

Church In The Wildwood

Alabama

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 vale

How sweet on a clear Sabbath morning
To listen to the clear ringing bells
It's tones so sweetly are calling
Oh, come to the church in the vale

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 vale

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

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 vale

There close by the site 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

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 vale
As the little brown church in the vale