

## Jan Howard "Old Country Church"

Visit "[Old Country Church](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://www.motolyrics.com)

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...

Visit [Jan Howard](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://www.motolyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.