

Hymn Lyrics

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All beautiful the march of days

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 heaven,
the flowing waters sealed,
and laid a silent loveliness
on hill and wood and field.

O'er white expanses sparkling pure
the radiant morns unfold;
the solemn splendors of the night
burn brighter through the cold;
life mounts in every throbbing vein,
love deepens round the hearth,
and clearer sounds the angel hymn,
'Good-will to men on earth

O thou from whose unfathomed 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,
in ever-changing words of light,
the wonder of thy Name.

Frances W. Wile (1878-1939), 1912