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 loneliness On hill and wood and field.

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

3. O Thou from whose unnumbered law The year in beauty flows,
Thyself the vision passing by In crystal and in rose,
Day unto day doth utter speech, And night to night proclaim,