

Seventy-Six Trombones

Meredith Willson, from *The Music Man*

<downbeats are **boldface**>

All: 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 virtuo—sos,
The **cream** of ev'ry famous band.

All: 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.

Men: 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**.

Women: There were **fifty** mounted cannon in the battery,
Thundering, thundering, louder than before.
Clarinets of eve'ry size and **trumpeters** who'd improvise
A full octave higher than the score.

Men: 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 bonger at the rear.

Men: Seventy **six** trombones hit the counter point,
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.