

## Connie Francis

# "In The Summer Of His Years"

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A young man rode  
With his head held high  
Under the Texas sun

And no one guessed  
That a man so blessed  
Would perish by the gun  
Lord, would perish by the gun

A shot rang out  
Like a sudden shout  
And Heaven held it's breath

For the dreams of  
A multitude of men  
Rode with him to his death  
Lord, rode with him to his death

Yes, the heart of  
The world weighs heavy  
With the helplessness of tears

For the man cut down  
In a Texas town  
In the summer of his years  
The summer of his years

And we who stay  
Mustn't ever lose  
The victories that he'd won

For wherever man  
Looked to Freedom back  
His soul goes riding on  
Lord, his soul goes riding on

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