

# 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.