

Nits

"Little Mountain Church House"

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There's a little mountain church in my thoughts of
yesterday
Where friends and family gathered for the Lord
Where an ol' fashioned preacher taught the straight
and narrow way
For what few coins the congregation could afford

Dressed in all our Sunday best, we sat on pews of solid
oak
And I remember how our voices filled the air
How Mama sounded like an angel on those high
soprano notes
And "When the Roll is Called Up Yonder I'll Be There"

Looking back now that little mountain church house
Has become my lifes cornerstone
It was there in that little mountain church house
I first heard the words I based my life upon

At the all day Sunday singing, with dinner on the
ground
Many were the souls that were revived
While the brothers and the sisters who've gone on to
Gloryland
Slept in peace in the maple grove nearby

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