

Old Country Church

Brent Cobb

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 our friends at the old country church

Precious years of memories
Oh, what joy they bring to me
How I'd love once more to be
With my friends at the old country church

As a small country boy, how my heart beat with joy
When we prayed in that old country church
And I wish that today all the people would pray
Like we did in the old country church

Precious years of memories
Oh, what joy they bring to me
How I'd love once more to be
With my friends at the old country church

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

Precious years of memories
Oh, what joy they bring to me
How I'd love once more to be
With my friends at the old country church
They're my friends at the old country church