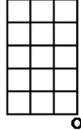


SING E



SEVENTY-SIX TROMBONES (BAR)-Meredith Willson

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

Intro: |  |  |  |

Seventy-six trombones led the big parade
Seventy-six trombones caught the morning sun,



With a hundred and ten cornets close at hand.
With a hundred and ten cornets right be-hind.

They were followed by rows and rows of the finest virtu-osos,
There were more than a thousand reeds, springing up like weeds,

1. The cream of every famous band. (2nd verse)

2. There were horns of every shape and kind.

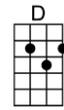
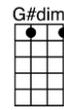
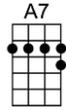
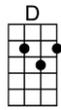
   

There were copper bottom tympani in horse platoons, thundering, thundering, all along the way.

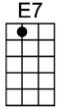
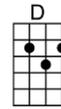
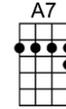
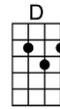
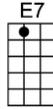
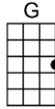
    

Double bell euphoniums and big bassoons, each bassoon having his big fat say.

p.2. Seventy-six Trombones

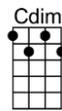


There were fifty mounted cannon in the battery, thundering, thundering, louder than before.

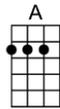


Clarinets of every size and trumpeters who'd improvise a full octave higher than the score.

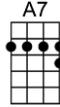
Interlude: chords of 1st verse



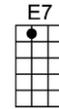
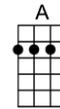
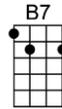
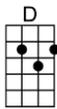
Seventy-six trombones hit the counter point,



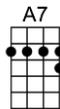
While a hundred and ten cornets blazed a-way



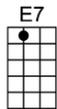
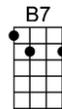
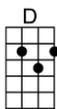
To the rhythm of Harch! Harch! Harch!



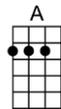
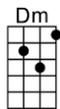
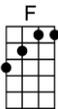
All the kids began to march, and they're marching still, right to-day



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!