TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP!

(THE PRISONER'S HOPE.)

Tempo di Marcia.

Words and Music By GEO. F. ROOT.

PIANO.

1. In the pris - on cell I sit, Think - ing Moth - er dear, of you, And our bright and hap - py home so far a - way, And the tears they fill my eyes Spite of

2. In the bat - tle front we stood When their fierc - est charge they made, And they swept us off a hun-dred men or more, But be - fore we reach'd their lines They were

3. So with - in the pris - on cell, We are wait - ing for the day That shall come to o - pen wide the i - ron door, And the hol - low eye grows bright, And the