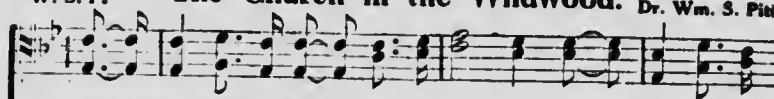


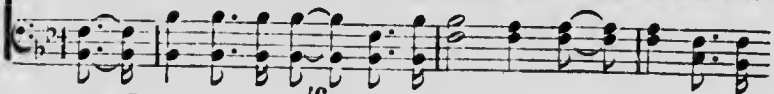
W. S. P.

The Church in the Wildwood.

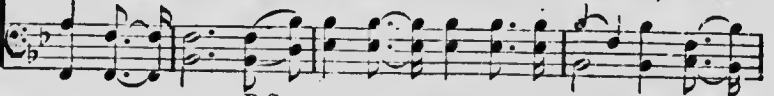
Dr. Wm. S. Pitts.



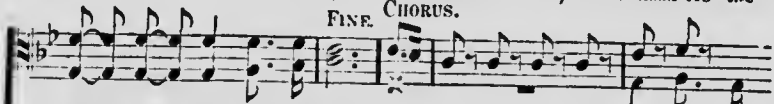
1. There's a church in the val-ley by the wild-wood, No lov-li-er
2. How sweet on a clear Sab-bath morn-ing, To list to the
3. There, close by the church in the val-ley, Lies one that I
4. There, close by the side of that loved one, 'Neath the tree where the



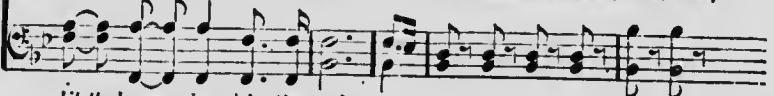
place in the dale; No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the
clear ring-ing bell; Its tones so sweet-ly are call-ing:—"Oh,
loved so well; She sleeps, sweet-ly sleeps 'neath the wil-lows; Dis-
wild flow-ers bloom, When the fare-well hymn shall be chant-ed, I shall



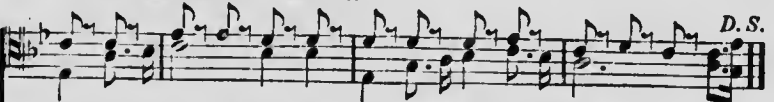
D.S.—spot is so dear to my child-hood As the
FINE CHORUS.



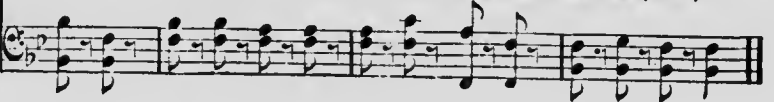
lit-tle brown church in the vale.
come to the church in the vale."
turb not her rest in the vale.
rest by her side in the tomb. Oh, come, come, come, come, come, come,



lit-tle brown church in the vale.



church in the wild-wood, Oh, come to the church in the dale; No
come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come,



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