

PARADE OF THE WOODEN SOLDIERS

English Lyrics by Ballard MacDonald
Music by Leon Jessel

Moderately C G7 C D⁹ G7

The toy-shop door is locked up tight and ev-'ry-thing is qui-et for the night, When dolls are in their best ar-rayed, there's going to be a won-der-ful pa-rade. Hark

C C⁹ G 1. C⁶ D G

sud-den-ly the clock strikes twelve, the fun's be-gun. The to the drum, Oh! here they come, cries

2. C⁶ D G C G7 C G7 C

ev-'ry-one. Hear them all cheer-ing, Now they are near-ing,

G7

There's the cap-tain stiff as starch, Bay-o-nets flash-ing, Mu-sic is crash-ing,

C

As the wood-en sol-diers march; Sab-res a-clink-ing, sol-diers a wink-ing,

Emi

At each pret-ty lit-tle maid. Here they come! Here they come! Here they come! Here they come!

B7 Emi G7 C

Wood-en sol-diers on pa-rade. Day-light is creep-ing, Dol-lies are sleep-ing, In the toy shop

G7

win-dow fast; Sol-diers so jol-ly, Think of each dol-ly, Dream-ing of the

C

night that's past; When in the morn-ing, with-out a warn-ing, Toy-man pulls the

Dmi F⁹ C Dmi G7 C

win-dow shade, There's no sign the Wood bri-gade was ev-er out up-on pa-rade.

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