

Stanley Brothers, The "Old Country Church"

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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 my friends at the old country church

Precious years precious years, sweet memory
Oh what joy they bring 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 I knelt at the old country church
There with Jesus above in his wonderful love
Saved my soul at the old country church

How I wish that today all the people would pray
As they did at the old country church
If they'd only confess, Jesus surely would bless
As he did at the old country church

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