

There's a church in the valley by the wildwood

W.S. Pitts

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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.

Refrain

*Come to the church in the wildwood,
Oh, come to the church in the dale,
No spot is so dear to my childhood,
As the little brown church in the vale.*

Oh, come to the church in the wildwood
To trees where the wild flowers bloom,
When the parting hymn shall be chanted
We will weep by the side of the tomb.

Refrain

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 in the vale.

Refrain

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.

Refrain

William S. Pitts