Blithely from the moated churchyard

1. Blithely from the moated churchyard
   Ring the clear-voiced bells this morn;

While across the wavy landscape,
   Far away the mists are borne.

Pass away, ye clouds of sadness,
   Ev'ry selfish care de part;

Grateful tho'ts, and tho'ts of gladness,
   Ring from ev'ry Christian heart.

2. Brightly in the holy chancel
   Leafy circles intertwine
   Telling how in Blessed 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.

R. F. Smith