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1900

# My charcoal charmer /

Gus Edwards  
*Composer*

Will D Cobb  
*Lyricist*

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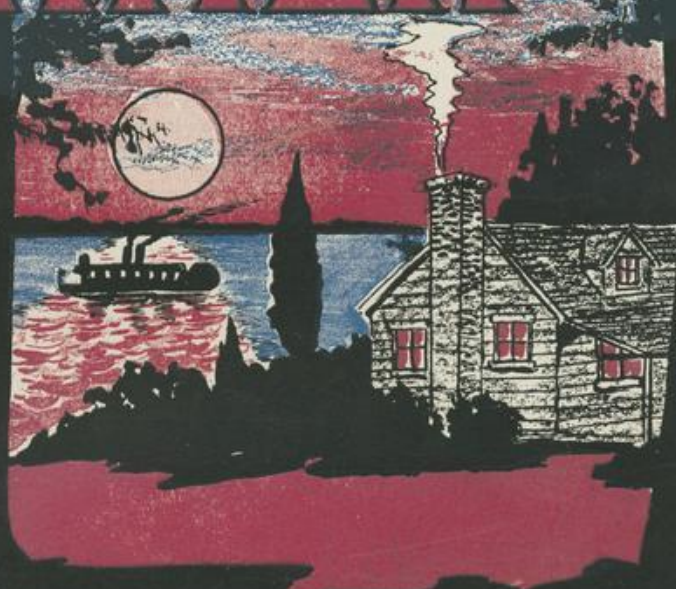
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Mr. Peter F. Dailey's Greatest success in Hodge, Podge & Co.

# MY CHARCOAL CHARMER



WORDS BY

MUSIC BY

## WILL D. COBB.

## GUS EDWARDS.

WRITERS OF "I CAN'T TELL WHY I LOVE YOU BUT I DO."



HOWLEY, HAVILAND & CO.  
 120 126 BROADWAY  
 NEW YORK  
 HASWELL, TEMPLE, CHICAGO · GOSWELL, STANLEY & CO. DETROIT

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Vp. 011557  
1900  
MY CHA

# I CAN'T TELL WHY I LOVE YOU, BUT I DO.

Words by WILL D. COBB.

Music by GUS. EDWARDS. 5

## CHORUS.

I can't tell why I love you, but I do - oo - oo — This

*p-f*

world is full of maids the same as you - oo - oo — But

some-thing I can't tell, Seems to hold me in its spell, — I can't tell

why I love you, but I do - oo - oo — I - oo —

1. 2.

I can't tell why love you, 3

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Respectfully dedicated to Miss Alice M<sup>a</sup> Gill.

# MY CHARCOAL CHARMER.

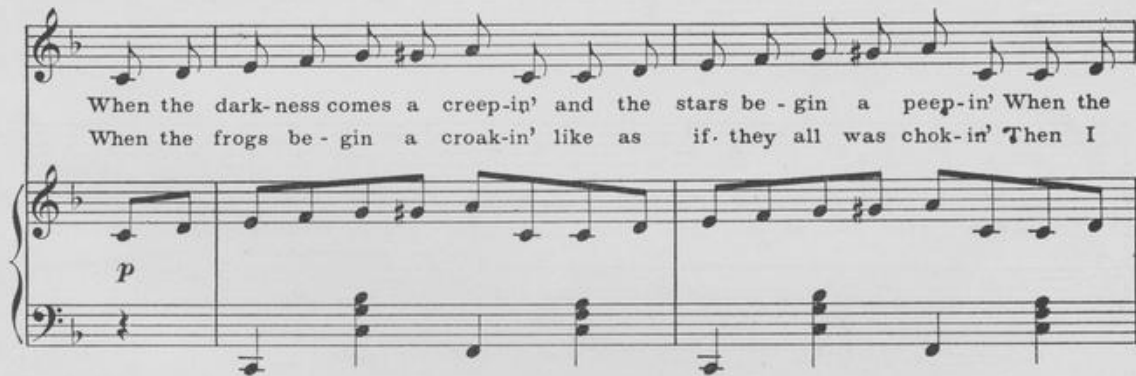
Words by WILL D. COBB.

