

In the Summer of His Years

Connie Francis

A young man rode with his head held high
Under the Texas sun
And no one guessed that a man so blessed
Would perish by the gun
Lord, would perish by the gun A shot rang out like a sudden shout
And Heaven held its breath
For the dreams of a multitude of man
Rode with him to his death
Lord, rode with him to his death Yes, the heart of the world weighs heavy
With the helplessness of tears
For the man cut down in a Texas town
In the summer of his years
The summer of his years And we who stay mustn't ever lose
The victories that he won
For wherever man look to freedom [Incomprehensible]
His soul goes riding on
Lord, his soul goes riding on

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