



Parade of the Wooden Soldiers

The toy shop door is locked up tight,
And ev'rything 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 ev'ryone.

Hear them all cheering,
Now they are nearing,
There's the captain stiff as starch.

Bayonets 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.

Daylight is creeping
Dollies are sleeping
In the toy shop window fast

Soldiers so jolly
Think of each dolly
Dreaming of the night that's past

When in the morning
Without a warning
Toy-man pulls the window shade

There's no sign
The wood brigade was
Ever found out upon parade