

THE QUEEN OF CHARCOAL-ALLEY



THE QUEEN OF CHARCOAL ALLEY.

Words by Andrew B. Sterling.

Music by Howard & Emerson.

Moderato.

1. Coons may sing, prais-es ring, All a-bout the gals they love;.....
2. Talk of style, blowed my pile, Bought the ve-ry best in town;.....

I know one takes the bun, She's a lit-tle tur-tle dove.....
Now ma mash cuts a dash, Aint no-one can throw her down.....

Her name's Sal, she's my gal, That no-bod-y can de-ny;..... And
Silk and lace, beads in place, 'Tell you! she does look im-mense! The

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*Spoken
ad lib.*

if you seen this lit-tle choc'late cream You'd smack your lips and say, "O my!" Ah!
wenches sigh when Sally pass-es by, She makes them feel like thirty cents! Ah!

CHORUS.

No - one knows how much I love my Sal - - - ly!

She's the reign - ing Queen of Char-coal Al - - - ley!..... The

coons all get in line..... To wor-ship at her shrine,..... They

Queen of Charcoal Alley.

rit. *a tempo*

i - dol - ize this choc'late blonde. But she's ma ba - by, ba - by! Talk a - bout your

Mandy and your Sa - - die, They can't touch my gal, 'cause she's a

la - - - dy! They can't steal her a - way, And I aint ashamed to

say I love the Queen of Char-coal Al - - - ley.

Queen of Charcoal Alley.