

# The Old Church Of My Childhood - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

The Old Church of My Childhood.  
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The old church of my childhood,  
Built on the country green,  
Was near a charming wildwood,  
The fairest ever seen;  
, Far from the pastor's dwelling  
It stood in peace alone;  
Its rustic beauty telling  
Of days forever flown.

Chorus.  
Each Sabbath morn the ringing  
Of bells was loud and clear,  
And then the old choir singing  
Brought ev'ry heart good cheer.

The old church near the wildwood,  
Its walls with moss overgrown.  
Where in the days of childhood  
Bright hours of peace I've known;  
With tall and tow'ring steeple,  
Where pealed the Sabbath bell,  
And where the church-going people  
Their faith and hope would tell.-Chorus.

The rock, the stream, the wildwood,  
Arc just the same to-day;  
The old church of my childhood  
Is now in slow decay.  
We hear no more the ringing  
Of bells so pure and clear;  
No good old choir is singing  
Those hymns we loved to hear.-Chorus.