The Band Played On - song lyrics

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THE BAND PLAYED ON.
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Words by John F. Palmer. Music by Charles B. Ward.

Matt Casey formed a social club that beat the world for style,
And hired for a meeting place a hall;
When pay-day came around each week, they'd 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 the rest would fall in line
Behind the man who was their joy and pride-for

Chorus.
Casey would waltz with a strawberry blonde,
And the band played on;
He'd glide 'cross the floor with the girl he adored,
And the band played 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 curia,
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 love-making 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 every thing was fine,
But he'd stayed up-stairs and exercise his feet-for-Chorus.

Now when the dance was over and the band played "Home, sweet home,"
They played a tune at Casey's own request;
He'd thank 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 blonde he used to waltz and glide with on the ball-room floor,
Is happy Missis Casey now for life-for- Chorus.