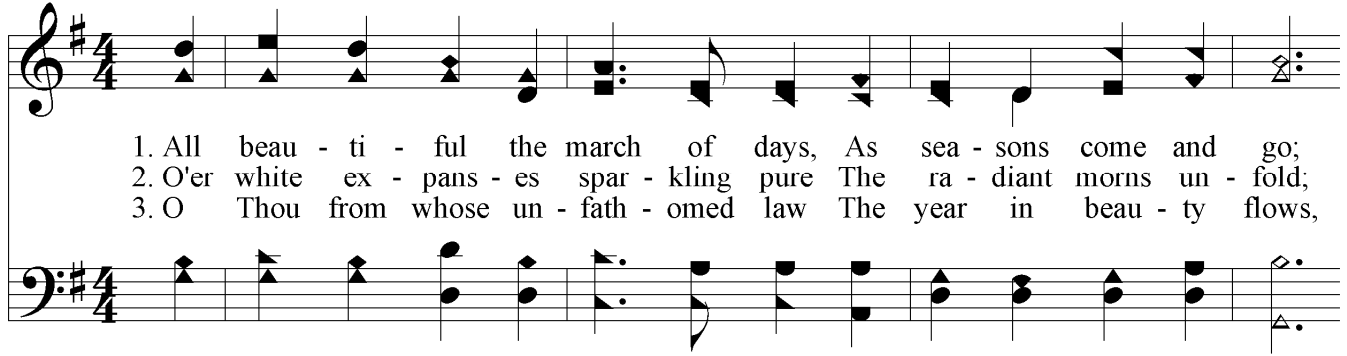
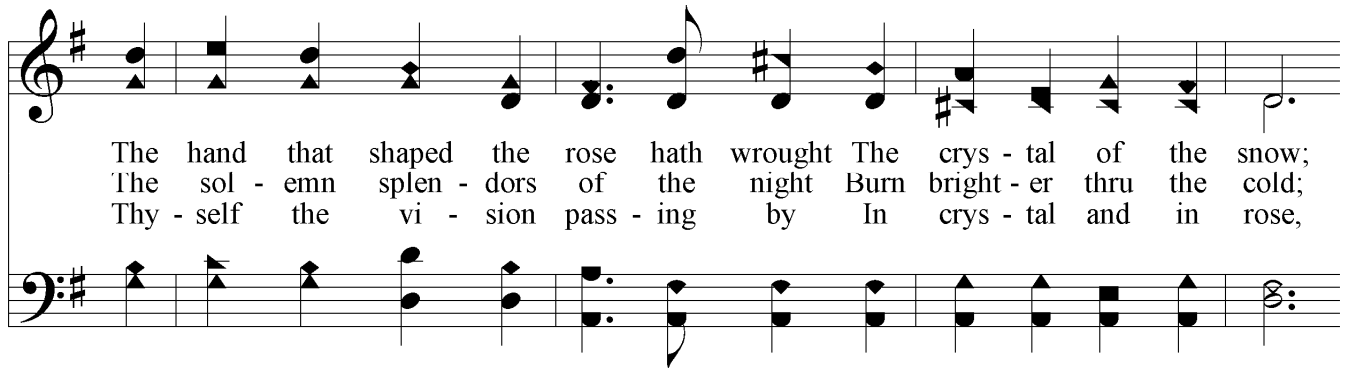


# All Beautiful The March Of Days

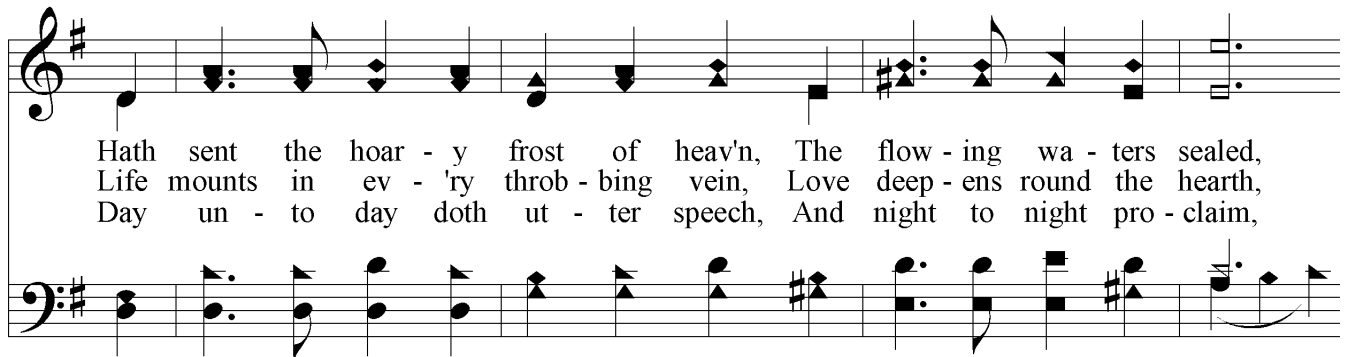
SHACKELFORD C. M. D.



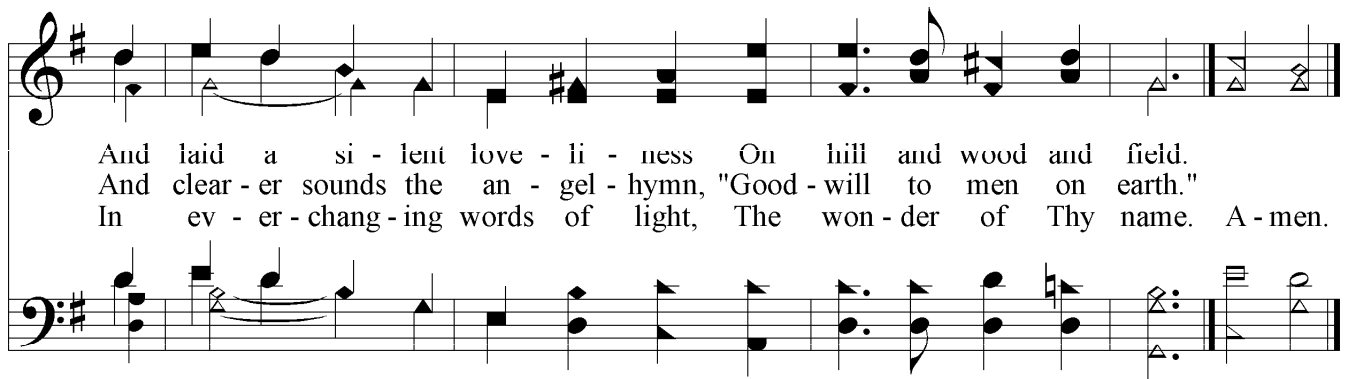
1. All beau - ti - ful the march of days, As sea - sons come and go;  
2. O'er white ex - pans - es spar - kling pure The ra - diant morns un - fold;  
3. O Thou from whose un - fath - omed law The year in beau - ty flows,



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 thru the cold;  
Thy - self the vi - sion pass - ing by In crys - tal and in rose,



Hath sent the hoar - y frost of heav'n, The flow - ing wa - ters sealed,  
Life mounts in ev - 'ry throbb - ing 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. A - men.