



The Country Church

All by itself, yet not alone, amidst the pine and birch,
In the quiet of the countryside stands a little country church.

A "Country Church" they call it. They say it has no place
In the rushing world we live in, they say it can't keep pace.

Yet it must be kept for their sake, those who now have gone to rest.
It was so very clear to them, to it they gave their best.

Though small, it has a job to do, helping folks who live nearby.
It binds them to the work of God with love's encircling tie.

The countryside would have to stop & begin a futile search
To find a tool to spread the word just like this little church!

A country church, all by itself, but I know it's not alone.
For I'm sure God watches it & smiles, as He sits upon his throne!

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