

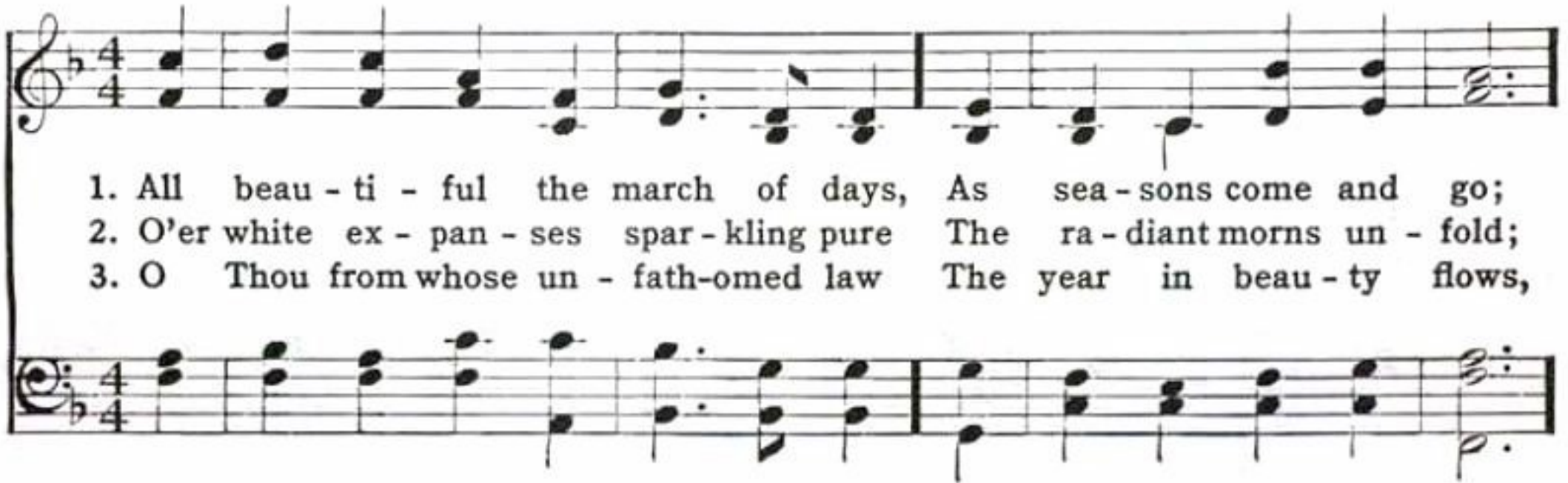
94

All Beautiful the March of Days

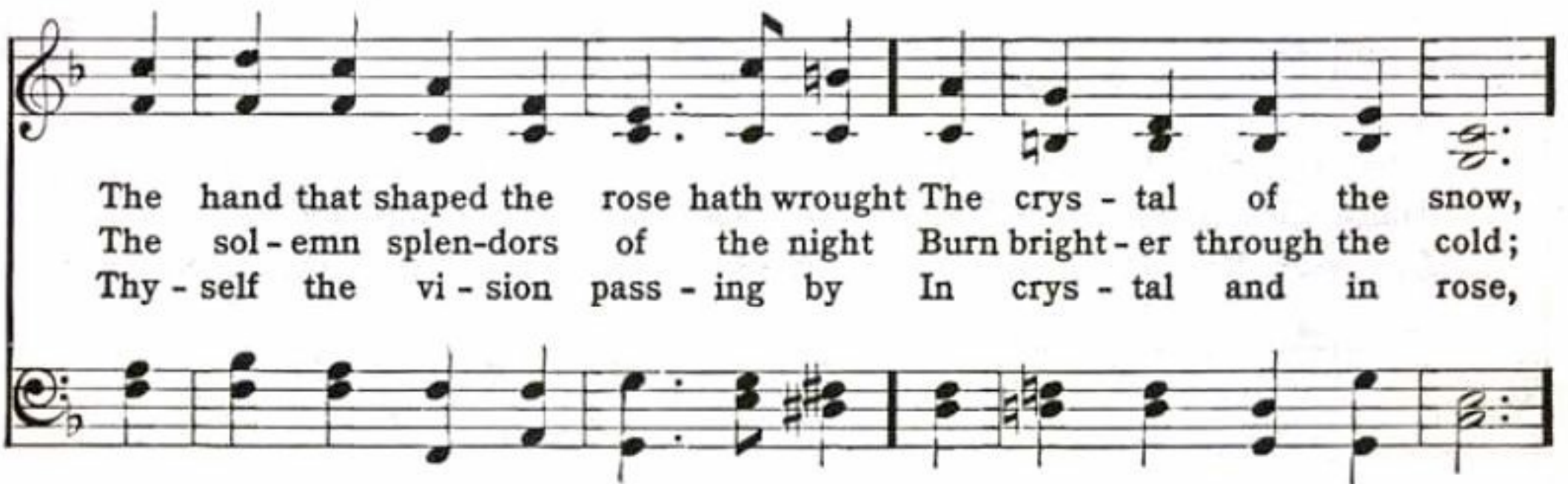
Shackelford. C.M.D.

