

And that was the way  
We kept the day,  
The great, the grand, the glorious day,  
That gave us—

*Hurray! Hurray! Hurray!*  
(With a battle or two, the histories say,)  
Our National Independence!

## II.

The great procession came up the street,  
With loud da capo, and brazen repeat;  
There was Hans, the leader, a Teuton born,  
A sharp who worried the E flat horn;  
And Baritone Jake, and Alto Mike,  
Who never played anything twice alike;  
And Tenor Tom, of conservative mind,  
Who always came out a note behind;  
And Dick, whose tuba was seldom dumb;  
And Bob, who punished the big brass drum.