

CHAPTER VII

"THE ROBINSON'S SONG"

This song was composed and sung by Winston Robinson, son of James Buford Robinson. It is sung to the tune of "Country Roads" by John Denver. Bonnie Lynn Robinson listened to a tape recording of this song, in order to record the words.

1st. verse

There was a young man named David Shannon Robinson, who left South Carolina, a land that he had grown-up on. He settled in South (Georgia), not too many miles from Florida at a place they called Cat Creek, and there he farmed so that he might eat.

Chorus

Country roads, take me home, to the place I belong,
down in Georgia. Lord be with me. Take me home, country
roads.

2nd. verse

He chose Nancy Fountain to be his lovely bride. It was here in Cat Creek, they lived together side by side. And although they built a home, twasn't long before they roamed 'cause the land was wet and low, and they couldn't get their little farm to grow.

Chorus

Country roads, take me home, to the place I belong,
down in Georgia. Lord be with me. Take me home,
country roads.

3rd. verse

From the foggy banks of Cat Creek to the sandy hills of Oakey Grove, on a cart pulled by a white ox, with their seven children they did go. And about a mile away, they settled here to stay. And before their time was through, they built this church for me and you.

Chorus

Country roads, take me home, to the place I belong,
down in Georgia. Lord be with me. Take me home, country
roads.

4th. verse

Of the seven children, there were two daughters and
five sons: Sarah, Martha, John, Joseph, Hiram, George,
and Melton. We hope that you will find, where you fit
in the line. And before this day is through, take some
happy memories home with you.

Chorus

Country roads, take me home, to the place I belong,
down in Georgia. Lord be with me. Take me home,
country roads.

"OAKLEY GROVE CHURCH ON THE HILL"

This song was sung at a Robinson Reunion in the late 1960's.
The author of the song is unknown.

1st. verse

There's a church on the hill by the wild-wood, no lovelier
place in the dale, no spot is so dear to my child-hood as
Oakley Grove Church on the hill.

Chorus

Oh, come, come, come, come, -come to the church in the wild-
wood, O come to the church on the hill; No spot is so dear
to my child-hood as Oakley Grove Church on the hill.

2nd. verse

How sweet on a clear Sabbath morning to list to the clear
ringing bell, Its tones so sweetly are calling, Oh come to
the church on the hill.

Chorus

Oh, come, come, come, come, -come to the church in the wild-
wood, O come to the church on the hill; No spot is so dear
to my child-hood as Oakley Grove Church on the hill.