

# THE WEARY SOLDIER.

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O.A.P.

O.A. Parris

1. I'm a wea-ry way-worn sol-dier, In the ser-vice of the Lord; Wait-ing for my Cap-tain's or-ders To go home to my re-ward.

2. Just a few more hea-vy march-es, Then my trou-bles will be o'er; I shall lay a-side my ar-mor, And go home for-ev-er-more.

3. When for me the trum-pet sound-eth, When I've fought the last good fight; When I near the home-land por-tals May I see the har-bor light.

I am wait-ing, on-ly wait-ing, With the bat-tle and the strife Hop-ing when the war-fare's o-ver To re-ceive a crown of life.

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