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| **May I have your attention please**  **attention please!**  **I can deal with this trouble friends**  **With the wave of my hand this very hand**  **Please observe me if you will**  **I’m professor Harold Hill**  **And I’m here to organize the River City Boys’ Band**  **Prrrrrr!**  **Oh band will do it my friends oh yes**  **I mean a boys’ band**  **Do you hear me?**  **I say River City’s gotta have boys’ band**  **And I mean she needs it today**  **Well Professor Harold Hill’s on hand**  **And River City’s gonna have her boys’ band!**  **And that band’s gonna be in uniform**  **Seventy-six trombones led the big parade**  **With a hundred and ten cornets close at hand.**  **They were followed by rows and rows of the finest virtuo-**  **Sos, the cream… of ev'ry famous band.** | **Seventy-six trombones caught the morning sun**  **With a hundred and ten cornets right behind**  **There were more than a thousand reeds**  **Springing up like weeds**  **There were horns of ev'ry shape and kind.**  **There were fifty mounted cannon in the battery**  **Thundering, thundering louder than before**  **Clarinets of ev'ry size**  **And trumpeters who'd improvise**  **A full octave higher than the score!**  **Seventy-six trombones hit the counterpoint, While a hundred and ten coronets blazed away. To the rhythm of "arch", "arch", "arch", All the kids began to march and they're march…ing… still…, right today!**  **Marching still right today………….** |