The Band Played on

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(John Palmer and Charles Ward)

Matt Casey formed a social club that beat the town for style,
And hired for a meeting place a hall;
When payday came around each week they greased the floor with wax
And danced with noise and vigor at the ball.
Each Saturday you'd see them dressed up in Sunday clothes
Each lad would have his sweetheart by his side,
When Casey led the first grand march they all would fall in line
Behind the man who was their joy and pride, For

cho: Casey would waltz with a strawberry blonde
And the band play'd on.
He'd glide 'cross the floor with the girl he adored
And the band play'd on.
But his brain was so loaded it nearly exploded
The poor girl would shake with alarm.
He'd ne'er leave the girl with the strawberry curls
And the band played on.

Such kissing in the corner and such whisp'ring in the hall,
And telling tales of love behind the stairs.
As Casey was the favorite and he that ran the ball,
Of kissing and lovemaking did his share.
At twelve o'clock exactly they all would fall in line
Then march down to the dining hall and eat.
But Casey would not join them although ev'ry thing was fine,
But he'd stayed upstairs and exercise his feet, For

cho:

Now when the dance was over and the band played Home Sweet Home,
They played a tune at Casey's own request.
He thank'd them very kindly for the favors they had shown,
Then he'd waltz once with the girl that he loved best.
Most all the friends are married that Casey used to know,
And Casey too has taken him a wife.
The blond he used to waltz and glide with on the ball room floor,
Is happy Missis Casey now for life, For

cho: