

Willson Meredith

"Seventy Six Trombones"

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Seventy six trombones led the big parade,
With a hundred & ten cornets close at hand.
They were followed by rows and rows,
Of the finest virtuosos,
The cream of every famous band.
Seventy six trombones caught the morning sun,
With a hundred & ten cornets right behind.
There were over a thousand reeds,
Springing up like weeds,
There were horns of every shape & size.
There were copper bottom timpani in horse platoons,
Thundering, thundering, all along the way.
Double bell euphoniums and big bassoons,
Each bassoon having its big fat say.
There were fifty mounted canons in the battery,
Thundering, thundering, louder than before.
Clarinets of every size,
And trumpets who'd improvise
A full octave higher than the score!
(Musical Break)
Seventy six trombones hit the counterpoint,

While a hundred and ten cornets blazed away.

To the rhythm of Harch! Harch! Harch!

All the kids began to march,

And they're marching still right today

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