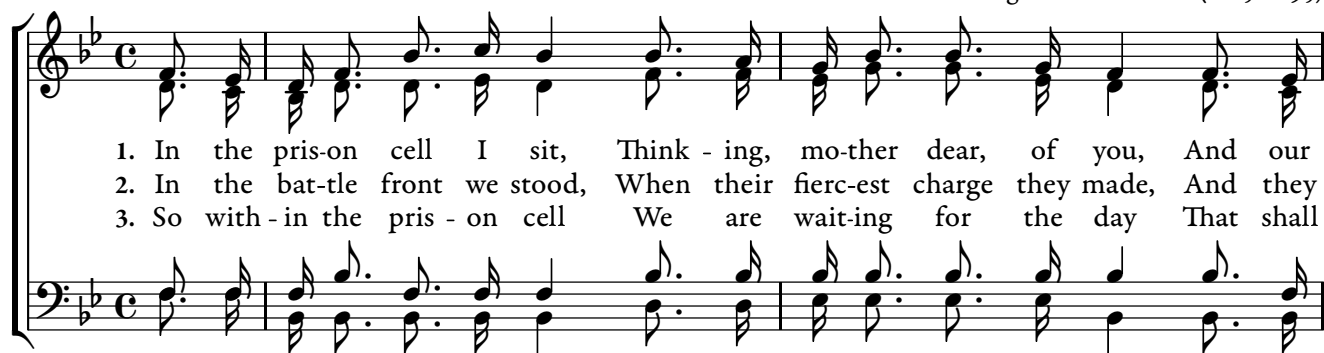


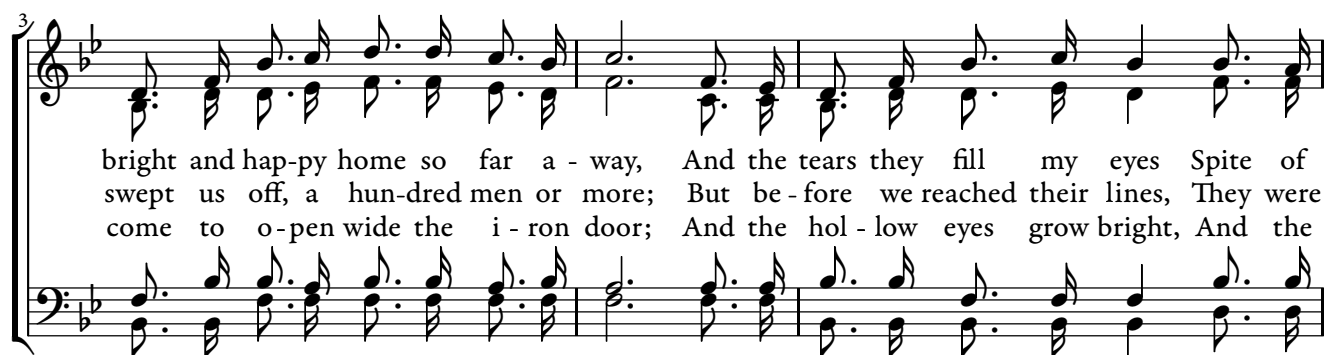
# TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP!

## THE PRISONER'S HOPE

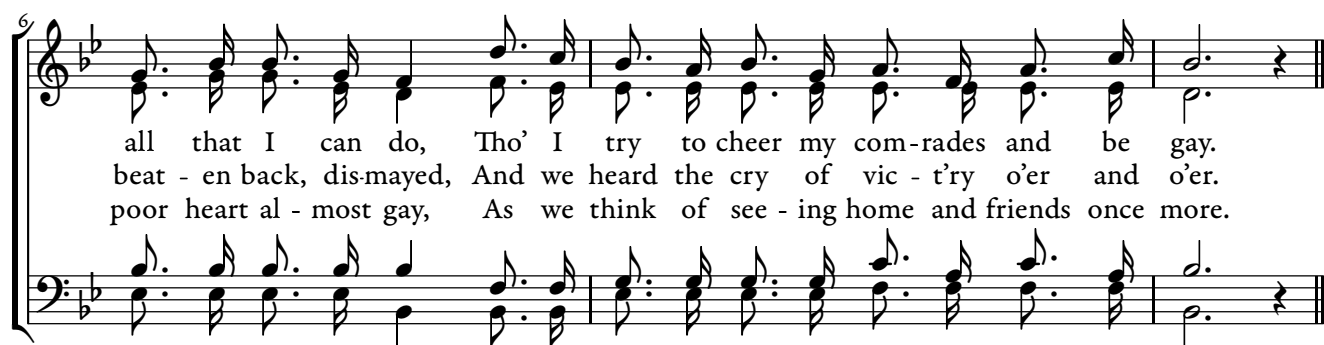
George Frederick Root (1825-1895)



