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Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!, or, The prisoner's hope

George F Root
Composer

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TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP!

(THE PRISONER'S HOPE.)

Words and Music by GEO. F. Root.

Tempo di Marcia.

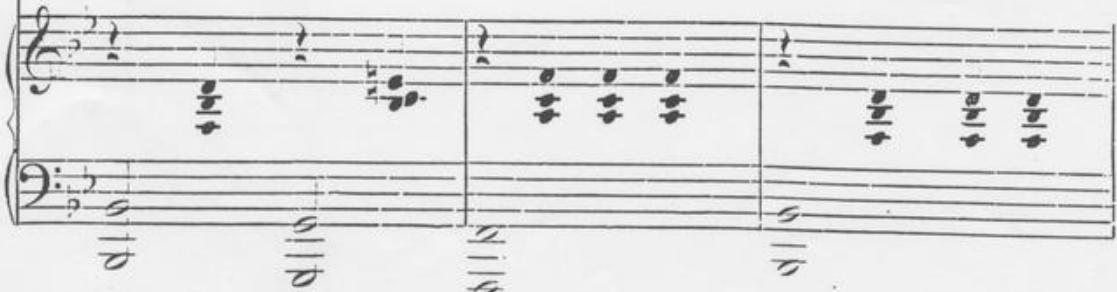


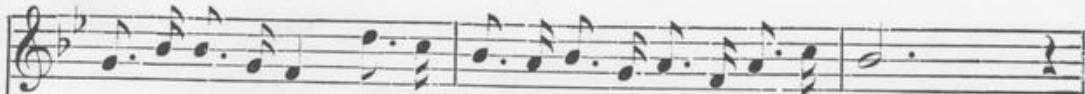
1. In the pris - on cell I sit Think - ing Moth - er dear, of you. And our
2. In the bat - tle front we stood When their fierc - est charge they made. And they
3. So with - in the pris - on cell. We are wait-ing for the day That shall



bright and hap - py home so far away,
swept us off a hundred men or more,
come to o - pen wide the i - ron door,

And the tears they fill my eyes Spite of
But be-fore we reach'd their lines They were
And the hollow eye grows bright. And the

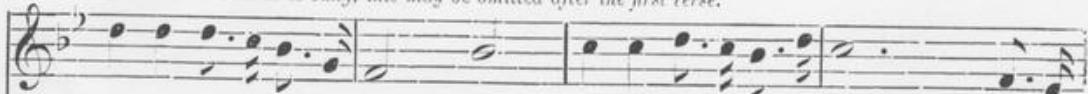




all that I can do, Tho' I try to cheer my comrades and be gay.
beat-en back dismayed, And we heard the cry of vict'-ry o'er and o'er.
poor heart al-most gay, As we think of see-ing home and friends once more.



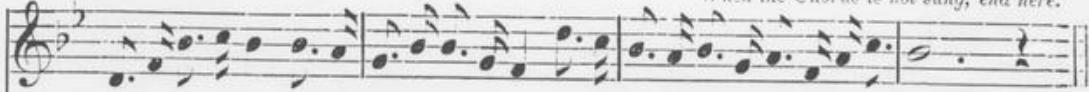
When the Chorus is sung, this may be omitted after the first verse.



Tramp,tramp,tramp, the boys are march - ing, Cheer up comrades they will come. And be-
Tramp,tramp,tramp, the boys are march - ing, Cheer up comrades they will come. And be-
Tramp,tramp,tramp, the boys are march - ing, Cheer up comrades they will come. And be-



When the Chorus is not sung, end here.



-neath the starry flag, We shall breathe the air again, Of the free-land in our own beloved home.
-neath the starry flag, We shall breathe the air again, Of the free-land in our own beloved home.
-neath the starry flag, We shall breathe the air again, Of the free-land in our own beloved home.



CHORUS.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching, Cheer up comrades they will come, And be-

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching on. O Cheer up com - rades they will come, And be-

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching on. O Cheer up com - rades they will come, And be-

-neath the star - ry flag We shall breathe the air again. Of the free-land in our own be-lov-ed home.

-neath the star - ry flag We shall breathe the air again. Of the free-land in our own be-lov-ed home.

-neath the star - ry flag We shall breathe the air again. Of the free-land in our own be-lov-ed home.