

# Tramp, Tramp, Tramp - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP!

In the prison cell I sit, thinking, mother dear, of you,  
And our bright and happy home so far away;  
And the tears they fill my eyes, spite of all that I can do,  
Though I try to cheer my comrades and be gay.

Chorus.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching-  
Cheer up, comrades, they will come:  
And beneath the starry flat: we shall breathe the air again  
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 dismay'd  
And we heard the cry of victory o'er and o'er.- Chorus.

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.-Chorus.