

## **Ricky Skaggs**

# **"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,  
There and old fashioned preacher, taught the straight  
and narrow way,  
For, what you call the congregation, could afford.

Dressed in all out 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.

Chorus:  
Looking back now, that little mountain church house,  
Has become, my life's, corner stone,  
It was there in that little mountain church house,  
I first heard the word, I've based my life upon.

At the all day Sunday singing, and dinner on the  
ground,  
Many were the souls that were revived,  
While my brothers and my sisters, who've gone on to  
glory land,  
Slept in piece in the maple grove nearby.

Chorus:  
Looking back now, that little mountain church house,  
Has become, my life's, corner stone,  
It was there in that little mountain church house,  
I first heard the word, I've based my life upon.

Chorus:  
Looking back now, that little mountain church house,  
Has become, my life's, corner stone,  
It was there in that little mountain church house,  
I first heard the word, I've based my life upon...

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