don't take long you know, I told yer wot I done
 And now I'll swear there ain't an 'appier bloke beneath the sun!
 Like you, of course, I thought at fust, I never should succeed,
 But cheek's the thing to pull you through, and heaps of that you'll need.
 I 'adn't much myself, it ain't exactly in my line,
 But wot I 'ad, I used, and now that coster donna's mine!

Chorus.— I turns to Sally &c.