All Beautiful The March Of Days

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1. All beautiful the march of days, As seasons come and go;
The hand that shaped the rose hath wrought The crystal of the snow;
Hath sent the hoary frost of heav’n, The flowing waters sealed,
And laid a silent loveliness On hill and wood and field.

2. O’er white expanses sparkling pure The radiant morn’s unfold;
The solemn splendors of the night Burn brighter thru the cold;
Life mounts in ev’ry throb-bing vein, Love deepens round the hearth,
And clearer sounds the angel-hymn, “Good-will to men on earth.”

3. O Thou from whose unfathomed law The year in beauty flows,
Thy self the vision passing by In crystal and in rose,
Day unto day doth utter speech, And night to night proclaim,
In ever-changing words of light, The wonder of Thy name. Amen.

Words: Frances Whitmarsh Wile (1878)
Music: Frederick H. Cheeswright (1889)