1. There's a church in the valley 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. Come to the
weep by the side of the tomb. }

Come to the

way to the man-sions of light. }

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;