

## In the summer of his years

Connie Francis

A young man rode with his head held high  
Under the Texas sun  
And no one guessed that a man so blessed  
Would perished by the gun  
Lord, would perished by the gun

A shot rang out like a sudden shout  
And heaven held its 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 year

And we who stay mustn't ever lose  
The victories that he won  
For whenever man looked for freedom then  
His soul goes riding on  
Lord, his soul goes riding on