That Devilish Rag

Words by
Gene Felt

Music by
Frank Stilwell

Moderato

Piano

In the dark of night, when there is no light, A
When I rived below, I heard soft and low, From

vis-i-on does ap-pear, It ain't no an-gel from a-bove, its
what town do you hail, I told him and he said to me, put

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from below I fear,
Sat-an sent me up to you, to get your farewell
on this long red tail,
Show me, man, if you can do that rag-time Dev-il

prayer,
He wants to know what kind of Imp you want to be while
Dance,
You should have seen this boy start in to do alov-in'

there,
I done said Mis-ter Ghost do hear my plea,
prance,
When I got through then Sat-an said to me,

If an Imp I must a black one I will be.
Now the king of this dance while here you must be.
REFRAIN

Not fast

Oh! that Devilish Rag,

Oh!

that Devilish Drag,

Honey listen tell me what is

that I hear? See those little Devils swaying round us dear, Watch them turn,

twist and squirm, Look at the blaze from the fiery furnace, While the queer.

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sweet music you're hearing
Queer enough to keep the whole world fearing
When they grab you, nab you, then they jab you,

With their long forks try to stab you, While they're playing that Devilish

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