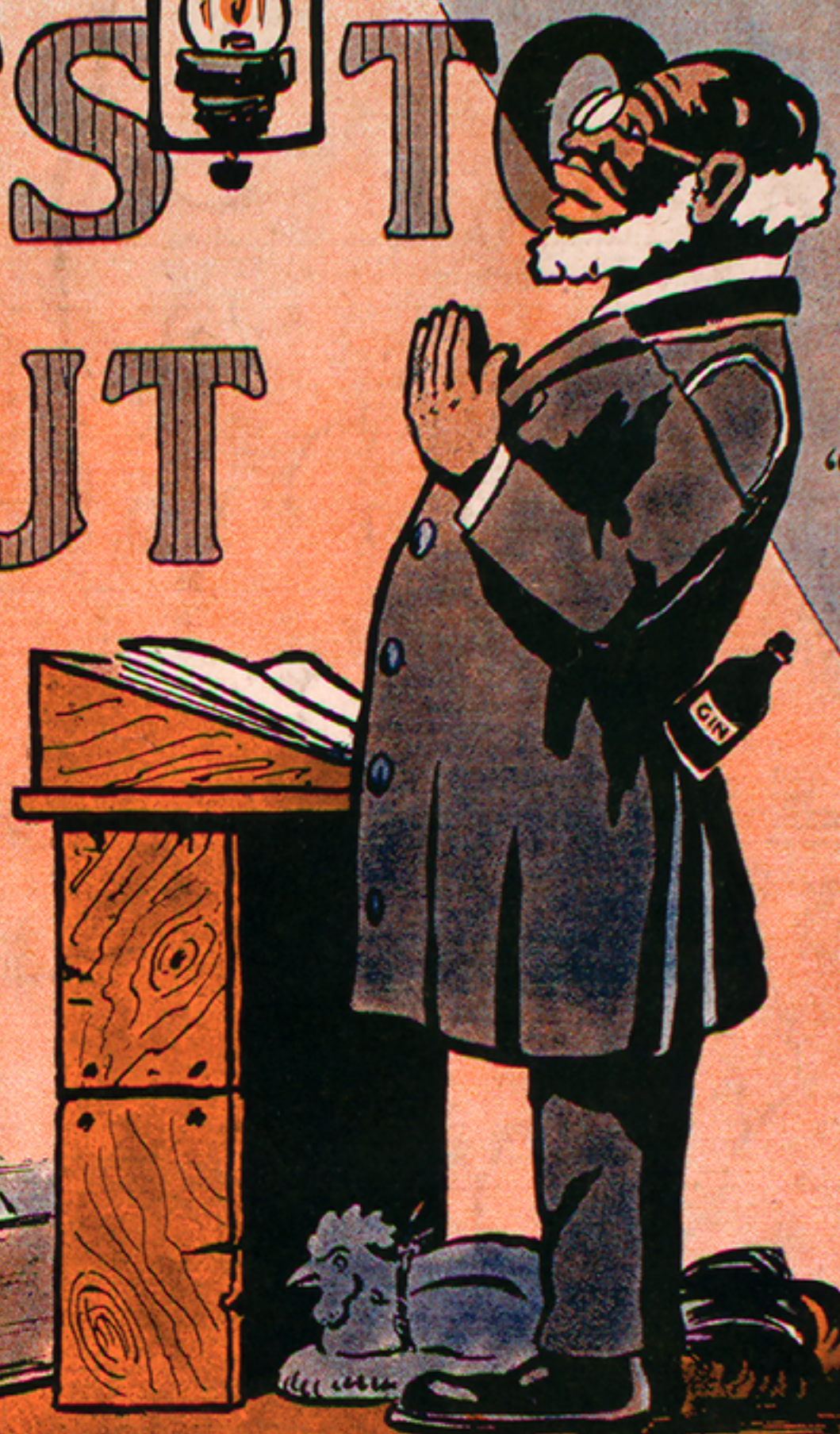
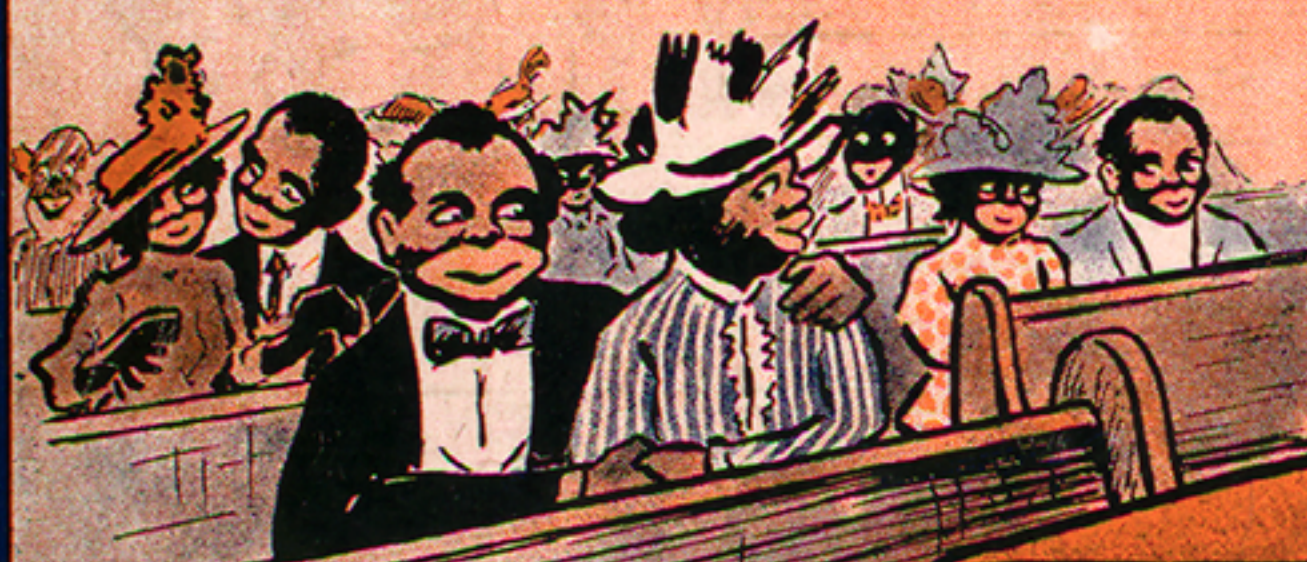


