

Stonewall Jackson, Old Country Church

There's a place dear to me where I'm longing to be
With my friends at the old country church
There with mother we went and our Sundays were spent
With 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
[organ]
As a small country boy how my heart beat with joy
When I knelt in the old country church
And the Saviour above by his wonderful love
Saved my soul in the old country church
Precious years of memory...