147 The Church in the Wildwood.

W. S. P.

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Dr. Wm. S. Pitts.

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
come to the church in the vale. Oh, come, come, come, come, come, come,
way to the man-sions of light.

lit-tle brown church in the vale.

D. S.

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