

The Court-house In De Sky - song lyrics

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THE COURT-HOUSE IN DE SKY.

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Words by J. A. Macon. Music by Gussie L. Davis.

Now I'se got a notion in my head that when you come to die,
And stand the 'zamination in de court-house in de sky,
You'll be 'stonished at de questions dat de angels gwinee to ax;
When they get you on the witness-stand and pins you to de facts,
'Cause dey'll ax you mighty closely 'bout your doings in de night;
And de water-million question's 'gwine to bother you a sight;
Den your eyes will open wider den dey ever done before
When he chats you 'bout de chicken scrap dat happened long ago.

Chorus.

To de court-house in de sky, I will raise my wings and fly,
You must stand examination in de court-house in de sky.

De angels on de picket line, along de milky way.
Keep watchin' what you're drivin' at an' hearin' what you say-
No matter what you want to do, no matter where you're gwine,
Dey is mighty apt to find it out and pass it 'long de line;
An' often at the meetin', when you make a fuss And laugh,
Why dey send de news a-kitin' by de golden telegraph,
Den de angels in the office, what s a-sittin by de gate.
Jus' read the message wid a look and claps it on de slate.-Chorus.

Den you better do your duty boys, and keep your conscience clear.
And keep a-lookin' straight ahead an' watchin' where you steer,
'Cause after while de time will come to journey from de land,
And dey'll take you way up in de air and put you on de stand,
Den you'll have to listen to the clerk, and answer mighty straight;
If you ever 'spect to travel through the pretty golden gate.
Oh, you better quit your foolin', dut's de place you can't slide by-
You must stand de 'zamination in de court-house in de sky.-Chords.