

He Sang in the Old Church Choir
Dick Bruun, 1915.

'Twas Easter Sunday morning,
To the village I had gone;
My boyhood home where lived the ones I loved;
At the church the preacher spoke the Word,
The choir sang sweetly, too,
And in their midst an old man sang
The old songs good and true;
His voice was sweet and tender,
I seem to hear him yet
Sing again an old refrain I never will forget.

Refrain

How he sang in the old church choir
Olden songs, golden songs of a bygone day,
Sweet songs of gladness, songs, too, of sadness
That carried me far, far away,
And I longed in my soul for that heavenly goal
That he sang of so sweetly in those songs:

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And ".
Those were the songs, the old golden songs
That he sang in the old church choir.

So here's a simple lesson
Of the good that we can do
To help our fellow men along the way;
Just a word of cheer to those we meet
May ease an aching heart,
A song may save two souls that otherwise might drift apart.
Still in my memory that lingers
That singer and his song.
Sweet and low, so long ago,
To hear his voice I long.

Refrain