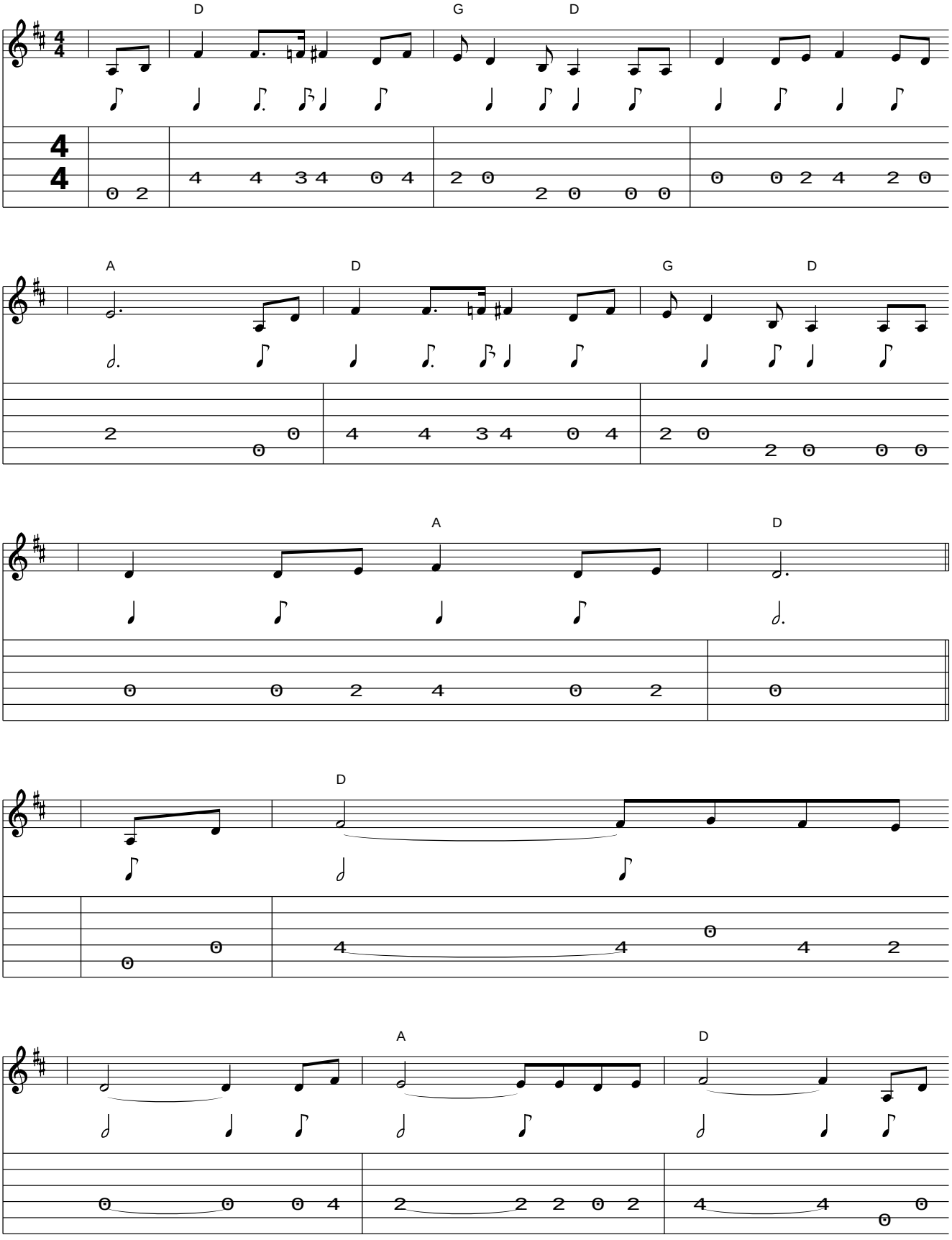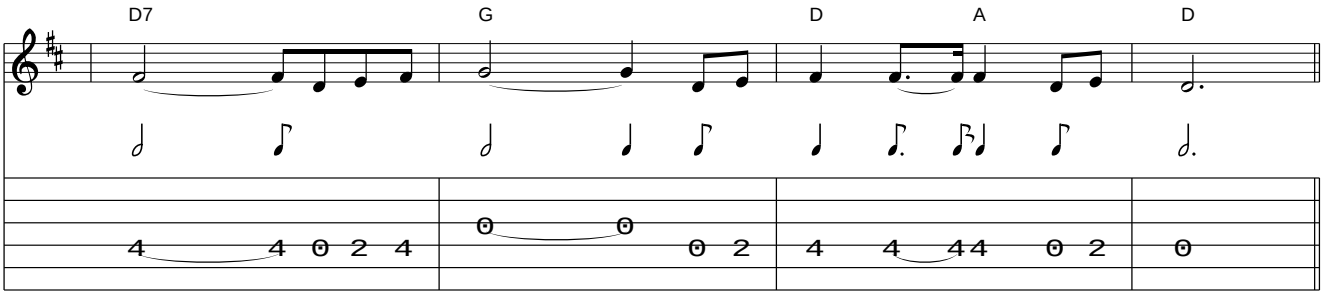
Old Country Church 2

www.traditionalmusic.co.uk .





1 There’s a place, dear to me, where I’m long−ing to be, With my friends at the old coun−try church; There with mo−ther we wept, and our Sun−days were spent, With the friends at the old con−try church.
2 As a small coun−try boy, how my heart beat with joy, When I knelt in the old coun−try church; And the Sav−iour a−bove by His won−der−ful love, Saved my soul in the old coun−try church.
3 How I wish, that to−day, all the peo−ple would pray, As we prayed in the old coun−try church; If they’d on−ly con−fess, Je−sus shure−ly would bless, As He did in the old coun−try church.
4 Oft my thoughts make me weep, for the man−y who sleep, in their graves near the old coun−try church; And some−time I may rest, with the friends I love best, In a grave near the old coun−try church.
chPre−cious years_ of mem−o−ry,_ Oh what joy_ they bring to me._ How I long_ once more to be,_ With my friends at the old coun−try church.