

All Beautiful the March of Days

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FRANCES WHITMARSH WILE (1878-1912)

FREDERICK H. CHEESWRIGHT, 1889



1. All beau - ti - ful the march of days, As sea - sons come and go;
2. O'er white ex - pan - ses spar - kling pure The ra - diant morns un - fold;
3. O Thou from whose un - fath-omed law The year in beau - ty flows,



The hand that shaped the rose hath wrought The crys - tal of the snow,
The sol - emn splen - dors of the night Burn bright - er through the cold;
Thy - self the vi - sion pass - ing by In crys - tal and in rose,



Hath sent the hoar - y frost of heaven, The flow - ing wa - ters sealed,
Life mounts in ev - ery thro - bing vein, Love deep - ens round the hearth,
Day un - to day doth ut - ter speech, And night to night pro - claim,



And laid a si - lent love - li - ness On hill and wood and field.
And clear - er sounds the an - gel hymn, 'Good will to men on earth.'
In ev - er - chang - ing words of light, The won - der of Thy name.

