

# Old Country Church

**Stonewall Jackson**

There's a place dear to me where I'm longing to be  
With my friends at the old country church  
There with mother we went and our Sundays were spent  
With friends at the old country church  
Precious years of memory oh what joy they bring 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  
When I knelt in the old country church  
And the Saviour above by his wonderful love  
Saved my soul in the old country church  
Precious years of memory...