

The Little Old-Fashioned Church

The little old-fashioned church, with the pews that were straight-backed and plain,
Where the sunbeams to worship came in through the windows that bore not a stain,
And the choir was composed of the good folks who toiled week-days in meadow and lane;

The little old-fashioned church that stood on the brow of the hill,
With its plain, wooden cross on the peak, an emblem of love and good will,
Of the Christ who has died for us all — in fancy I gaze at it still.

I wish I could go there again and list to the preacher who told
Of the wonderful joys that await us when God calls us into His fold,
Who pictured a Heaven unto us as a city with pavements of gold.

The little old-fashioned church with never a towering spire,
With never a sign of great wealth, and the people who sang in the choir
Giving their music for love of the cause and not for the sake of their hire.

Perhaps I am wrong or old-fashioned, but the little, gray church on the hill,
Where only God's mercy and love were e'er preached, the want in my life seemed to fill,
And I don't get the comfort I seek from the church of today with its frill.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)