The Church in the Wildwood

1. 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.
   We will weep by the side of the tomb.
   Come to the church in the wildwood, Oh

2. Oh, come to the church in the wildwood, To the trees where the wild flowers bloom; Where the parting hymn will be chanted,
   into night, I will fain from this spot of my childhood
   We will weep by the side of the tomb. Oh, come, come, come, come,
   Wing my way to the mansions of light.

3. From the church in the valley by the wildwood, When day fades away
   flowers bloom; Where the parting hymn will be chanted,
   We will weep by the side of the tomb. Oh, come, come, come, come,
   Wing my way to the mansions of light.

Words and Music: Dr. William S. Pitts

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come to the church in the vale;
come, come, come, come, come, come, No

spot is so dear to my childhood As the little brown church in the vale.