

# The Old Country Church

[Hank Williams](#)

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 we spent  
With our friends at the old country church Precious years of memories  
Oh, what joy they bring to me  
How I long 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  
As He did in that old country church Precious years of memories  
Oh, what joy they bring to me  
How I long once more to be  
With my friends at the old country church

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