

Parade of the Wooden Soldiers

Harry Connick, Jr.

The toy shop door is locked up tight
And everything is quiet for the night
When suddenly, the clock strikes twelve
The fun's begun The dolls are in their best arrayed
There's going to be a wonderful parade
Hark to the drum
Oh, here they come, cries everyone Hear them all cheering, now they are nearing
There's the captain stiff as starch
Bayonet's flashing, music is crashing
As the wooden soldiers march Sabers a-clinking, soldiers a-winking
At each pretty little maid
Here they come, here they come
(Here they come, here they come)
Wooden soldiers on parade

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