

# THE PARADE OF THE WOODEN SOLDIERS

..PARADE..

OF THE  
WOODEN SOLDIERS

FOX-TROT  
SONG

ALSO PUBLISHED  
AS A CHARACTERISTIC  
INSTRUMENTAL

(LA PARADE DE SOLDATS DE BOIS)



Characteristic  
Piece

by

Léon ESSEL

op.123

F. Ray Comstock  
AND  
Morris Gest

present

LA CHAUVÉ-SOURIS

(THE RUSSIAN BAT THEATER)



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DRAWING BY  
HUFF

# Parade of the Wooden Soldiers

FOX-TROT SONG

Music by  
LEON JESSEL

Not Fast

Piano introduction in G major, 2/4 time. The left hand (L.H.) plays a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes, starting with a forte (f) dynamic. The right hand plays chords and moving lines, including a section marked fortissimo (ff) and another marked f.

Voice

Vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the first line of lyrics. The voice part is in G major, 2/4 time, with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic. The piano accompaniment features chords and moving lines in both hands.

The toy-shop door is locked up tight and ev-'ry-thing is qui-et for the night, When

Vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the second line of lyrics. The voice part continues the melody, with accents (^) over the notes for 'sudden-ly', 'fun's', and 'gun.'. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support.

sud-den-ly the clock strikes twelve, the fun's be - gun. The

Vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the third line of lyrics. The voice part concludes the phrase, with accents (^) over the notes for 'wonder-ful' and 'pa-rade'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines.

dolls are in their best ar-rayed, there's going to be a won-der-ful pa-rade, Hark

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to the drum Oh! here they come, cries ev - 'ry one.

The Band

*ff* *dim*

*Bass well marked*

Chorus

Hear them all cheering, Now they are near - ing, There's the cap - tain stiff as starch,

*pp*

Bay - o - nets flashing, Mus - ic is crash - ing, As the Wood - en sol - diers march;

Sabres a - clink - ing, sol - diers a - wink - ing, At each pret - ty lit - tle maid.

Here they come! Here they come! Here they come! Here they come! Wood - en sol - diers on pa -

*L.H.*

rade. Day-light is creep-ing, Dol-lies are sleep-ing, In the toy-shop

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

night that's past; When in the mor-ning, 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 pa-rade.