

Harlem On Parade

Gene Krupa, Anita O'Day

In the distance I heard a sound,
The sound of marching men;
I turned my head to view
The drum boy, the bugle boy, and then;

Harlem soldiers on the move,
See them marching in the groove,
Uncle Sam is mighty proud
Of Harlem on parade.

With a smile they all perform
In a full drape uniform;
Everybody's here to cheer
For Harlem on parade.

When you hear the bugle blow,
That's the time you're bound to know
That the man behind the horn
Is as handy with a gun
When there's fighting to be done!

Every heart within the crowd
Beats it out with head unbowed,
Uncle Sam is mighty proud
Of Harlem on parade.

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