THAT DEVILISH RAG

WORDS BY
JEAN FELT
MUSIC BY
FRANK STILWELL

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Words by
Gene Felt

Music by
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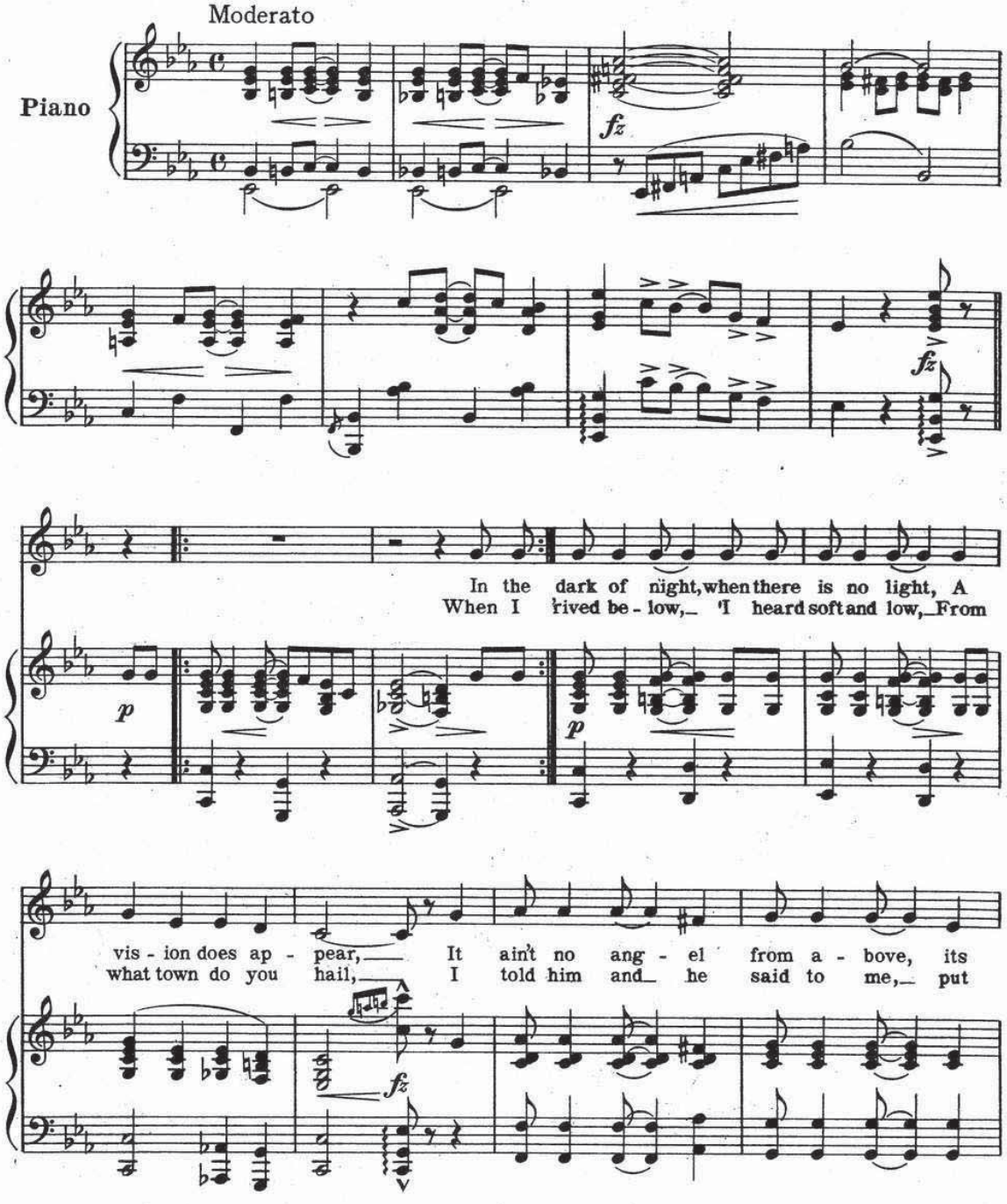
Moderato

