

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp

GEORGE F. ROOT



1. In the pris - on cell I sit, Think - ing, Moth - er dear, of you, And our
 2. In the bat - tle front we stood When their fierc - est charge they made, And they
 3. So, with - in the pris - on cell, We are wait - ing for the day That shall



bright and hap - py home so far a - way; And the tears they fill my eyes Spite of
 swept us off a hun - dred men or more; But be - fore we reached their lines They were
 come to o - pen wide the i - ron door; And the hol - low eye grows bright, And the



D.S. neath the star - ry flag We shall



FINE

all that I can do, Though I try to cheer my com - rades and be gay.
 beat - en back, dis - mayed, And we heard the cry of vic - t'ry o'er and o'er.
 poor heart al - most gay, As we think of see - ing home and friends once more.



breathe the air a - gain Of the free land in our own be - lov - ed home.

CHORUS



D.S

Tramp! tramp! tramp! the boys are march - ing, Cheer up, com - rades, they will come, And be -
 march - ing on, O cheer up, com - rades. they will come,

