

Blithely from the moated churchyard

R. F. Smith



mf
1. Blithe-ly from the moat-ed church-yard Ring the clear-voiced bells this morn;



5
While a-cross the wav-y land-scape, Far a-way the mists are borne.



9 *cresc.*
Pass a-way, ye clouds of sad-ness, Ev'-ry sel-fish care de-part;
cresc.



13 *f*
Grate-ful tho'ts, and tho'ts of glad-ness, Ring from ev'-ry Chris-tian heart.
f

2. Brightly in the holy chancel
Leafy circles intertwine
Telling how in Blessèd JESUS
Life and strength and joy combine.
As beneath the arch we enter
Welcome words our coming bless,
For in Thee our hopes we centre,
CHRIST, "THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS."

3. In the nave each space is speaking
Of the light which JESUS brought,
Of the freedom and the glory
Which for all the world He wrought.
Wherefore, O ye congregation,
Should your hearths be cold and dumb,
While the walls proclaim Salvation,
And, "Arise, thy LIGHT is come."

4. Listen to the old-new message,
At the Holy Table kneel;
Grudge not, when ye leave the Temple,
To diffuse the warmth ye feel.
Life has time enough for sadness,
Clouds too seldom pass away;
Only love and peace and gladness,
Should be named on Christmas Day.