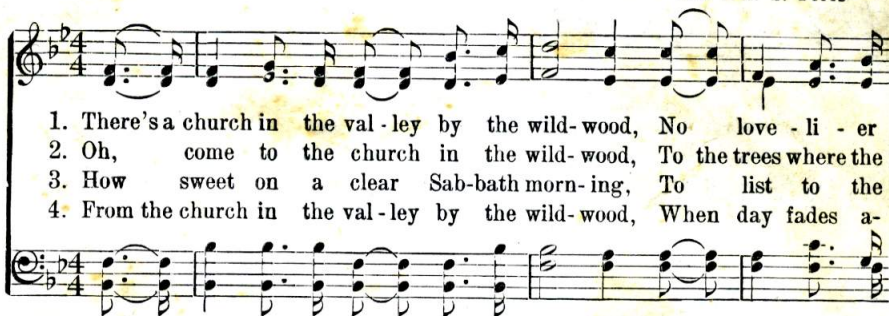
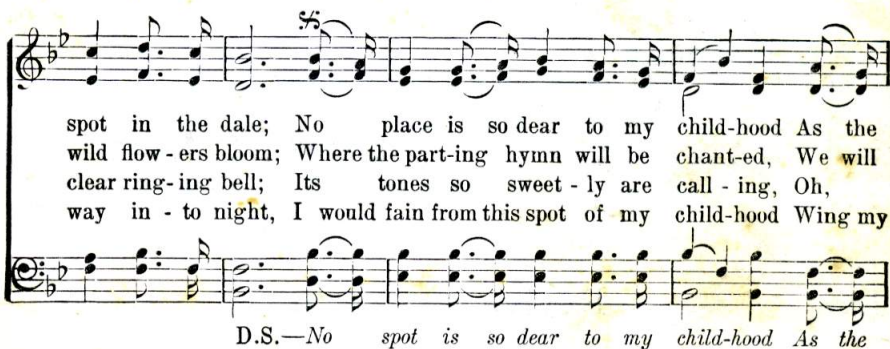


W. S. P.

DR. WM. S. PITTS



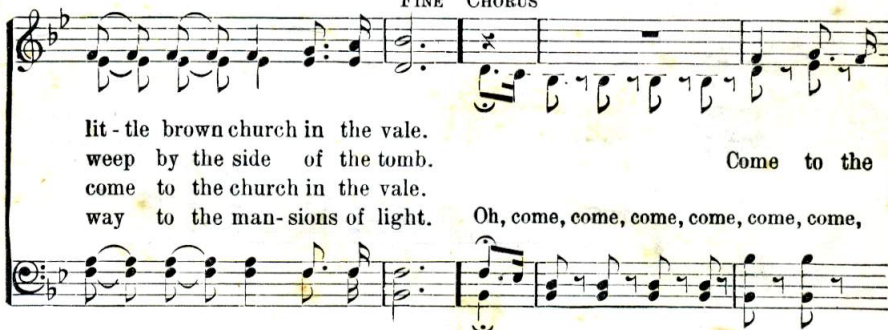
1. There's a church in the val-ley by the wild-wood, No love-li-er
 2. Oh, come to the church in the wild-wood, To the trees where the
 3. How sweet on a clear Sab-bath morn-ing, To list to the
 4. From the church in the val-ley by the wild-wood, When day fades a-



spot in the dale; No place is so dear to my child-hood As the
 wild flow-ers bloom; Where the part-ing hymn will be chant-ed, We will
 clear ring-ing bell; Its tones so sweet-ly are call-ing, Oh,
 way in-to night, I would fain from this spot of my child-hood Wing my

D.S.—No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the

FINE CHORUS



lit-tle brown church in the vale.
 weep by the side of the tomb.
 come to the church in the vale.
 way to the man-sions of light.

Come to the
 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 vale;
 come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come;

D.S.