

SEVENTY-SIX TROMBONES

1. Seventy-six trombones led the big parade

With a hundred and ten cornets close at hand

**They were followed by rows and rows of the finest
virtuosos**

The cream of ev'ry famous band.

Seventy-six trombones caught the morning sun

With a hundred and ten cornets right behind

**There were more than a thousand reeds springing up
like weeds**

There were horns of ev'ry shape and kind

**TRIO. There were copper-bottom tympani in horse
platoons**

Thundering, thundering, all along the way

Double- bell euphoniums and big bassoons

Each bassoon having his big fat say.

There were fifty mounted cannon in the battery

Thundering, thundering, louder than before

Clarinets of ev'ry size and trumpeters who'd improvise

A full octave higher than the score.

2. Seventy-six trombones led the big parade

When the order to march rang out loud and clear

Starting off with a big bang-bong on a Chinese gong

By a big bang-bong at the rear

Seventy-six trombones hit the counterpoint

While a hundred and ten cornets played the air,

Then I modestly took my place as the one and only

bass and I oompahed up and down the square

Seventy-Six Trombones

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Trombones

from "The Music Man"
Words and Music
by Meredith Willson

Ever since Meredith Willson wrote this rousing march for The Music Man in 1957, school bands have been blaring it out at Saturday afternoon football games, circus clowns have been cavorting to its strains, and no parade is complete without at least one brass band strutting to its lively rhythm. "Seventy-Six Trombones," sung in both the stage and film versions by Robert Preston as the Music

Man, "Professor" Harold Hill, isn't just a standard; it has become a tradition. What probably started it all: In the early 1920s, Willson had played in the band of March King John Philip Sousa. In addition to this classic, Willson's score for The Music Man contains "Goodnight My Someone," the barbershop standard "Lida Rose," "Trouble" and "Till There Was You" (see page 16).

Brisk march

Brisk march

Sev-en - ty-

C Ebdim G7

With a hun-dred and ten cor -

When the or - der to march rang

C7

nets close at hand. They were fol-lowed by rows and rows of the out loud and clear, Start-ing off with a big bang - bong on a

fin - est vir - tu - o - sos, The cream of ev - 'ry fa - mous band.
Chi - nese gong, By a big bang - bong - er at the rear.

G7
xoo

C
oo

E^bdim
oo

G7
xoo

Sev-en-ty- six trom - bones caught the morn-ing sun, With a hun-dred and
Sev-en-ty- six trom - bones hit the coun-ter-point, While a hun-dred and

ten cor - nets right be hind. There were more than a
ten cor - nets played the air. Then I mod - est - ly

C7
oo

F
oo

D7
oo

thou - sand reeds spring-ing up like weeds; There were
took my place as the one and on - ly bass, And I (to Fine)

Seventy-Six Trombones

G7  C  *down back to Trio* To Trio N.C.

horns of ev 'ry shape and kind. There were

Fine G7  C 

oom - pahed up and down the square.

Trio F C7 

cop - per - bot - tom tym - pa - ni in horse pla - toons, Thun - der - ing,

E/C  F N.C. 

thun - der - ing, all a - long the way.  Dou - ble - bell eu - pho - ni - ums and

C  C7  C  G7 

big bas - soons, Each bas - soon hav - ing his big fat

