

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

3
 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

6
 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.

9
 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,

13
 neath the star-ry flag We shall breathe the air again Of the free-land in our own be-loved home.