

Parade Of The Wooden Soldiers

The Crystals

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

Sabres 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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