

Church in the Wildwood



THERE'S A CHURCH
IN THE VALLEY
BY THE WILDWOOD,
NO LOVELIER SPOT
IN THE DALE.

NO PLACE IS SO DEAR
TO MY CHILDHOOD,
AS THE LITTLE BROWN
CHURCH IN THE VALE.

OH, COME...

COME TO THE

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COME TO THE CHURCH

IN THE VALE,

NO PLACE IS SO DEAR
TO MY CHILDHOOD,
AS THE LITTLE BROWN
CHURCH IN THE VALE.

HOW SWEET ON A CLEAR
SABBATH MORNING

TO LIST TO THE
CLEAR RINGING BELLS

IT'S TONES SO SWEETLY
ARE CALLING,

OH, COME TO THE
CHURCH IN THE VALE.

OH, COME...

COME TO THE

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COME TO THE CHURCH

IN THE VALE,

NO PLACE IS SO DEAR
TO MY CHILDHOOD,
AS THE LITTLE BROWN
CHURCH IN THE VALE.

FROM THE CHURCH
IN THE VALLEY
BY THE WILDWOOD
WHEN DAY FADES
AWAY INTO NIGHT;

I WOULD FAIN FROM THIS
SPOT OF MY CHILDHOOD,
WING MY WAY TO THE
MANSIONS OF LIGHT.

OH, COME...

COME TO THE

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COME TO THE CHURCH

IN THE VALE,

**NO PLACE IS SO DEAR
TO MY CHILDHOOD,
AS THE LITTLE BROWN
CHURCH IN THE VALE.**

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