FRANCES WHITMARSH WILE (1878-1912)

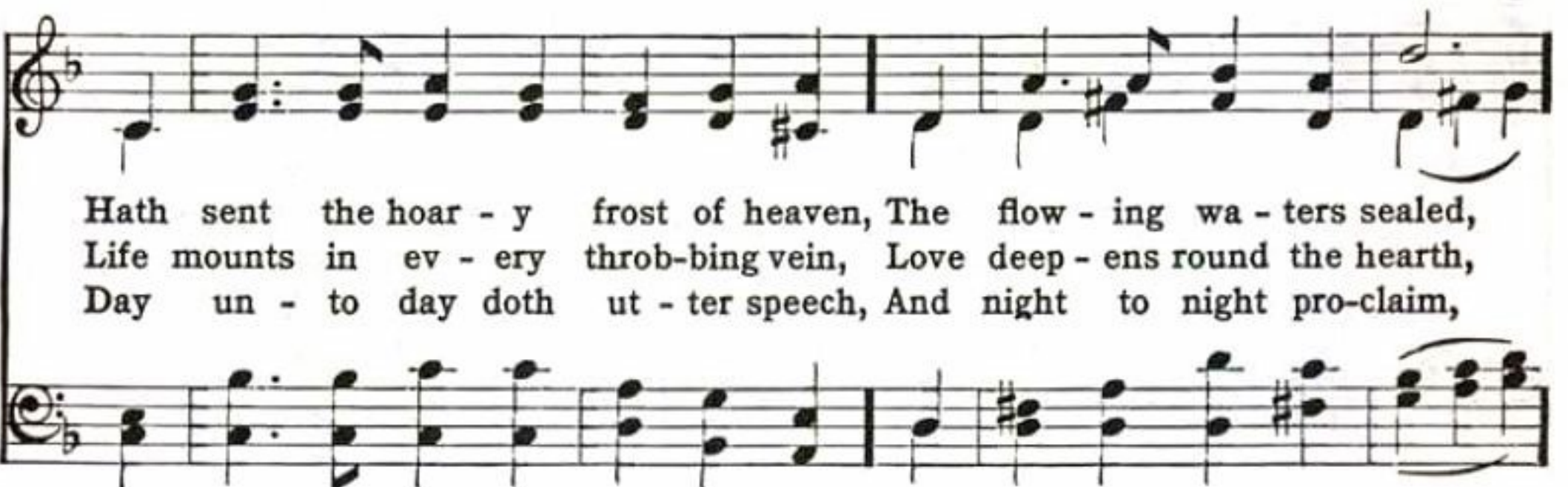
FREDERICK H. CHEESWRIGHT, 1889



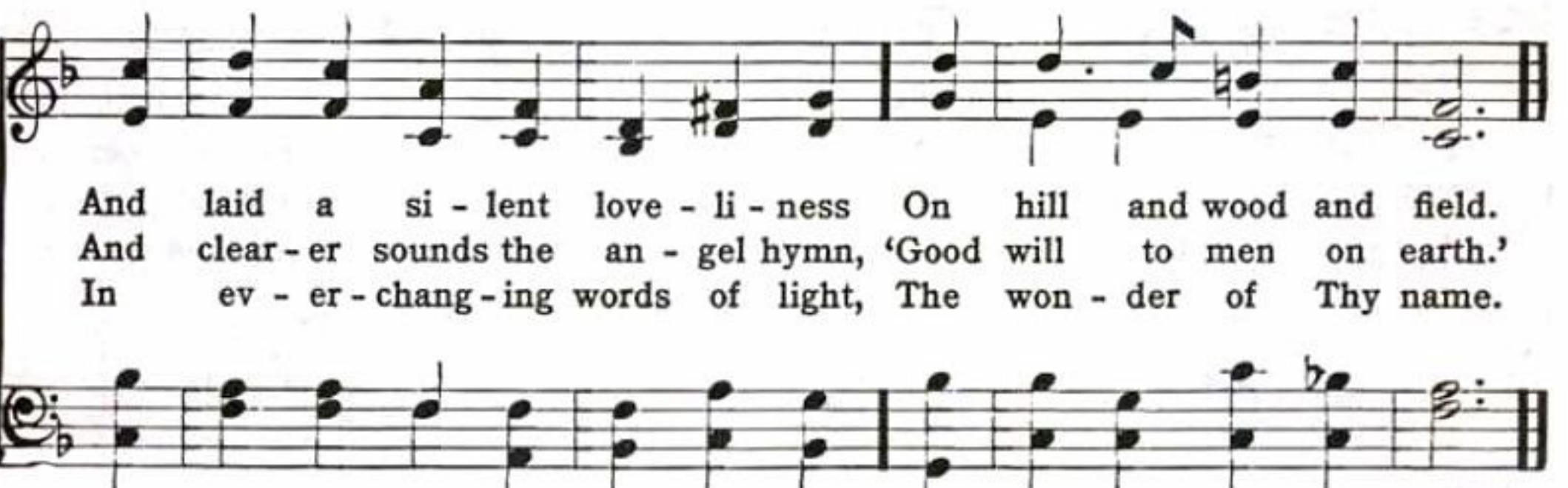
1. All beau - ti - ful the march of days, As sea - sons come and go;
 2. O'er white ex - pan - ses spar - kling pure The ra - diant morns un - fold;
 3. O Thou from whose un - fath-omed law The year in beau - ty flows,



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 throb - 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.