

# The Band Played On

Words by  
JOHN F. PALMER

Music by  
CHAS. B. WARD  
*Arr. by Frank H. Thorne*

## VERSE

Matt Casey formed a social club that beat the town for style, And hired for a  
meet-ing place a hall, When pay-day came a-round each week they  
greased the floor with wax And danced with noise and vi-gor at the ball, Each  
Sat-ur-day you'd see them dressed up in Sun-day clothes, Each lad would have his  
sweet-heart by his side, When Casey lead the first grand march they all would fall in

line, Be - hind the man who was their joy and pride (joy and pride). Oh,

## CHORUS

Ca-sey would waltz with the straw-ber-ry blonde and The Band Played On, — He'd

glide 'cross the floor with the girl he a-dored and The Band Played On, — But his

brain was so load-ed it near-ly ex - plod-ed, The poor girl would

shake with a - larm, — He'd ne'er leave the girl with the straw-ber-ry

curls and the band, *rit.* Oh, The Band Played On, Played On. —