

bright and hap - py home so far a - way; And the tears they fill my eyes Spite of
swept us off, a hun - dred men or more; But be - fore we reached their lines They were
come to o - pen wide the i - ron door; And the hol - low eye grows bright, And the
D. S.—neath the star - ry flag We shall

all that I can do, Tho' I try to cheer my com - rades and be gay.
beat - en back, dis - mayed, And we heard the cry of vic - t'ry o'er and o'er.
poor heart al - most gay, As we think of see - ing home and friends once more.
breathe the air a - gain Of the free - land in our own be - lov - ed home.

CHORUS.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are march - ing, Cheer up, comrades, they will come, And be -
marching on, O cheer up, com - rades, they will come,

OH, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST.

Robert Burns.

F. Mendelssohn.

1. Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast, On yon - der lea, On yon - der lea, My plai - die to the an - gry
2. Oh, were I in the wildest waste, Sae bleak and bare, Sae bleak and bare, The desert were a Para -

airt, . . . I'd shel - ter thee, I'd shel - ter thee; Or did mis - for - tune's bit - ter storms A -
dise. . . . If thou wert there, If thou wert there; Or were I mon - arch of the globe, With

round thee blaw, Around thee blaw, Thy shield should be my bosom, To share it a', To share it a'.
thee to reign, With thee to reign, The brightest jewel in my crown Wad be my queen, Wad be my queen.