

The Tramps Dream - song lyrics

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THE TRAMPS DREAM.

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Words by Arthur Trevelyan. Music by H. W. Petrie.

Shuffling along, shunned by the throng, there trudges a wretched old tramp:
Hungry And worn, clothes in shreds torn, and still wild the morning dew dump;
Now in the square he watches there the children who play with their toys:
Soon his eyes close, sleep drowns his woes, he dreams of the past and its joys.

Chorus.

He was dreaming of the friend* of his childhood,
Of the glad days he roamed thro' the wildwood.
Of his boyhood sweetheart, and their little dog-cart,
And the wild flowers that grew by the stream,
Of the crime that had made him a drunkard,
Of the two neglected graves in the church-yard,
Of his mother's last kiss, and the joys he did miss,
Were all pictured in the poor old tramp's dream.

Startled he wakes, truth on him breaks- alas! it is only a dream.
Pleasures ne'er last, past remains past, and dreams are the sole joys supreme.
So he'll live on till life is gone-'tis too late to mend his had ways.
still through regret he'll ne'er forget the dream of his once happy days. - Cho.