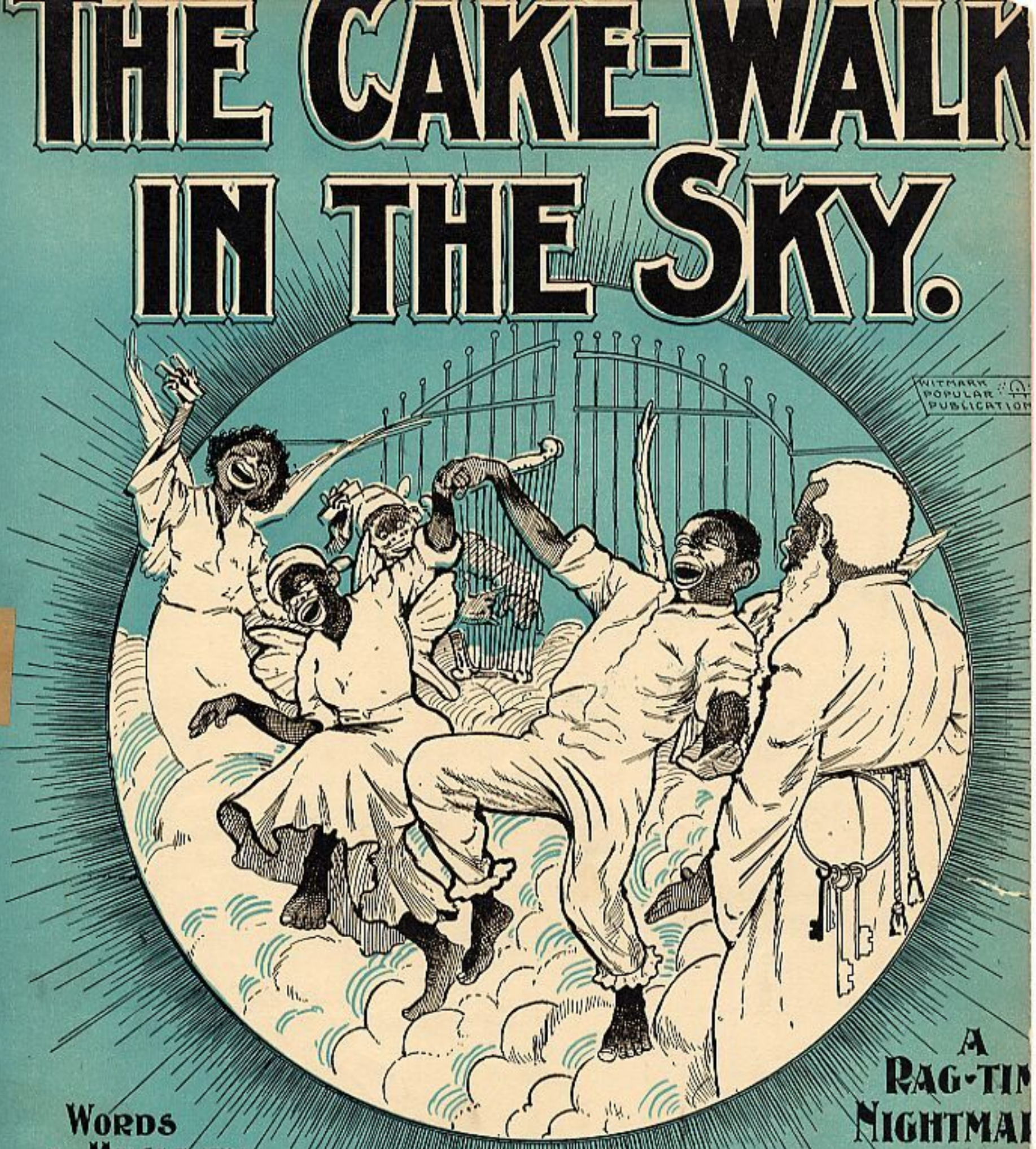
THE CAKE-WALK IN THE SKY.



A RAG-TIM
NIGHTMAR

WORDS & MUSIC BY

BEN. HARNEY

AUTHOR O
"MR. JOHNSON TURN ME LOOSE."

BAND.
ORCHESTRA.
BANJO.
MANDOLIN.

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The Cake-Walk in the Sky.

SONG AND CAKE WALK.

Words & Music by BEN HARNEY.

Moderato.

ff

fz

Slow.

A crap shoot-in' coon, he
Those coons way up in

till ready

mf

ff

p

left this earth for oth-er parts un-known In a gauz-y shroud, a-
dark-ey heav-en were filled with hap-pi-ness In their gold-en wings and

bove the clouds he's goin' to make heav-en his home He threw more sev-ens
gauz-y shrouds these col-ored ang-els dressed As in a trance Peter

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and e - lev-ens than an-y coon in his day He was doomed for below, couldn't
watched them dance and soon he joined in the throng He then a - rose up-on

see it you know So he sneaked in the oth - er way, with a raz-or and a gun
his toes to learn the cake-walk did n't take long, on that golden floor

in dark-ey heav-en he run it was too late
those couples by the score strange to re - late

he bluffed Pet-er at the gate Now that you're here
heard a noise at the gate Pet-er loud did shout,

what you in - tend to do I'm goin' to show to
what's all this trouble with-out We've come up here to

each and ev' - ry one of you That grand cake-walk
join the cake-walk in the sky Then this gambling coon said

fz

It will cause a talk Now coons don't balk It's
Let them come right a-head They are friends of mine So

done on the earth And I will in-trod-uce it in the sky
treat them fine Pet-er said, come in and walk wid us like this

fz

CHORUS.

Put a smile on each face ev'-ry coon now take your place and then a-

p – f

8

way they went all on pleas-ure bent The harps were a-

8

ring-in' in rag-time they were sing-ing And they all bowed down to the

king of coons Who taught the cake-walk in the sky Put a sky

1 2

f *fz*

(CHORUS) in "RAGTIME WORDS ad lib.

Pugut agey smigule ogon egeache fagace evvery cagoon tagake yougora plagace.
Agan wagay theygay wagant ogon plagasure begant
Wigith hargarps reginging gin ragag tigime theygay werger saginging
Agan theygay agaul bogowd dogon togo thege kingying agove cagoons.
Whogo tagot thege cagake wagauke gin thege skigi.

CAKE WALK.

8 loco.

f

ff

8 loco.

f

They're

talk - ing We're walk - ing Win!

8

ff

Ba - by? Well may be! The

8

Real thing The right swing We've

cinched dat cake and it's no fake at the cake walk in the sky So put a

smile on each face ev' - ry coon now take your place and then a -

way they went all on plea - sure bent The

harps were a - ring - in' in rag - time they were sing - in' and they

all bow'd down to the King of coons who taught the cake-walk in the sky. Put a