

All Beautiful the March of Days

Frances Wile, 1912.

English melody.

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.

O'er white expanses sparkling pure the radiant morns unfold;  
The solemn splendors of the night burn brighter than 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.