

Bobby Bare

"Church in the Wildwood"

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(William S. Pitts)

Come, come, come, come.

Come to the church in 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'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.

So sweet on a clear Sabbath morning
To list to the clear ringing bell
Its tones so sweetly are calling
Oh, come to the church in the vale.

Come, come, come, come.

Come to the church in 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...

(I had a bird he flew away and I guess he's gone to stay
But I see him winging on his way my flyaway bird
named Yesterday)

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