

76 TROMBONES - LYRICS

Seventy-six trombones led the big parade
With a hundred and ten coronets close at hand.
They were followed by rows and rows
of the finest virtuosos,
the dream of ev'ry famous band.

Seventy-six trombones caught the morning sun,,
With a hundred and ten coronets right behind.
There were more than a thousand reeds
Springing up like weeds.
There were horns of every shape and kind

There were fifty mounted cannon in the battery
Thundering, thundering louder than before
Clarinets of ev'ry size
And trumpeters who improvised
A full octave higher than the score!

Seventy-six trombones hit the counterpoint,
While a hundred and ten coronets played away..
To the rhythm of "march", "march", "march",
All the kids began to march
and they're marching still, right today!
marching still, right today!