TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP!

1. In the prison cell I sit, Thinking, Mother dear, of you, And our
2. In the battle front we stood When their fiercest charge they made, And they
3. So, within the prison cell, We are waiting for the day That shall

bright and happy home so far away; And the tears they fill my eyes Spite of
swept us off, a hundred men or more; But before we reached their lines They were
come to open wide the iron door; And the hollow eye grows bright, And the

all that I can do, Though I try to cheer my comrades and be gay,
beaten back, dismayed, And we heard the cry of victory o'er and o'er.
poor heart almost gay, As we think of seeing home and friends once more.

CHORUS.

Tramp! tramp! tramp! the boys are marching. Cheer up, comrades, they will
marching on, Cheer up, comrades,

come, they will come, And beneath the starry flag We shall

breathe the air again Of the free land in our own beloved home.