

A.P.

O.A. Parris



1. I'm wea-ry of the pain, the bit-ter cold and rain, That beat me on this trou-bled shore; I long to sail a-way To realms of end-less this trou-bled shore;

2. How hap-py I will be when from the earth I'm free, All tri-bu-la-tion will be o'er; I'll sing my Sav-ior's praise In end-less hap-py for-ev-er o'er,

3. Re-li-gion keeps my soul e'er fight-ing for the goal, For Je-sus walked the way be-fore; 'Twill not be ve-ry long, I'll join the an-gel's this way be-fore;

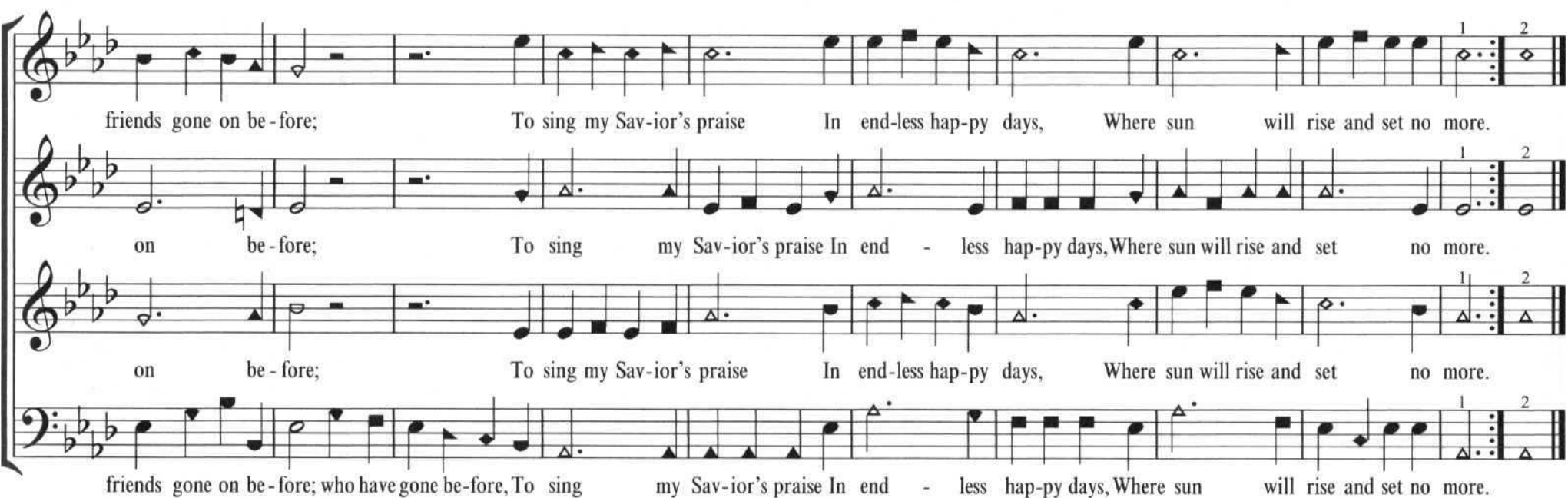


day, Where sun will rise and set no more. Oh what a hap-py day, My tears all wiped a-way, I'll meet my

days, will rise and set no more. Oh what a hap-py day, My tears all wiped a-way, I'll meet my friends gone

song, will rise and set no more. Oh what a hap-py day, My tears all wiped a-way, I'll meet my friends gone

Where sun will rise and set no more. Oh what a hap-py day, My tears all wiped a-way, I'll meet my



friends gone on be-fore; To sing my Sav-ior's praise In end-less hap-py days, Where sun will rise and set no more.

on be-fore; To sing my Sav-ior's praise In end-less hap-py days, Where sun will rise and set no more.

on be-fore; To sing my Sav-ior's praise In end-less hap-py days, Where sun will rise and set no more.

friends gone on be-fore; who have gone be-fore, To sing my Sav-ior's praise In end-less hap-py days, Where sun will rise and set no more.