

THE Hiding Place

The Little Brown Church

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.

Chorus:

*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.*

Oh, come to the church in the wildwood,
To the trees where the wild flowers bloom.
Where the parting hymn will be chanted,
We will weep by the side of the tomb.

Chorus

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

Chorus

From the church in the valley by the wildwood,
When day fades away into night.
I would fain from this spot of my childhood,
Wing my way to the mansions of light.

Chorus