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