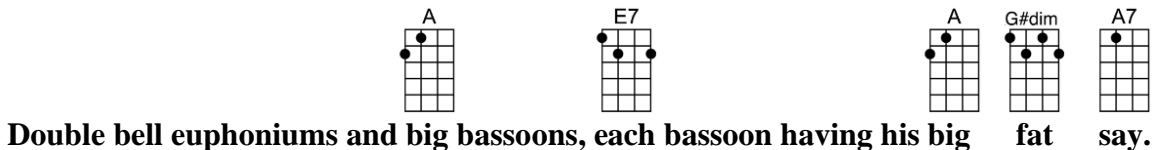
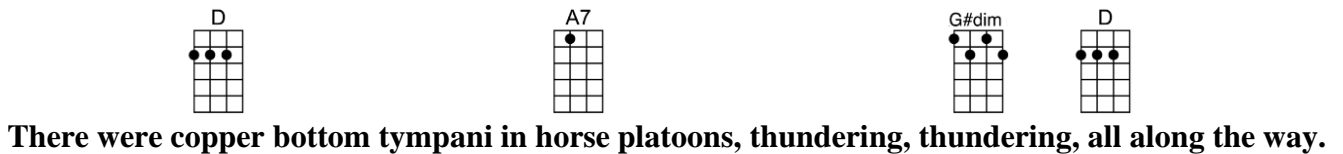
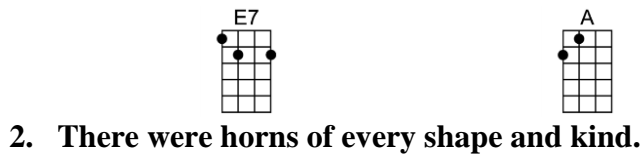
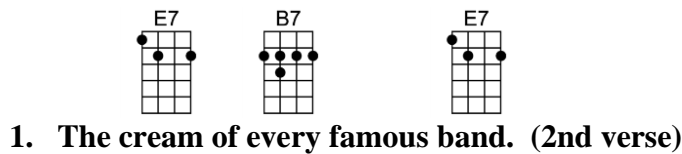
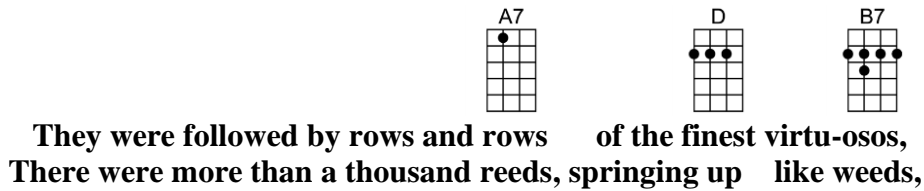
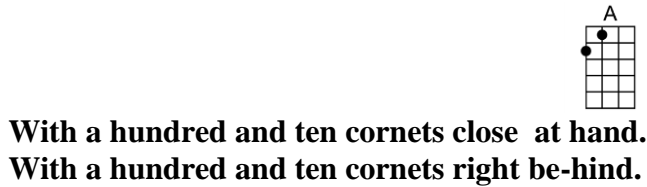
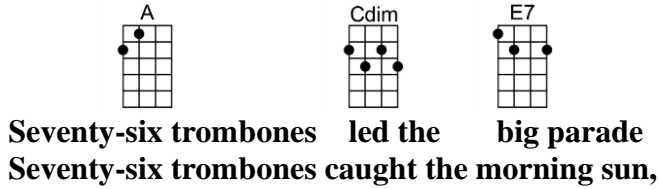
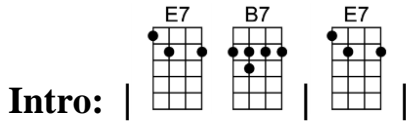
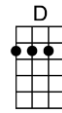
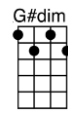
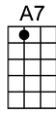
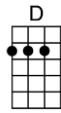


SEVENTY-SIX TROMBONES - Meredith Willson

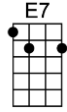
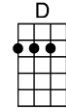
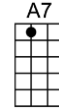
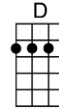
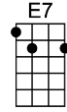
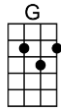
4/4 1...2...123 (without intro)



p.2. Seventy-six Trombones

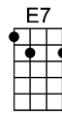
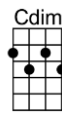
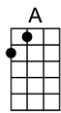


There were fifty mounted cannon in the battery, thundering, thundering, louder than before.

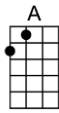


Clarinets of every size and trumpeters who'd improvise a full octave higher than the score.

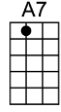
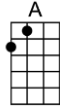
Interlude: chords of 1st verse



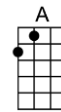
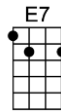
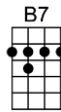
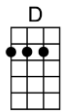
Seventy-six trombones hit the counter point,



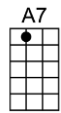
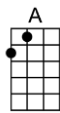
While a hundred and ten cornets blazed a-way



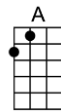
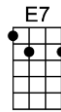
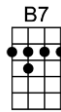
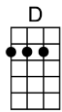
To the rhythm of Harch! Harch! Harch!



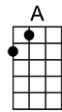
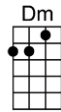
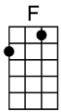
All the kids began to march, and they're marching still, right to-day



To the rhythm of Harch! Harch! Harch!



All the kids began to march, and they're mar....ching still.....right to-day



Marching still, right to-day!

SEVENTY-SIX TROMBONES -Meredith Willson

4/4 1...2...123 (without intro)

Intro: | E7 B7 | E7

A Cdim E7
Seventy-six trombones led the big parade

A
With a hundred and ten cornets close at hand.

A7 D B7
They were followed by rows and rows of the finest virtu-osos,
E7 B7 E7
The cream of every famous band.

A Cdim E7
Seventy-six trombones caught the morning sun,

A
With a hundred and ten cornets right be-hind.

A7 D B7
There were more than a thousand reeds, springing up like weeds,
E7 A
There were horns of every shape and kind.

D A7 G#dim D
There were copper bottom tympani in horse platoons, thundering, thundering, all along the way.

A E7 A G#dim A7
Double bell euphoniums and big bassoons, each bassoon having his big fat say.

D A7 G#dim D
There were fifty mounted cannon in the battery, thundering, thundering, louder than before.

G E7 D A7 D E7
Clarinets of every size and trumpeters who'd improvise a full octave higher than the score.

Interlude: chords of 1st verse

A Cdim E7
Seventy-six trombones hit the counter point,

A
While a hundred and ten cornets blazed a-way

A A7
To the rhythm of Harch! Harch! Harch!

D B7 E7 A E7
All the kids began to march, and they're marching still, right to-day

A A7
To the rhythm of Harch! Harch! Harch!

D B7 E7 A
All the kids began to march, and they're mar....ching still.....right to-day

F Dm A
Marching still, right to-day!