

While The Dance Goes On - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

WHILE THE DANCE GOES ON.

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Amid the glare and the splendor, amid the gay and the bright.
Joyous and merry the dancers, no thoughts or sorrow to night;
Softly the strains of the music play on all evening till dawn-
Happy are they, joyous and gay, while the dance goes on.
Yet there is one of the dancers, one with a beautiful face.
Laughing and chatting so gaily. dancing with such careless grace-
There is no firm hand to guide her, no one to shield her from harm;
She is alone, husband at home, while the dance goes on.

Chorus.

While the music is playing in the grand ball room,
While all hearts beat softly to the old sweet tune.
While the hours are passing, fleeting one by one
No thought of the morrow, while the dance goes on.

"You will not go the ball, love; stay with our baby to-night!"
Rang in the ears of this lady, whose sparkling eyes shone so bright;
What cares she for home and baby while she is queen of the ball?
Husband and home, baby alone, while the dance goes on.
Only to soon is it over, home she approaches at last;
There at the door meets her husband whose sad tears fall thick & fast;
Then not a word is there spoken, gently he leads his wife on-
There on its bed baby lies dead, while the dance goes on.-Chorus.