

# Bill Anderson, Old Country Church

(J.D. Summer - James W. Vaughn)

There's a place dear to me  
Where I'm longing to be  
With my friends at the old country church  
Where with mother we went  
And our Sundays were spent  
With our friends at the old country church.

Precious years of memory  
Oh, what joy they bring to me  
How I long once more to be  
With my friends at the old country church.

Sometimes in fond mem'ry  
My thoughts go back to the old country church  
That I attended as a boy  
You know it's kinda funny how we cling  
To old bygone days and bygone places isn't it  
Why it seems like only yesterday  
That my mother took my childish hand in hers  
And led me slowly down that long  
Winding path to hear the word of God  
And I seem to sense his presence  
More strongly there than anyplace I've ever known  
There with the singin' of the birds  
And the humming of the bees.

I knew that God was surely there  
I knew it just as sure as if he'd laid his hand on my shoulder  
And said welcome to my house son  
Ah, but years have passed and times  
Has brought many heartaches and many tears  
I've seen my mother pass onto the  
Great beyond and many loved ones have followed  
And I'd seen them go with despairing  
Hearts and tear dimmed eyes

And now in later days as I stroll along  
The grassy footpaths to the old country churchyard  
And I view the final resting place of my departed kin  
I'm consoled by the thought that their sleep is a happy one  
There in the place where God and men are one  
And once again I seem to hear  
The voice of our gentle shepherd saying  
Welcome, welcome to my house my son.

Precious years with memory  
Oh, what joy they bring to me  
How I long once more to be  
With my friends at the old country church...