Marching a Round
for three voices

David Mahler
Pgh, June '06

Well articulated

To the cav-al-cade of march mu-sic we'll step a-long, with a left, and a right, just

fol-low me in song.

All af-ter beats are the work of the dev-il; they make your

eyes cross, turn your face blue. Fall on your knees and give thanks

if you play mel-o-dy, fall down on your knees and give

thanks to the one who ar-ranged the march;

If you play
Marching a Round

The melody you're lucky, lucky, uh-huh!

The melody gives such pleasure and is essential to making

marches sound like what in fact they are:

all players together in one common goal, though each section plays independently. To the cavalcade of march music we'll step along, with a left, and a

right, just follow me in song. All after beats are the work of the devil;
they make your eyes cross, turn your face blue. Fall on your knees and give
thanks if you play melody, fall down on your
knees and give thanks to the one: (Forrest Buchtel, thanks to you). If
you play melody you're lucky, lucky, uh-huh!
Trios, ah, trios—heroic, lyric melodies.
After beats are no big deal. Soon they're over,

* sounds like nuke
now you're soaring!

Ooh, the day-worn soul,

exalted, bursting forth in flowing courage,

marches on!


Edwin Frank-o Goldman and his band playing in

Central Park; John Philip Sousa in Willow Grove; H. A. Vandercook

in Chicago; Henry Filmore and Mike, his barking dog.
Tri - - - os, ah, tri - os - he - ro - ic, lyr - ic

mel - o - dies.

Aft - er beats are no big deal. Soon they're

o - ver now you're soar - ing, you're up on high!

Ooh, the pound-ing

heart swells, trans - port - ed, pa - rad - ing in glo - ry. (Boom, boom, boom, boom.)

Cour - age march - es on! Dah dum! Pah dum!