Piano



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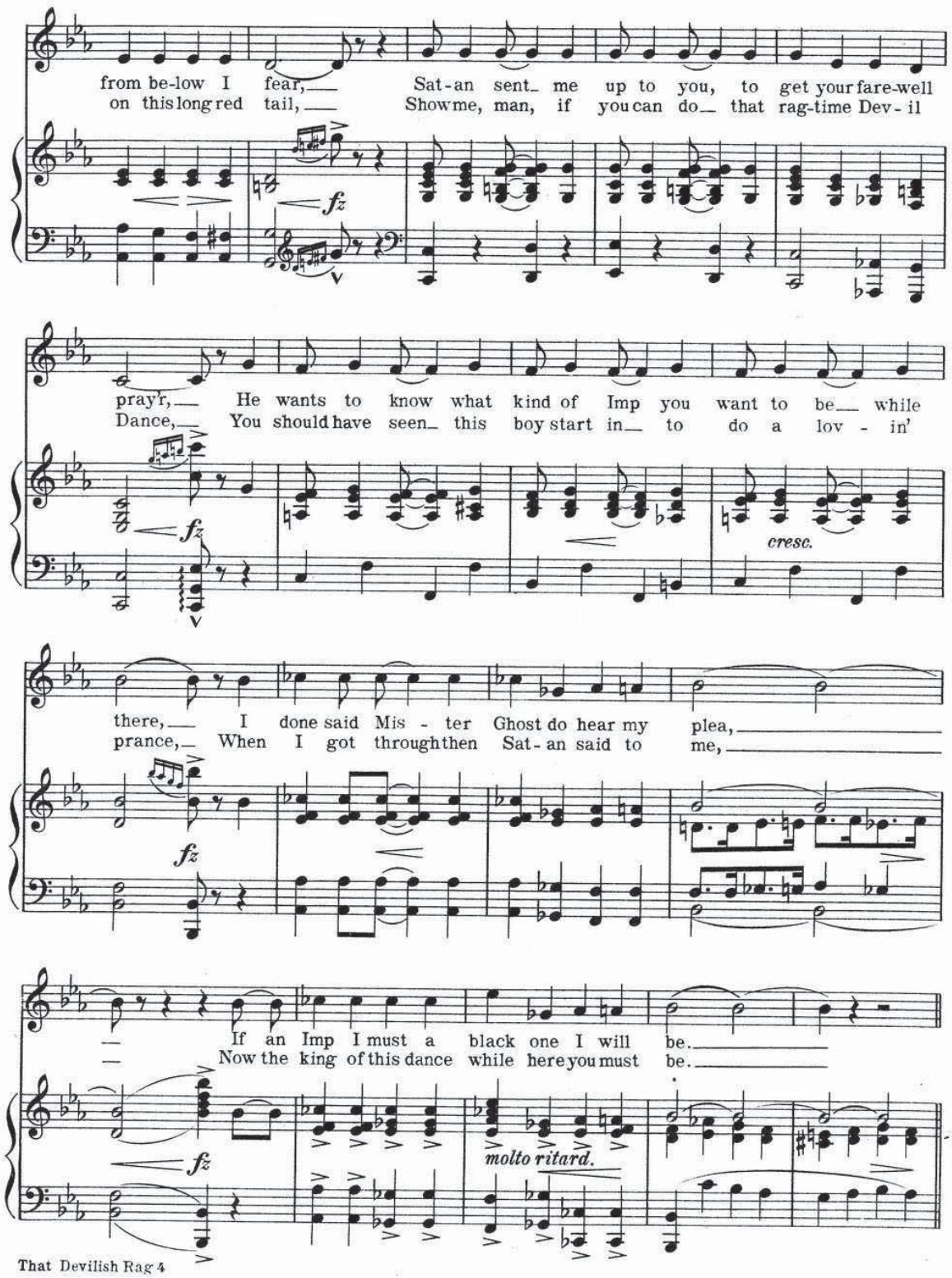
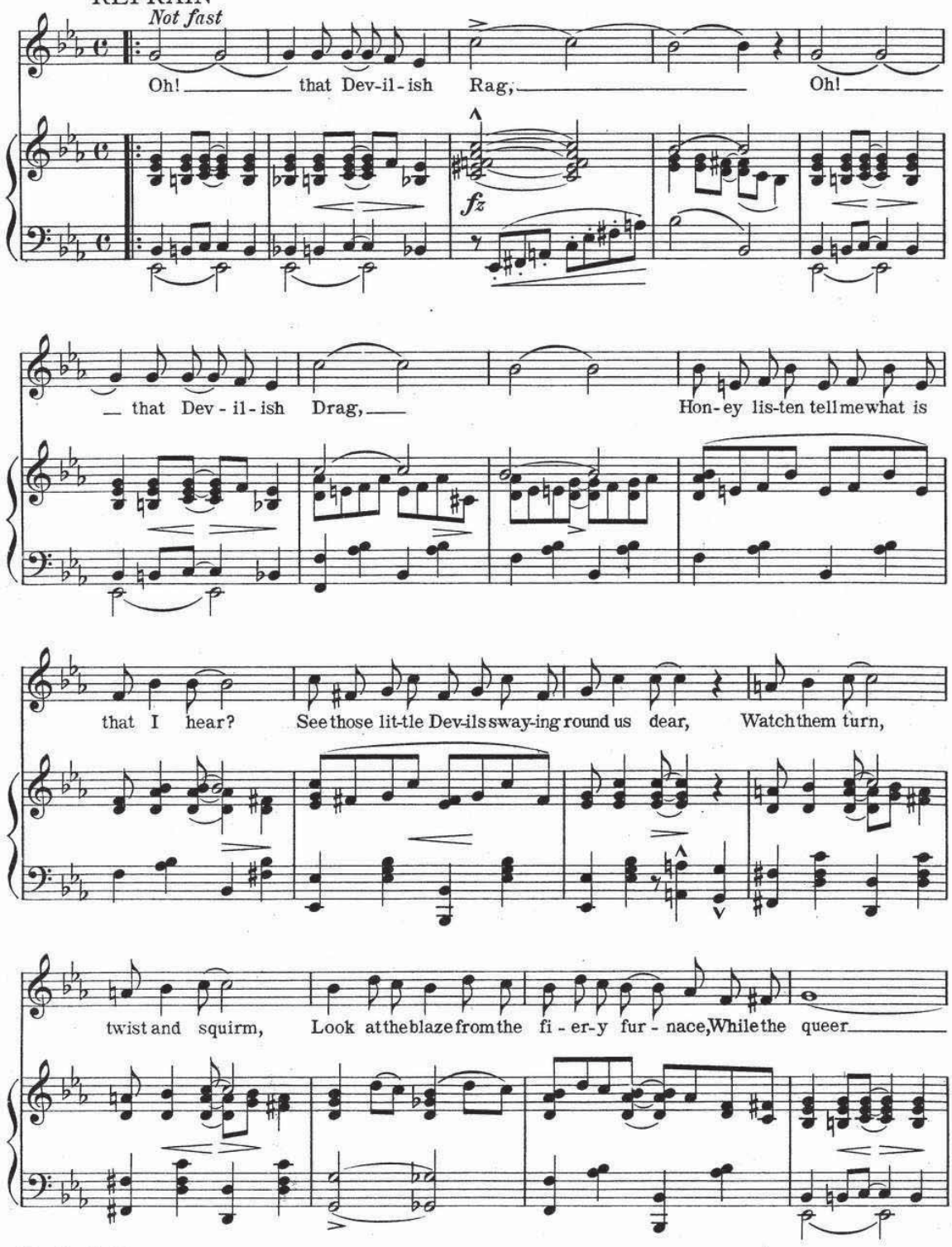
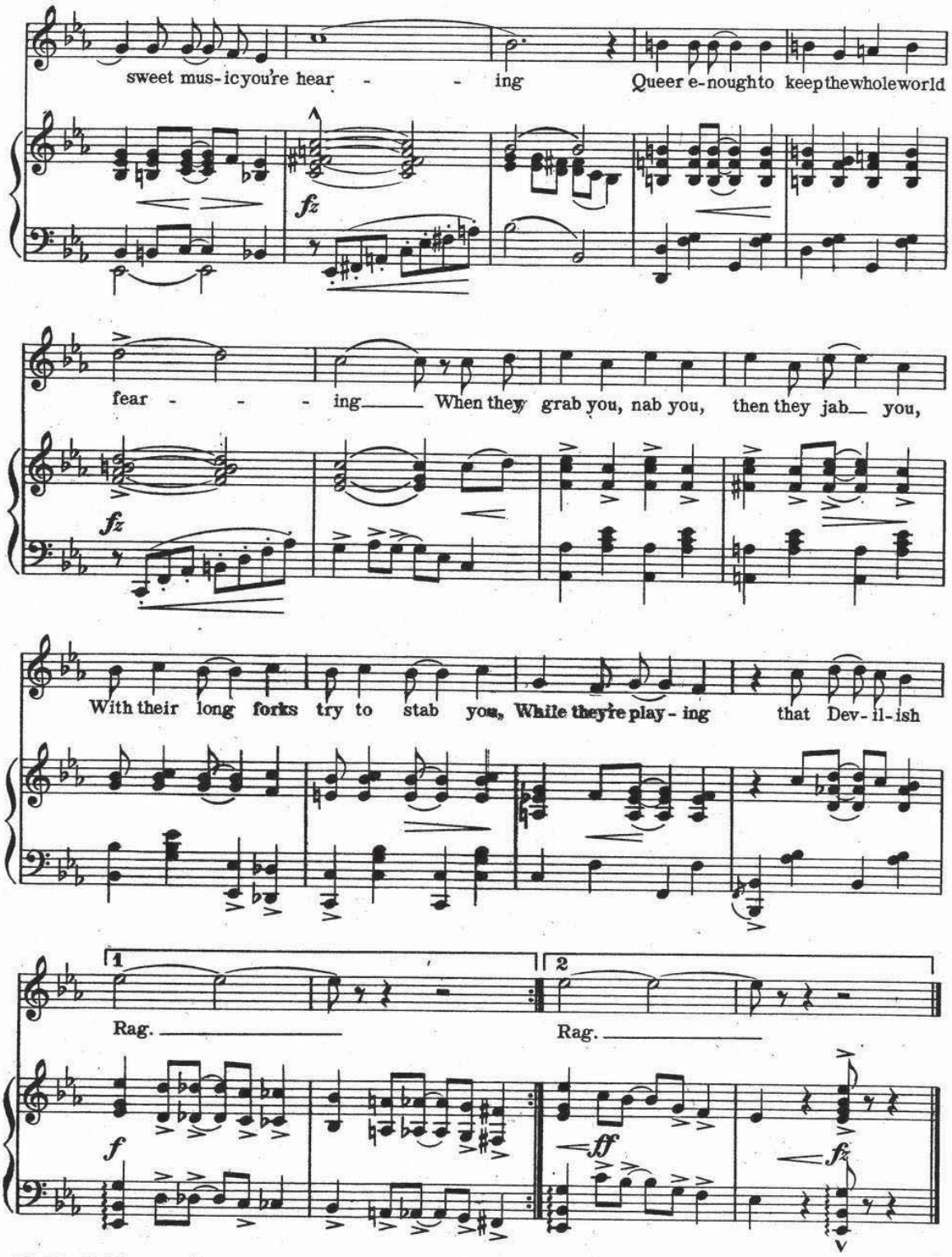

from be-low I fear, Sat-an sent me up to you, to get your fare-well
on this long red tail, Show me, man, if you can do that rag-time Dev-il
fz
pray'r, He wants to know what kind of Imp you want to be while
Dance, You should have seen this boy start in to do a lov-in'
fz
cresc.
there, I done said Mis-ter Ghost do hear my plea,
prance, When I got through then Sat-an said to me,
fz
If an Imp I must a black one I will be.
Now the king of this dance while here you must be.
fz
molto ritard.

REFRAIN


Not fast
Oh! that Dev-il-ish Rag, Oh!
fz
that Dev-il-ish Drag, Hon-ey lis-ten tell me what is
that I hear? See those lit-tle Dev-ils sway-ing round us dear, Watch them turn,
twist and squirm, Look at the blaze from the fi-er-y fur-nace, While the queer


sweet mus-ic you're hear - - - ing
Queer e-nough to keep the whole world
fear - - - ing
When they grab you, nab you, then they jab you,
With their long forks try to stab you,
While they're play-ing that Dev-il-ish
1
2
Rag.
Rag.
fz
fz
f
ff
fz