

# Old Country Church

Kitty Wells

How I long once more to be with my friends  
At the old country church  
There's a place dear to me where I'm longing to be  
With my friends at the old country church

Where with mother we went and our Sundays were spent  
With our friends at the old country church

Precious years of memory  
Oh, what joy it brings to me  
How I long once more to be with  
My friends at the old country church

As a small country boy how my heart beat with joy  
As we knelt in the old country church  
If we only confess Jesus surely would bless  
As he did at the old country church

Precious years of memory  
Oh, what joy it brings to me  
How I long once more to be with  
My friends at the old country church

With my friends at the old country church