THE BAND PLAYED ON.

Words by
JOHN F. PALMER.

Music by
CHARLES E. WARD.

Marcia.

Allegretto.

Matt Ca séy formed a so-cial club that beat the town for style,
And
Such kiss ing in the cor-ner and such whisp’ring in the hall, And
Now when the dance was o-ver and the band played home sweet home, They

hire’d for a meet-ing place a hall
When
tell ing tales of love be hind the stairs
As
played a tune at Ca séy’s own re-quest.
He

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57 West 28th St.
Entered at Stationers Hall.
pay day came around each week they greased the floor with wax. And
Casey was the favorite and he that ran the ball. Of
thank'd them very kindly for the favors they had shown. Then he'd

danced with noise and vigor at the ball, Each
kissing and love-making did his share, At
waltz once with the girl that he loved best. Most

Saturday you'd see them dressed up in Sunday clothes, Each.
twelve o'clock exactly they all would fall in line, Then
all the friends are married that Casey used to know, And

And the Band played on 4.
lad would have his sweet-heart by his side. When Casey led the
march down to the dining hall and eat. But Casey would not
Casey too has taken him a wife. The blond he used to

first grand march they all would fall in line. Behind the man who
join them although ev'ry thing was fine. But he stayed up stairs and
waltz and glide with on the ball room floor. Is happy miss is

was their joy and pride. For
ex er cise his feet. For
Casey now for life. For

CHORUS.
Valse

Casey would waltz with a strawberry blonde, And the Band played

And the Band played on 4.
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 curls, And the Band played on.

SHE'S MY OWN GIRL.
By the Authors of The Band Played On.