

# What The Old Folks Used To Say - song lyrics

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What the Old Folks Used to Say.

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Words and Music by John Gowman.

'Twas the dear old church that's now burned to the ground,  
Where, on ev'ry Sunday morning, the old folks could be found,  
As they snt there and sung their sweet songs of praise  
In those good old times in those dear old days.  
How often have I sat outside and heard the organ play  
The old familiar hymn that made me think to-day.  
The hands that played the organ, the pastor, old and gray.  
And many faces from the choir, have long since passed away.

Chorus.

The old folks used to say to me, "My boy, when you're a man,  
Don't forget the old church, be there when you can;  
The comforts there you'll find are real, the joys found there will last.  
You'll think of what the old folks said when from this world they've passed.

There's the old church-bell, that for years hung in the tower,  
Both night and day recording the swiftly fleeting hour;  
As its sound kissed the breeze of the midsummer night,  
The black bat flew 'round the old tower in delight,  
Oh, if its tongue could only speak, what stories it could tell  
Of the rich And of the poor, And the middle class as well,  
For each heart has Its sorrow, in each life rain must fall.  
Till the old church bell, with its funeral knell, shall gather in them all.- Cho.

For long years I have wandered afar o'er land and sea,  
But still the thought of home, sweet home was ever dear to me,  
When I spent all my boyhood's bright happy days  
With the dear old folks and their quaint old ways,  
And when the boys all gathered at the twilight in the glen,  
And talked of what they all would do when they grew to be men;  
The picture was so pretty, we wished the time to come,  
But from that dream we soon awoke when life's real work began.- Chorus.