Music by GUS. EDWARDS.  
Writers of "I can't tell why I love you but I do!"



*mf*

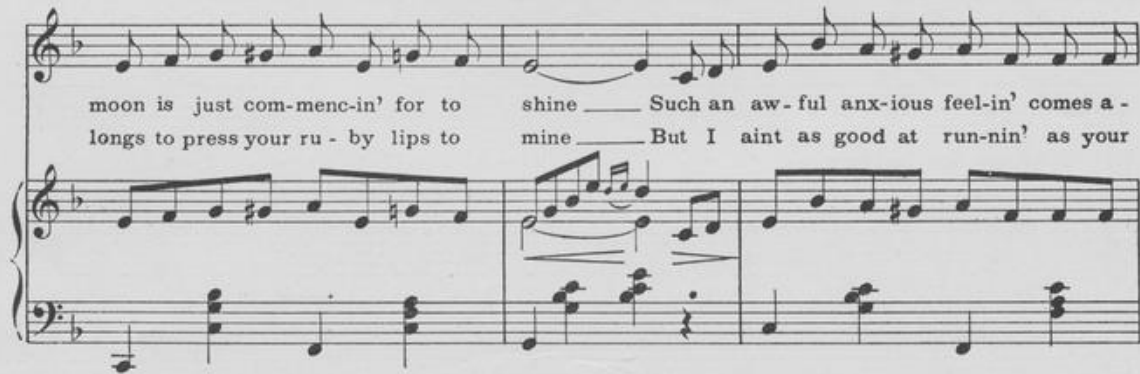
Musical notation for the piano introduction, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef) in 2/4 time, marked *mf*.



When the dark-ness comes a creep-in' and the stars be - gin a peep-in' When the  
When the frogs be - gin a croak-in' like as if they all was chok-in' Then I

*p*

Musical notation for the first verse, including a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part is marked *p*.



moon is just com-menc-in' for to shine — Such an aw-ful anx-ious feel-in' comes a -  
longs to press your ru - by lips to mine — But I aint as good at run-nin' as your

Musical notation for the second verse, including a vocal line and piano accompaniment.

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round my heart a steal-in' As I look out in the dark-ness for a sign. — Then a  
dad-dy is at gun-nin' And when it comes to dy - in I de - cline. — So I'll

light be - gins to quiv - er far a - cross the mud - dy riv - er In a  
of - fer no re - sis - tance but just love you at long dis - tance For I

*cresc.*

cab - in by the Miss - is - sip - pi shore, — And my ban - jo starts a strum - in' as I  
knows you is the ap - ple of his eye, — And I'll keep my heart a yearn - in' if you'll

*rall.* *a tempo*

catch my self a hum - in' To my la - dy love the one that I a - dore. —  
leave your love - light burn - in' Till I meet you hon - ey meet you by and - by. —

CHORUS.

My char-coal char - mer, — my dusk-y belle, — I love you

*p-ff*

more — than tongue can tell, — When stars are

shin - ing — of you I dream — My char-coal char - mer, my

1. mid - night queen. — My char-coal queen. — 2.

*f* *fz*

THE VOICE OF FIFTY MILLION PEOPLE SAYING,

# "Give Us Just Another Lincoln"

**We Beg to Thank  
Mr. Paul Dresser.**



Mr. Paul Dresser, author of that song which makes all applaud and many weep, "The Blue and the Gray," has sent to the editor a new song which he has written. The song is entitled, "Give Us Just Another Lincoln."



It expresses beyond doubt a deeply felt want, and its touching chorus runs as follows:

Give us just another Lincoln, or a Thomas Jefferson;  
Give to us a Grant or Jackson, whose fame lives on and on—  
One who's loyal to his country,  
One whose work when done  
Shall be loved by all the nation,  
As they loved George Washington.

