



TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP

My name is Paddy Doy'e,
I'm a native of the soil
When the pretty little shamrock grows
For a soldier I did list,
Got a shilling in my fist,
A bounty & a nobby suit of cloths,

CHORUS—

Tramp! tramp!! tramp!!! the boy
are marching,
Cheer up comrades let's be gay,
We will toast to each bonny lass in a
full & flowing glass,
With the merry fife & drums we'll
march away,

And when we march along,
Through the way and happy throng
The girls all admire their darling joy,
For a smile from every maid,
Who loves the white cockade,
For courting pretty girls I'm the boy

With the nurses in the park,
Sometimes I have a lark,
I praise their figure and their beauty
While the children run and play,
We pass the time away,
That's why I call doing soldier's duty

When'er we leave a town.
The damsels pout and frown,
To think that they'll not see us anymore
But I always bear in mind,
The girls I leave behind,
The darling little creature I adore,

Hark I hear my comrades come
there's the merry fife and drum,
The sound fills my heart so full of joy
Then raise a hearty cheer,
For home and friends so dear,
And success attend the jovial soldier
boy,

With my coat of scarlet red
And my dashing fine cockade
I'm admired by the ladies young & old
And accoutrements so bright
Glittering out upon parade,
I appear like a warlike so bold

And when honour on me calls,
To the battle field to go,
I buckle on my sabre by my side,
My carbine I shoulder,
For to face the daring foe,
And as stately as a lord my horse I ride

And if home I chance to stray
From the battles furze array,
I'll have medals on my breast & gold
in store.

Then I can make amends,
To my sweet-heart & my friends,
And live with them content evermore

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