

Cliff Richard, November Night

Across the wet November night
The church is bright with candlelight
And waiting Evensong, (2x)
A single bell with plaintive strokes
Pleads louder than the stirring oaks
The leafless lanes along. (2x)

It calls the choirboys from their tea
And villagers, the two or three,
Damp down the kitchen fire (2x)
Let out the cat, and up the lane
Go paddling through the gentle rain
Of misty Oxfordshire (2x)

On country morning sharp and clear
The penitent in faith draw near
And kneeling here below (2x)
Partake the heavenly banquet spread
Of sacramental Wine and Bread
And Jesus' presence know (2x)

And must that plaintive bell in vain
Plead loud along the dripping lane?
And must the building fall? (2x)
Not while we love the church and live
And of our charity will give
Our much, our more, our all (2x)