

# The Leader Of The Band - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

THE LEADER OF THE BAND.

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I'm the leader of the Twenty-Seventh Colored Dragoon Band,  
Just cast your eyes upon us, we're the lined in the land;  
When I strike a grand position, with my baton in my hand.  
Oh, the ladies nearly die with admiration.  
Our music it is wonderful, you ought to hear us play.  
The way we shake the buildings is a sin;  
When we play a big bass solo, as we're marching down the street.  
With the slide trombone a grabbing ground for wind.

Chorus.

I'm the leader of the band, and I'll have you understand,  
When we march along the avenue, I tell you we look grand;  
While the music plays so sweet, and the drums they loudly beat.  
Keep your eye upon the leader of the band. '

I dress myself so tastefully-the ladies, as we pass,  
Gaze at me thro' the windows, and with admiration ask:  
Who is that dandy colored man? such style I've never seen,  
Oh, look, Cecelia, isn't he a darling?  
I'm a perfect lady-killer, all their darling little hearts  
Go pit-a-pat whene'er they come my way;  
I salute them with my baton as I closely pass them by.  
Then they wave their little hands to me and say:- Chorus

We have seven slide from bones, and a fife and flageolet  
From alto horns, a tuba and a yaller clarionet;  
A big bass drum all painted with red letters on the side.  
So our name shines out in view of all creation.  
We serenade the ladies with the banjo and guitar,  
And a glee club singing ' Birdie. Fly with Me!"  
Then we warble the ' "Sweet Violets" and "I'll Await My Love,"  
And "My Willie's Coming Home from O'er the Sea." -Chorus.