

Old Country Church

Kitty Wells

How I long once more to be with my friends
At the old country church
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 it brings to me
How I long once more to be with
My friends at the old country church

As a small country boy how my heart beat with joy
As we knelt in the old country church
If we only confess Jesus surely would bless
As he did at the old country church

Precious years of memory
Oh, what joy it brings to me
How I long once more to be with
My friends at the old country church

With my friends at the old country church