

Church In the Wildwood

[ALisa Jones, Mark Howard & Ron Wall](#)

Come to the church by the Wildwood
Oh, come to the church in the vale
No spot is so dear to my childhood
As the little brown church in the valeHow sweet on a clear Sabbath morning
To listen to the clear ringing bells
Its tones, so sweetly are calling
Oh, come to the church in the valeCome to the church by the Wildwood
Oh, come to the church in the vale
No spot is so dear to my childhood
As the little brown church in the valeThere she sleeps close by in the valley
Lies one that I love so well
She sleeps, sweetly sleeps 'neath the willow
Disturb not her, rest in valeCome to the church by the Wildwood
Oh, come to the church in the vale
No spot is so dear to my childhood
As the little brown church in the valeThere close by the side of that loved one
'Neath the tree where the wild flowers bloom
When farewell hymns shall be chanted
I shall rest by her side in the tombCome to the church by the Wildwood
Oh, come to the church in the vale
No spot is so dear to my childhood
As the little brown church in the vale
As the little brown church in the vale

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