

Eddy Arnold, Voice In The Old Village Choir

I hear a voice so sweet and low the voice in the old village choir
It sings to me of long ago the voice in the old village choir

In dreams I drift through the twilight haze
Home to the seas of my childhood days
To hear again when lights are low
The voice in the old village choir
[strings]
To hear again when lights are low
The voice in the old village choir