



The Church in the Wildwood

WILLIAM S. PITTS

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1. There's a church in the val-ley by the wild-wood, No love-li-er
 2. Oh, come to the church in the wild-wood, To the trees where the
 3. How sweet on a clear Sab-bath morn-ing, To list to the
 4. From the church in the val-ley by the wild-wood, When day fades a-




spot in the dale; No place is so dear to my child-hood As the wild flow-ers bloom; Where the part-ing hymn will be chant-ed, We will clear ring-ing bell; Its tones so sweet-ly are call-ing, Oh, way in-to night, I would fain from this spot of my child-hood Wing my



D.S.—No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the

FINE CHORUS



lit-tle brown church in the vale.
weep by the side of the tomb.
come to the church in the vale.
way to the man-sions of light.


Come to the

Oh, come, come, come, come, come, come,



lit-tle brown church in the vale.

D.S.



church in the wild-wood, Oh, come to the church in the vale;
come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come;

