

Little Mountain Church House

Ricky Skaggs

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.

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.

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