

LITTLE OLD CHURCH

Words & Music by Joe LaMay

Oh, the times were hard down here in the valley
We worked in the fields and carried our load
How often we'd pray 'round the old family bible
In the little old church at the end of the road

*Take the road that winds from the top of the mountain
Follow the river through the valley below
Cut through the pines - out through the low land
To the little old church at the end of the road*

Many a stranger would come through the valley
The weary old traveller alone and unknown
There was always a place for the wayfaring pilgrim
In the little old church at the end of the road

Chorus

My days are all gone down here in the valley
Friends have all gathered to carry me home
There's a long black wagon a'comin' to take me
To the little old church at the end of the road

Chorus

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