

# Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

George Root arr. Olah

Dulcimer- DAD

D G D

4 3 2 4 7 8 7 7 6+ 5 7 7 5 4 4 3 2 4 7 8 9 9 8 7

In the pri-son cell I sit, thinking Mo-ther dear of you, and our bright and hap-py home so far a-

A7 D G D A7

8 0 8 4 3 2 4 7 8 7 7 6+ 3 8 3 5 7 7 5 4 9 8 7 7 0 0 7 7 7 6+ 7 5 6+ 4 6+ 8

way, and the tears they fill my eyes, spite of all that I can do, Though I try to cheer my comrades and be

D A7 D A7

7 0 7 10 10 9 9 9 8 7 5 5 7 4 7 8 8 9 8 7 9 8 7 8 4 3

gay. Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! the boys are march-ing, Cheer up comrades they will come, and be-

D G D A7 D

0 7 7 7 6+ 3 6+ 7 5 4 9 8 7 7 0 0 7 7 7 6+ 7 5 6+ 4 6+ 8 7 0 7

neath the star-ry flag we will breathe the air a-gain of the free land in our own be-lov-ed home.