

# Casey's Band - song lyrics

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

CASEY'S BAND.

Copyright, 1894, by T. B. Harms & Co.

Words and Music by John T. Kelly.

Have you heard of Casey's hand? the worst In all the land,  
They look like freaks as they march out of time;  
You should see them on the street-bow legs and crooked feet,  
To hear them play I tell you is a crime.  
Old Casey he's a "bute," in his regimental suit,  
As proudly he marks time with his long stick;  
When they play "' Daisy Bell," the air with discord swells-  
To hear that band you'd laugh.

Chorus.

McEntire he plays the flute, Doyle's cornet goes root-te-toot,  
Callahan he plays the drum-all the rest are very bum, in Casey's band.

Now the man that plays basoon looks like an old baboon,  
When playing out of time he looks forlorn;  
There's a man with rooms to let, plays a yaller clarinet-  
The big trombone sounds like an old fish-horn.  
Good music it has charms to soothe the savage breast,  
That's why brass bands go 'round dons' necks, they say;  
There's no dog in the land old Casey's band could stand-  
You'll laugh to hear them play.-Chorus.