

1

D G A7 D

I'm a poor old rail-road man, once a health-y sec-tion hand, and old age is slow-ly creeping on the way;

2 2 | 0 2 | 4 0 | 0 | 0 4 | 2 2 | 0 4 | 2 | 0 0 | 4 2 | 4 2 | 2 2 | 0 2 | 4

15

D G A7 D

Now hard times is com-ing on, and my last gold dollar is gone, and this song is what I made to sing and play.

2 2 | 0 2 | 4 0 | 0 | 0 4 | 2 2 | 0 4 | 2 | 0 0 | 4 2 | 4 2 | 0 0 | 4 2 | 0

29

A7 D E7 A7 D

Now you oft-times see the stamp of a poor un - fort-un-ate tramp who has no home and has no place to fill.

4 4 | 2 2 | 2 4 | 0 | 4 4 | 0 0 | 0 2 4 | 2 | 2 | 1 1 | 1 4 | 2 2 | 0 1 | 2

43

D G A7 D

As you see him pass a - long and he sings his lit - tle song please re - member that the poor tramp has to live.

2 2 | 0 2 | 4 0 | 0 | 0 4 | 2 2 | 0 4 | 2 | 0 0 | 4 2 | 4 2 | 0 0 | 4 2 | 0