

Hank Williams

"The Old Country Church"

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There's a place near to me, where I'm longing to be
With my friends at the old country church
There with mother we went and our Sundays we spent
With our friends at the old country church

Precious years of memories
Oh, what joy they bring to me
How I long once more to be
With my friends at the old country church

How I wish that today all the people would pray
Like we prayed in that old country church
If they'd only confess, Jesus surely would bless
As He did in that old country church

Precious years of memories
Oh, what joy they bring to me
How I long once more to be
With my friends at the old country church

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