

Loretta Lynn**"The Church In The Wildwood"**

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(Dr. William S. Pitts, 1857)

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.

(Oh, come, come, come, come)

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

Its tones so sweetly are calling

Oh come to the church in the vale.

(Oh, come, come, come, come)

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 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.

(Oh, come, come, come, come)

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 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.

(Oh, come, come, come, come)

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...

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