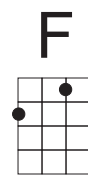
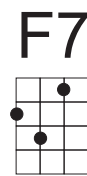
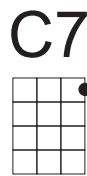


# Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!



In the [Bb] prison cell I sit, thinking [Eb] mother, dear, of [Bb] you  
And our bright and happy [Gm7] home so [C7] far [F7] away  
And the [Bb] tears they fill my eyes, spite of [Eb] all that I can [Bb] do  
Though I [Eb] try to cheer my [F7] comrades and be [Bb] gay

Chorus:

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the [Eb] boys are [Bb] marching  
[F] Cheer up, [Bb] comrades, they will [F] come  
[F7] And be [Bb]neath the starry flag, we shall [Eb] breathe the air a [Bb]gain  
Of the [Eb] free land in our [F7] own beloved [Bb] home

In the battle front we stood, when their [Eb] fiercest charge they [Eb] made  
And they swept us off, a [Gm7] hundred [C7] men or [F7] more  
But be [Bb]fore we reached their lines, they were [Eb] beaten back, dis [Bb]mayed  
And we [Eb] heard the cry of [F7] victory o'er and [Bb] o'er

Chorus

So within the prison cell, we are [Eb] waiting for the [Bb] day  
That shall come to open [Gm7] wide the [C7] iron [F7] door  
And the [Bb] hollow eye grows bright and the [Eb] poor heart almost [Bb] gay  
As we [Eb] think of seeing [F7] home and friends once [Bb] more

Chorus