

Bill Anderson

"Old Country Church"

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Sometimes in fond mem'ry my thoughts go back to the
old country church
That I attended as a boy
You know it's kinda funny how we cling to old bygone
days and bygone places isn't it
Why it seems like only yesterday that my mother took
my childish hand in hers
And led me slowly down that long winding path to hear
the word of God
And I seem to sense his presence more strongly there
than anyplace I've ever known
There with the singin' of the birds and the humming of
the bees
I knew that God was surely there
I knew it just as sure as if he'd laid his hand on my
shoulder
And said welcome to my house son
Ah but years have passed and times has brought many
heartaches and many tears
I've seen my mother pass onto the great beyond and
many loved ones have followed
And I'd seen them go with despairing hearts and tear
dimmed eyes
And now in later days as I stroll along
The grassy footpaths to the old country churchyard
And I view the final resting place of my departed kin
I'm consoled by the thought that their sleep is a happy
one
There in the place where God and men are one
And once again I seem to hear the voice of our gentle
shepher saing
Welcome welcome to my house my son
Precious years with memory...

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