Beautiful Valley
Words: John Scotford, 1872
Music: Dick Lyon

There's a beautiful valley brought to view,
From the place where my feet have trod,
With a crystal river passing through,
That flows from the throne of God.
On either side of this lovely vale
Is the tree of life so fair,
Whose leaves and fruits with the sun's soft beams
Breathe health on the balmy air.

Refrain

O beautiful valley, lovely valley,
As sung by the seer of old,
And its wonderful city! lovely city,
With streets of burnished gold.

This beautiful valley, clad in green,
As the bards were wont to tell,
Is the loveliest spot that eye hath seen,
Where the meek and the lowly dwell;
The storms of anger and pride that break
On the sides of the hills above,
When fierce winds war and mountains shake,
Come not to this vale of love.

Refrain

This beautiful vale is the home of peace,
'Tis Emanuel's land most fair,
Where doubts, and fears, and discords cease,
For the spirit of love is there;
And visions bright of a lovelier clime
Cheer the humble dwellers there,
And angel voices whisper, "come,
O come to the vale most fair."

Refrain

'Tis here we'll dwell, in this lovely vale,
While our forms are growing old,
And when our mortal life shall fail,
And in death our hands we fold,
We'll meekly tread the lowly path,
That the great Redeemer trod,
And live with Him in our home above,
In that city of our God.

Refrain