

Old Soldier

Old soldier is my name

War is my game

It has made me lame

But, Lord, it has brought me fame

I have often followed

Emperors and kings

Prime ministers and presidents

Rebels and popes too

All have acclaimed

This long practiced art

The oldest profession

Of the heart

Since times first dim light

I've had to fight

But, I've always been right

Mighty men I have followed

But to outlast them all

Has been my plight

Rest, sweet rest

Surely is my right
One last fight
Then eternal night
Journey's end in sight
At last will come my right
To rest, never having taken flight
I wait now for the fight
And practice in the night
My comrades to be
I watch with delight
Day upon day
Prepare for the fight
Children at play
Young, inexperienced too
But, ready they will be
When dawns first light
Heralds the coming of -- eternal night
Oh For sweet youth again
Standing with Achilles
Feasting on besieged Troy

A day to be remembered
Or, marching with Alexandra
What a glorious day
What wonderful fights
Middle age wasn't too bad
Crusades were forever a delight
Yes, to serve God
Was also my right
Later, nearing old age
Napoleon gave me a day
With rage I stomped
On all who stood in my way
Old age drew upon me
Retirement wasn't my way
For a rest I made
A revolution -- to shock the west
Lenin and I
Spread terror in our wake
Ah, that was a fine day
Hitler and Mussolini, too

Acclaimed my fame
I practiced my art
At its best
My last, I had hoped
This one would be
But, I was too tired
To last throughout the fight
Old soldier is my name
War is my game
With the best I have played
But, alas, I've grown lame
One last game to be played
I ready, now for my fame
I practice nights
In jungles dark
Desert heat
City streets
Long deserved rest is near
Burning orb soon
Cool ashes dark

Sweet rest mine
Through an eternal night
I've played well
I've earned my right
Might does make right
And brings, for an old soldier
At last eternal night.