

Old Country Church

Jan Howard

Sometimes in fond mem'ry my thoughts go back to the old country church
That I attended as a boy
You know it's kinda funny how we cling to old bygone days and bygone places isn't it
Why it seems like only yesterday that my mother took my childish hand in hers
And led me slowly down that long winding path to hear the word of God
And I seem to sense his presence more strongly there than anywhere I've ever known
There with the singing of the birds and the humming of the bees I knew that God was surely there
I knew it just as sure as if he'd laid his hand on my shoulder
And said welcome to my house son
Ah but years have passed and time has brought many heartaches and many tears
I've seen my mother pass onto the great beyond and many loved ones have followed
And I'd seen them go with despairing hearts and tear dimmed eyes
And now in later days as I stroll along
The grassy footpaths to the old country churchyard
And I view the final resting place of my departed kin
I'm consoled by the thought that their sleep is a happy one
There in the place where God and men are one
And once again I seem to hear the voice of our gentle shepherd saying
Welcome welcome to my house my son
Precious years with memory...