Walking For Dat Cake - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

WALKING FOR DAT CAKE.
Written and sung by Ed. Harrigan.

'Twas down to Aunty Jackson's,
Dar w:is a big reception
Of high toned, aristocratic coons,
Full of sweet affection;
Such ringing and such dancing-
We make de ceiling shake,
But de cream of all de evening
Was walking for dat cake.

Chorus.
Gentle on de toe, we darkies step out so
Easy, and so gracefully around the room we go;
De wenches captivate, we all persumbulate.
High toned colored people a walking for dat cake.
All forward form, oh! in de gay quadrille;
Lord! how we perspire-No use, we can't keep still:
Stop de music, do. oh! do for goodness sake.
I feel so shy I'll really die*, a walking for dat cake.

Dili's Miss Clementina Brown-
Oh! didn't she hug de groom,
Wid an alligator slipper shoe
Dat would cover half de town!
You ought to see her gliding,
She kept as all awake;
Oh! such a fashiouable sliding dar,
A walking for dat cake. - Chorus.

Dar was Miss Priscilla Perkins,
And reverend parson Wing,
Stepping like a turkey hen,
Or a Honolulu king;
Dey wabbled And got dizzy,
Both wiggled like a snake,
Dey fell into de wash tub,
A walking for dat cake.-Chorus.

Dar was major general Slocuni,
He was de ladies' choice;
De gem men said for monstrous feet
Dat nuffin could he ware;
Wid his military wheeling,
De prize he said he'd take.
He busted through de ceiling.
A walking for dat cake. - Chorus.