

Kitty Wells "Old Country Church"

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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.

--- Instrumental ---

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...

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