PRAY FOR THE LIGHTS TO GO OUT

A NEGRO
SHOUTING SONG

THAT
NEW
"BALLIN'
THE
JACK"
SONG



Guy E. Turpin

WORDS AND MUSIC BY
TUNNAH AND
SKIDMORE



RENTON TUNNAH



EUGENE DE HELL
SEASON '16
ALG. FIELDS
MINSTREL



WILL E. SKIDMORE

50¢

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Pray For The Lights To Go Out

Words by
RENTON TUNNAH

Music by
WILL E. SKIDMORE
Composer of { "Bug House Rag"
"Craps Rag" etc.

Till ready

Fa-ther was a dea-con in a hard shell church, Way down South where I was born;
Fa-ther tried to quie-ten down his lov-in' flock, Call'd on all the saints a - bove;

Peo-ple used to come to church from miles a - round, Just to hear the Ho-ly work go on,
All that he could hear way down there in the dark Was ba-by, Hon-ey, tur-tle dove.

Fa-ther grabs a sis-ter 'round the neck and says, Sis-ter won't you sing this song. The
Dea-con grabs his bi-ble firm-ly in his hand, Pray'd to be show'd wrong from right. Just

sis-ter tells the dea - con that she didn't have time, Felt re - lig-ion com - ing on Just
then as if his pray'rs were an-swered from a - bove, Some-one got up turn'd on the light, He

rit.

then some bod-y got up turn'd the lights all out And you ought to heard that sis - ter shout.
feels him-self a slip-pin'grabs the first gal near, And she sings this sweet song in his ear.

rit.

CHORUS

She hol-lered Broth-er, if you want to spread joy, Just pray for the lights to {1st stay 2^d go.

p-f

out. She called on Dea-con for to kneel and pray, You ought to heard that sis - ter

shout. Throw'd up both hands and got way back, Took two steps forw'd and ball'd the Jack, She hol-lered

Broth-er, if you want to spread joy, Just pray for the lights to {1st stay 2^d go} out. She hol-lered out.

fz