

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

George F. Root

G
In the prison cell I sit,
C G
Thinking, mother, dear, of you,
A7 D7
And our bright and happy home so far away,
G
And the tears they fill my eyes
C G
'Spite of all that I can do,
C D7 G
Though I try to cheer my comrades and be gay.

Chorus:

G
Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,
D7
Cheer up, comrades, they will come,
G C G
And beneath the starry flag we shall breathe the air again
B7 Em A7 D7 G
Of the free land in our own beloved home.

In the battle front we stood,
When their fiercest charge they made,
And they swept us off a hundred men or more,
But before we reached their lines,
They were beaten back dismayed,
And we heard the cry of vict'ry o'er and o'er.

So within the prison cell
We are waiting for the day
That shall come to open wide the iron door,
And the hollow eye grows bright,
And the poor heart almost gay,
As we think of seeing home and friends once more.