Mr. Dresser, in sending us the song, which is published by Messrs. Howley, Haviland & Co., sends the following note:

To the Editor of the Evening Journal:

Dear Sir—Homer Davenport and I are great friends. I always read your editorials. They reach the heart. The inspiration for the enclosed song came through the reading of your editorials. I told Homer that I intended mailing you a first proof copy of the song. Pardon the intrusion. Very truly yours,  
PAUL DRESSER.



There is no intrusion, Mr. Dresser. On the contrary, we are highly delighted. That we suggested the song about Lincoln to the author of "The Blue and the Gray," and especially at a national crisis such as this, is something to be proud of.



We trust that the new song may be sung all over this land wherever men and women feel the need of improved political conditions.



A song that is timely; a song that voices the call of a nation—words set to a melody that is sure to become famous. A soul stirring march tempo, by the author of that whirlwind of success "THE BLUE AND THE GRAY,"

## PAUL DRESSER.

We predict for this new Dresser song an overwhelming and instantaneous success. Every song that Dresser writes seems to outshine its predecessor.

**NOW READY. FOR SALE WHEREVER MUSIC IS SOLD.  
ASK TO SEE IT.**



# COBB & EDWARDS' COMPOSITIONS.



## I WONDER WHY I WANT NO ONE BUT YOU.

Words by WILL D. COBB

REFRAIN

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Mus. by GUY EDWARDS

CHORUS

## ALL THINGS ARE NOT WHAT THEY SEEM.

Words by WILL D. COBB

CHORUS

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Mus. by GUY EDWARDS

## THE SINGER AND THE SONG.

Words by WILL D. COBB

REFRAIN

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## She's An All-Right Girl.

Words by WILL D. COBB

CHORUS

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## SHE'S A DAUGHTER OF THE SUNNY SOUTH.

Words by WILL D. COBB

REFRAIN

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Mus. by GUY EDWARDS

CHORUS

## I JUST CAN'T KEEP FROM TAKING HOLD OF THINGS.

Words by WILL D. COBB

CHORUS

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Mus. by GUY EDWARDS

## I CAN'T TELL WHY I LOVE YOU, BUT I DO.

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## MY CHARCOAL CHARMER

Words by WILL D. COBB

CHORUS

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Mus. by GUY EDWARDS

## I COULDN'T STAND TO SEE MA BABY LOSE.

Words by WILL D. COBB

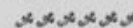
CHORUS

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Mus. by GUY EDWARDS



### FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.





Do you like "I CAN'T TELL WHY I LOVE YOU, BUT I DO?" Do you know the writers of this song have "topped" their success with just such another "winner?" Have you heard "THE SINGER AND THE SONG?" Read the story and imagine a melody of inexpressible sweetness and beauty, with a refrain that carries you with it till the last note dies away and you have a faint conception of

# THE SINGER AND THE SONG

—BY—

**WILL D. COBB & GUS EDWARDS.**

I was sitting at a table in a concert hall one night,  
Where songs and music filled the air and lights were burning bright,  
When a shout of laughter sounded o'er the old piano's ring,  
As a woman staggered from her seat and volunteered to sing.  
I saw the woman standing there a picture of disgrace,  
I heard her voice ring loud and clear, I gazed into her face,  
Then I bowed my head in sorrow there amid that motley throng,  
For I recognized the singer and I recognized the song.

'Twas the song we sang together in the days of long ago,  
As boy and girl we sat and watched the sunset's crimson glow,  
Far away beyond the city in that old Kentucky town,  
Where I loved the pretty singer with her hair and eyes of brown.  
Our wedding day was drawing nigh my bride she was to be;  
A hasty word, a quarrel, and her face no more I see,  
Till she stands that night before me; then my heart is filled with shame.  
For her face reveals her story and I know I am to blame,

## CHORUS.

"Weep no more, my lady," 'twas a song of a bygone day,  
An old familiar melody that roll'd the years away,  
And I saw another picture of the singer and the song,  
In my old Kentucky home, far away.

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If you want a good song you cannot afford to let this pass; ask for it wherever music is sold. Our guarantee that it's a peer among songs goes with it.

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CHICAGO.

1260-66 Broadway,  
NEW YORK.