The Parade of the Wooden Soldiers

March, not too fast (\( \text{d} = 96 \))

Leon Jessel
arr: Jan Wolters

The toy-shop door is locked up tight and every thing is
dolls are in their best arrayed, there's going to be a

quiet for the night. When suddenly the
clock strikes twelve, the
wonderful parade. Hark to the drum, oh
here they come, cries

fun's begun. The
every gun. The

Here them all cheering, now they are nearing, there's the captain

stiff as starch. Bayonets flashing, music is crashing

as the wooden soldiers march. Sabres clinking, soldiers winking

at each pretty little maid. Here they come! Here they come!

Her they come! Here ther come! Wooden soldiers on parade.
Day-light is creep-ing, dol-lies are sleep-ing in the toy-shop win-dow fast;

sold-iers ro jol-ly think of each dol-ly, dream-ing of the night that's past.

When in the morn-ing with-out a warn-ing, toy-man pulls the win-dow shade,

there's no sign the Wood bri-gade was ev-er out up-on oa-rade.