



The Old Mentz Church on the Corner

by W. Martin Carr, Montezuma, NY

The old church stands on the corner,
So quiet, so stately, in white;
A guide to the traveler by daylight,
Standing guard o'er the dead thro the night'
With its spire, pointing upward, toward Heaven,
The Home where the saints are at rest,
Thro he dim, misty years of the past.
This old church has stood on the corner
Almost a century, they say.
It has stood here thro tempest and sunshine,
Thro the cool and heat of the day.
It has stood the test of ages;
It stands for the good and the true,
It stands here a gateway to Heaven
Dear friends, for me and you.

We love this old church on the corner,
For the memories that hallow the years;
Where children have shouted with laughter,
Where mourners have wept bitter tears;
Where we met our dear friends on the Sabbath,
And sang the old hymns to His praise,
Oh, would we might turn back the pages,
And live o'er again the old days.

We love this old church on the corner,
For the friends that have gone on before;
Oh, that we might greet them this Sabbath,
As we did here on Sundays of yore.
Oh, that we might look in their faces,
And take them once more by the hand
But no-they have gone home to glory;
They rest at that fair promise land.

We love this old church on the corner
For the friends that we greet here today;
For the friends that could not be with us
Whose home are now far away;
For the ties that bind us together,
Though far o'er we may roam,
We will think of the church on the corner,
As we think of our loves ones and home.

For the old Mentz Church on the corner
We welcome you back to the fold;
For you we have kept the fire burning,
We have kept a light in the window,
To guide you back to its door;
Oh, may that light brighten your pathway
Till we meet on that beautiful shore.