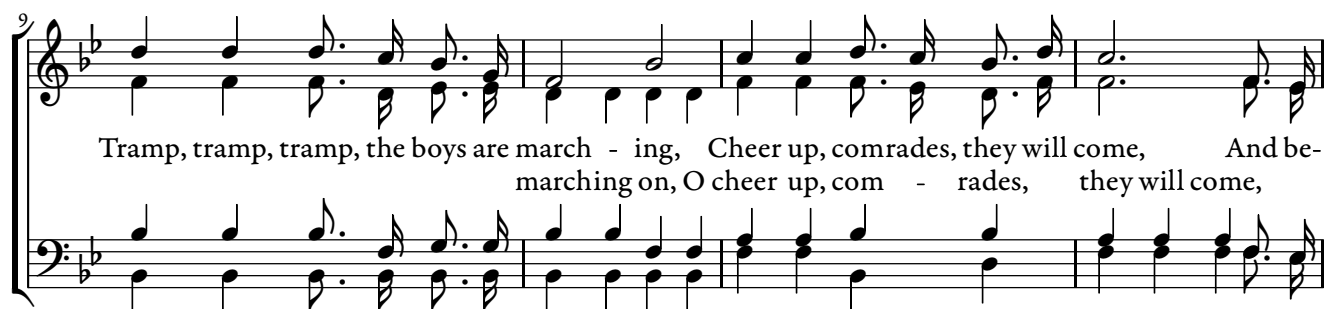
1. In the pris-on cell I sit, Think - ing, mo-ther dear, of you, And our  
2. In the bat-tle front we stood, When their fierc-est charge they made, And they  
3. So with - in the pris - on cell We are wait-ing for the day That shall



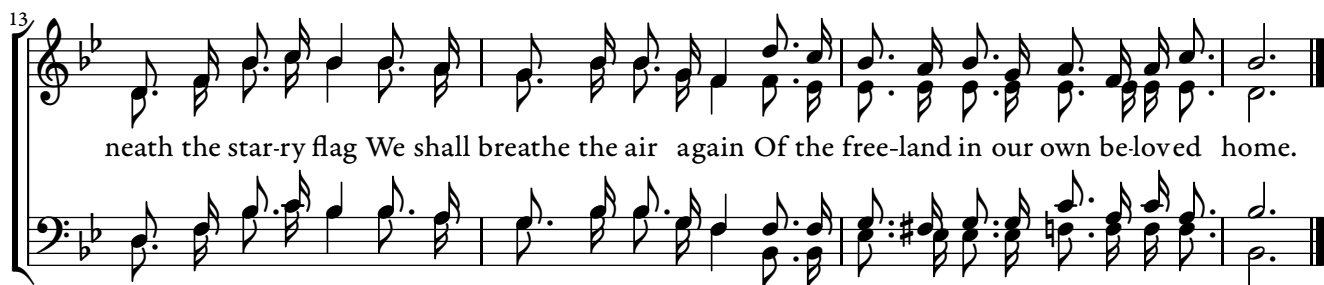
bright and hap-py home so far a - way, And the tears they fill my eyes Spite of  
swept us off, a hun-dred men or more; But be - fore we reached their lines, They were  
come to o - pen wide the i - ron door; And the hol - low eyes grow bright, And the



all that I can do, Tho' 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.



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



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