

Beautiful Valley

John Scotford, 1872

Dick Lyon

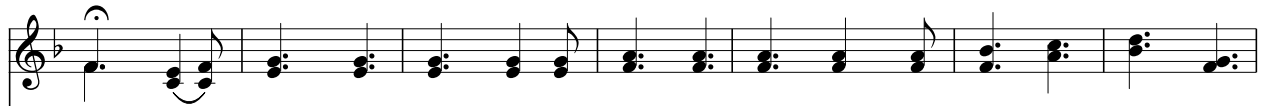
♩=110



1. There's a beau-ti - ful val - ley brought to view, From the place where my feet have
2. This beau-ti - ful val - ley, clad in green, As the bards we - re went to
3. This beau-ti - ful vale is the home of peace, 'Tis Em - an - u - el's land most
4. 'Tis here we'll dwell, in this love - ly vale, While our forms a - re grow-ing



trod, With a crys - tal ri - ver pass-ing through, That flows from the throne of
tell, Is the loveli - est spot that eye hath seen, Where the meek and the low - ly
fair, Whe-re doubts, and fears, and dis - cords cease, For the spir - it of love is
old, A - nd when our mor - tal life shall fail, And in death our hands we



God. On ei - ther side of this love - ly vale Is the tree of life so
dwell; The storms of an - ger and pride that break On the sides of the hills a -
there; And vi - sions bright of a love - lier clime Cheer the hum - ble dwell - ers
fold, We'll meek - ly tre - ad the low - ly path, That the great Re - deem - er



fair, Whose leaves and fruits with the sun's soft beams Breathe health on the balm-y
- bove, When fierce winds w - ar and mount-ains shake, Come not to this vale of
there, And an - gel voic - e - s whis - per, "come, O come to the vale most
trod, And live with Him in our home a - bove, In that ci - ty of our



Refrain

air.
love. O beau - ti - ful val - ley, love - ly val - ley, As
fair." beau-ti-ful val - ley, beau-ti-ful val-ley, love-ly val-ley, love-ly val-ley,
God.

sung by the seer of old, And its won - der-ful ci - ty! love - ly
won-der-ful ci - ty, won-der-ful ci-ty, love-ly ci - ty,

ci - ty, With streets of bur - nished gold.
love-ly ci-ty