

Seventy-Six Trombones

Bright Two

HAROLD:

(appearing on the podium)

May I have your at - ten - tion,

please? At - ten - tion, please! I can

(The TOWNSPEOPLE do not settle down.)

(The TOWNSPEOPLE settle down, focusing on HAROLD.)

deal with this trou - ble, friends, with a wave of my

hand, this ver - y hand! Please ob -

serve me if you will. I'm Pro -

fes - sor Har - old Hill, and I'm

here to or - gan - ize the Riv - er Cit - y Boys'

(HAROLD imitates the sound of a snare drum.)

Band! Prrrrr! Oh,

19

think, my friends, how could an - y pool ta - ble ev - er

21

hope to com - pete with a gold trom - bone?

23

Raaaa - raaaa ra - da - da - da - da

25

raa - a - ra. Re - mem - ber, my friends, what a

27

hand - ful of trum - pet play - ers

28

did to the fam - ous, fa - bled walls of

30

Jer - i - cho! Oh, bill - iard par - lor walls—

32

— come tumb - ling down! Oh, a

35

band - 'll do it, my friends, oh, yes! I mean a

37

boys' band. Do you hear me? I say,

39

Riv - er Cit - y's got - ta have a

40

boys' band, and I mean she needs it to -

42

day. Well, Pro - fes - sor Har - old Hill's...

44

- on hand and Riv - er Cit - y's gon - na have her

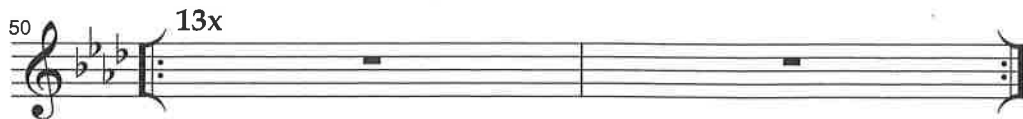
46

boys' band! As sure as the Lord made

48

lit - tle green app - les, and that band's gon - na be in...

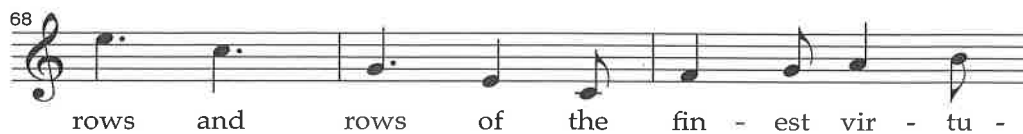
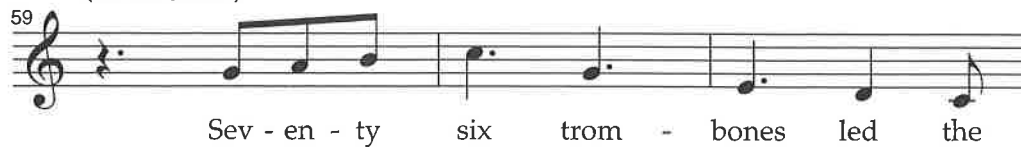
(HAROLD:) ...uniform! Johnny, Willy, Teddy, Fred! And you'll see the glitter of crashing cymbals. And you'll hear the thunder of rolling drums; the shimmer of trumpets— Tantara! And you'll feel something akin to the electric thrill I once enjoyed when Gilmore, Liberatti, Pat Conway, The Great Creator, W. C. Handy and John Philip Sousa...



...all came to town on the very same historic day!



(HAROLD:)



74
band. Sev - en - ty six trom -

77
bones caught the morn - ing sun, with a hun - dred and

80
ten cor - nets right be - hind.

83
There were more than a thou - sand reeds spring - ing

86
up like weeds. There were horns of

89
ev - 'ry shape and kind. There were

92
cop - per bot - tom tim - pa - ni in horse pla - toons,

95
thun - der - ing, thun - der - ing,

98
all a - long the way. Dou - ble bell eu -

101
pho - ni - ums and big bas - soon,

103
each bas - soon hav - ing his

106
big fat say. There were fif - ty mount - ed

109
can - non in the bat - ter - y,

112
thun - der - ing, thun - der - ing, loud - er than be -

115
fore. Clar - i - nets of ev - 'ry size and

118

trum - pet - ers who'd im - pro - vise a full oc - tave

121

high - er than the score.

*(HAROLD leads the BOYS as they pantomime playing instruments.
This leads into a dance break with the entire town catching the boy band fever.)*

124

40 14 7

TOWNSPEOPLE:

185

Sev - en - ty six trom - bones hit the

188

coun - ter - point, while a hun - dred and ten corn -

191

ets blazed a - way. To the rhy - thm of

194

Harch! Harch! Harch! All the kids be - gan to

197

march, and they're march - ing

200

still _____ right to -

204

day! _____ March - ing still right to -

208

day! _____

(#11 – SEVENTY-SIX TROMBONES (PLAYOFF) begins.)

MAYOR SHINN

Men, this calls for emergency action. That man is a spellbinder. I want his credentials.

(TOMMY, being escorted out by CONSTABLE LOCKE, suddenly cuts and runs. TOMMY runs into HAROLD who holds him.)

Grab that hoodlum!

CONSTABLE

Thank you, Professor. Have to make an example of him. Ringleader, you know. What he does the gang does.

TOMMY

Jeazle Petes, lemme go.

MAYOR SHINN

Ya wild kid ya. Taggin' down Main Street after my oldest girl last Sunday.