

## The Old Country Church

The Oak Ridge Boys

There's a place near 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 our 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 Savior above, by His wonderful love  
Saved my soul at the old country church.

How I wish that today all the people would pray  
As we prayed in the old country church  
If they'd only confess, Jesus surely would bless  
As he did in the old country church.

Of't my thoughts make me weep, for so many now sleep  
In their graves near the old country church  
And sometime I may rest, with the friends I love best  
In a grave near the old country church.

Precious years of memories,  
Oh what joy they bring to me (they bring to me)  
How I long once more to be,  
With my friends at the old country church...