

# Meredith Willson, 76 Trombones

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.

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 eve'ry size and trumpeters who'd improvise  
a full octave higher than the score.

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.

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.