

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Church in the Wildwood

The Church in the Wildwood
(Traditional - William S. Pitts)

[G]There's a church in the valley by the wild [D]wood,
No lovelier spot in the [G]dale;
No [C]place is so dear to my [G]childhood,
As the [D]little brown church in the [G]vale.

cho: Come to the church by the wild [D]wood,
Oh, come to the church in the [G] vale,
No [C]spot is so dear to my [G]childhood,
As the little brown church in the [G]vale.

How 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 vale.

There, close by the church in the valley,
Lies one that I loved so well;
She sleeps, sweetly sleeps, 'neath the willow,
Disturb not her rest in the vale.

There, 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 tomb.

RP
apr00