

**Bluegrass Songs - Lyrics**  
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**Little country preacher**

Little country preacher with his head bowed down in prayer  
I know that he's in conference with our Lord, away up there  
He's not hightoned with his speech just plain like you and me  
He reminds me fo the prophets and the man of Calilee

He started out when just a lad to preach the gospel way  
And when the path got hard to trod with mothe he would stay  
The momey did not bother him for Christ he took his stand  
His payday will be paid to him at the gates of Glory Land

The little church he preaches at each Sunday for our aske  
If you pass it by and don't go in you've made a big mistake  
His good old fashioned voice pleads stranger enter in  
God's pleading through good men to save us from our sins