

Recorded on NORTH TO ONTARIO

CHURCH ON THE HILL written by HELEN LEWIS

SMALL WHITE STEEPLE, SMALL WHITE CHURCH
RISING THROUGH THE TREES
NESTLED MID THE FIELDS OF CORN,
RIPPLING IN THE BREEZE
CONGREGATION SINGING UP, TO RAISE THEIR VOICE IN PRAYER
SUNLIGHT THROUGH THE STAINED GLASS WINDOWS
I CAN SEE US THERE

(CHORUS)

THE CHURCH ON THE HILL FROM MY CHILDHOOD
I WONDER IF IT'S STILL STANDING THERE
NO MATTER WHAT I LEARN
NO MATTER WHERE LIFE TURNS
I KNOW THAT LOVE WILL ALWAYS LIVE THERE

SUNDAY MORNING ALWAYS FOUND US DRESSING IN OUR BEST
HEADING FOR OUR LITTLE CHURCH TO START OUR DAY OF REST
SINGING ALL THE GOOD OLD HYMNS, THE ONES THAT I STILL KNOW
GATHERED THERE IN HIS GOOD NAME, OH HOW I LOVED IT SO

(CHORUS)