Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

Lyric by
RIDA JOHNSON YOUNG

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT

Allegro marcato

We've hunted the wolf in the forest,
We've ranged o'er the North in the winter,
We've raided the pirates at sea,
We have no indenture, we're answered the call of the wild,
We heard the wolf calling when
out for adventure, As any one plainly can see.
We've

night-time was falling, And burning logs higher we piled.
We've

smoked the peace pipe with the Natches,
We've

fought for our scalps with the Indians,
We've

fought with the Sioux, wild and waded in blood to the knee.
We've laughed at all dangers, We're

known as the Rangers: Harry Blake, my good comrades, with me.
REFRAIN Marziale

Tramp, tramp, tramp along the highway,

Tramp, tramp, tramp the road is free; Blazing trails along the byway,

Courriers de Bois are we.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, now clear the road way;

M.W. & Sons 11719-4
Room, room, room, the world is free! We're

Plant-ers and Ca-nucks; Vir-gin-ians and Kain-tucks, Cap-tain

Dicks own In- fan-try, Cap-tain Dick's own In-fan-

try! Dick's own In-fan-try.