

Blithely from the Moated Churchyard

J. E. B., 1894.

R. F. Smith.

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,  
Every selfish care depart;  
Grateful thoughts, and thoughts of gladness,  
Ring from every Christian heart.

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 center,  
Christ, "The Lord our Righteousness."

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 hearts be cold and dumb,  
While the walls proclaim salvation,  
And, "Arise, thy light is come."

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.