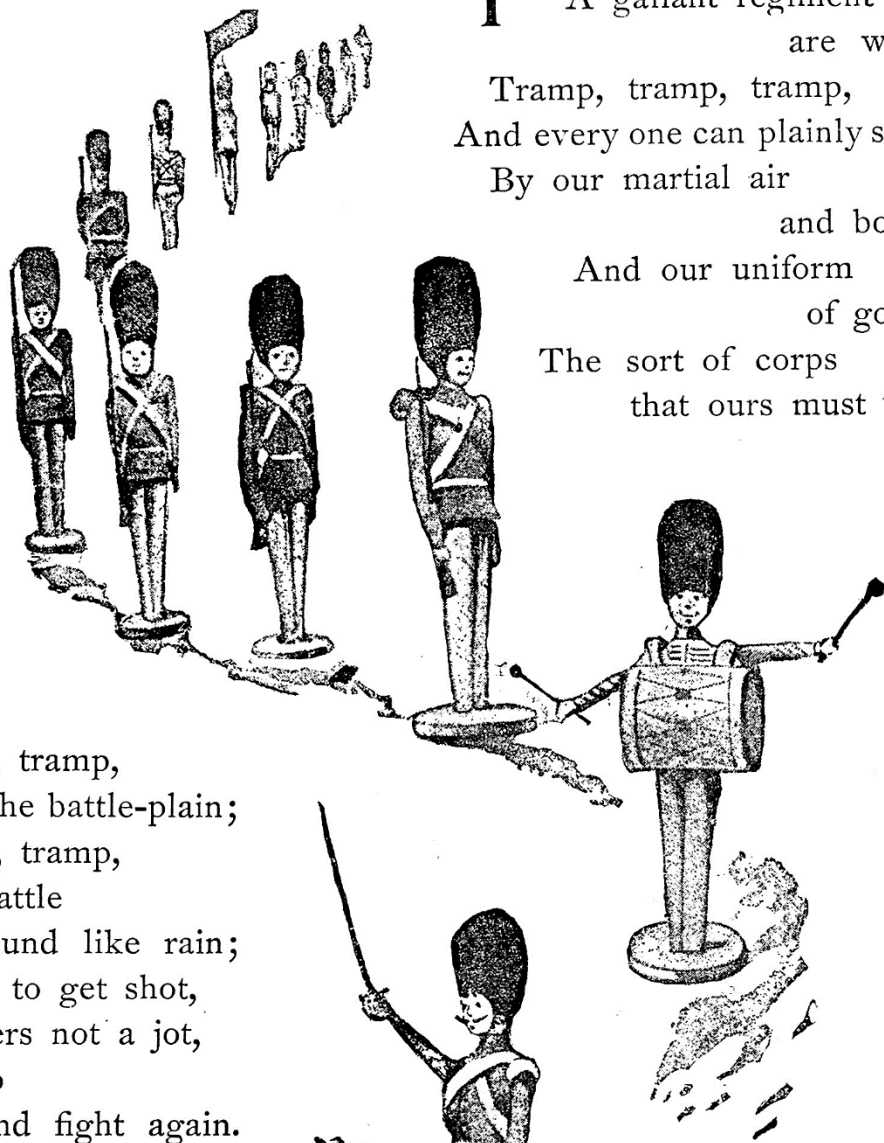


Name: \_\_\_\_\_

*TRAMP, TRAMP.*

**T**RAMP, tramp, tramp,  
A gallant regiment  
are we ;  
Tramp, tramp, tramp,  
And every one can plainly see,  
By our martial air  
and bold,  
And our uniform  
of gold,  
The sort of corps  
that ours must be.



Tramp, tramp, tramp,  
We fight upon the battle-plain;  
Tramp, tramp, tramp,  
While bullets rattle  
round like rain;  
If we happen to get shot,  
Why, it matters not a jot,  
We just get up  
and fight again.

Tramp, tramp, tramp,  
We're not the sort  
of men to run;  
Tramp, tramp, tramp,  
We fight until the battle's won;  
Then if you are tired of play,  
You can pack us all away,  
Our duty well and bravely done.

