

Natalie Sleeth, 1985

Unison

1 In the bulb there is a flow - er; in the seed, an ap - ple tree;
 2 There's a song in ev - ery si - lence, seek - ing word and mel - o - dy;
 3 In our end is our be - gin - ning; in our time, in - fin - i - ty;

in co - coons, a hid - den prom - ise: but - ter - flies will soon be free!
 there's a dawn for ev - ery dark - ness, bring - ing hope to you and me.
 in our doubt there is be - liev - ing; in our life, e - ter - ni - ty.

In the cold and snow of win - ter there's a spring that waits to be,
 From the past will come the fu - ture; what it holds, a mys - ter - y,
 In our death, a res - ur - rec - tion; at the last, a vic - to - ry,

un - re - vealed un - til its sea - son, some - thing God a - lone can see.
 un - re - vealed un - til its sea - son, some - thing God a - lone can see.
 un - re - vealed un - til its sea - son, some - thing God a - lone can see.

Natalie Sleeth composed her "Hymn of Promise" first as a choral anthem and then adapted it to this version for congregational singing. It was dedicated to her husband, Ronald Sleeth, who died shortly after she completed it.

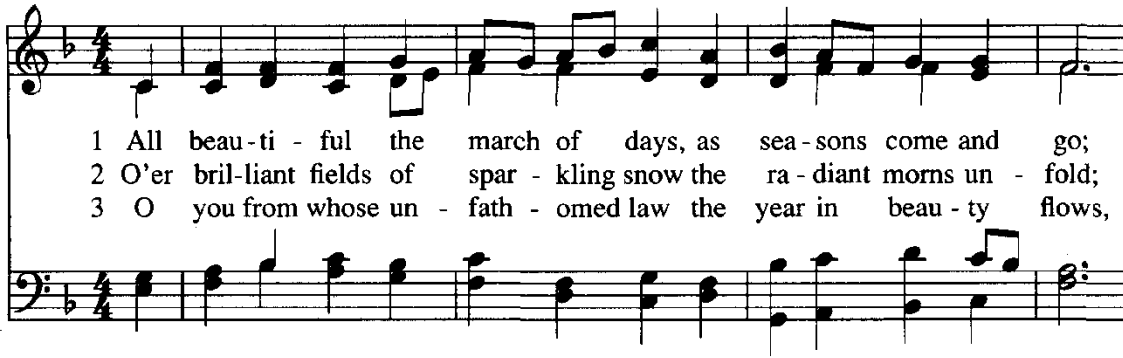
Tune: PROMISE 8.7.8.7.D.
 Natalie Sleeth, 1985

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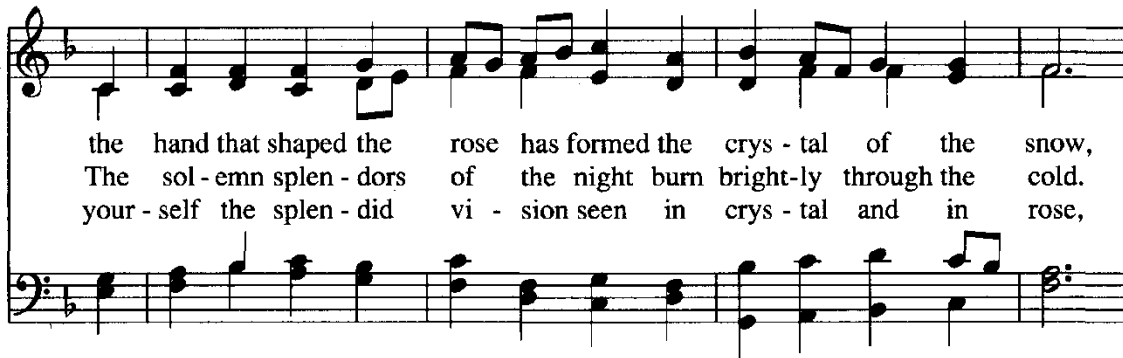
All Beautiful the March of Days

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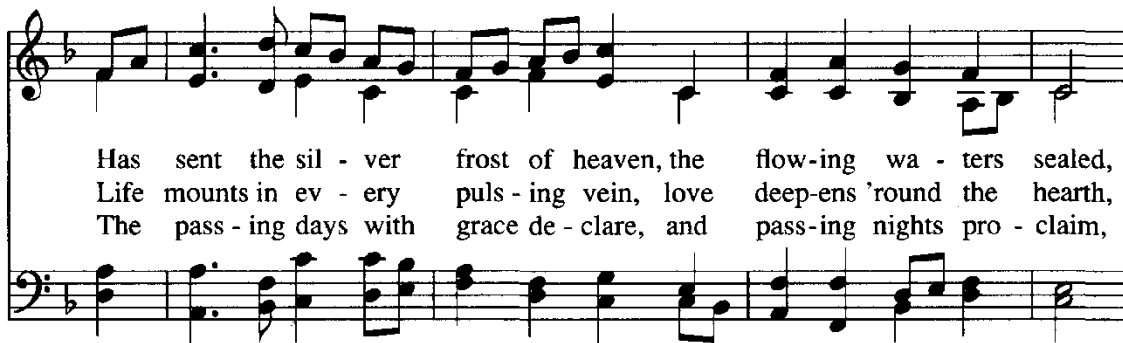
Frances W. Wile, 1910; alt.



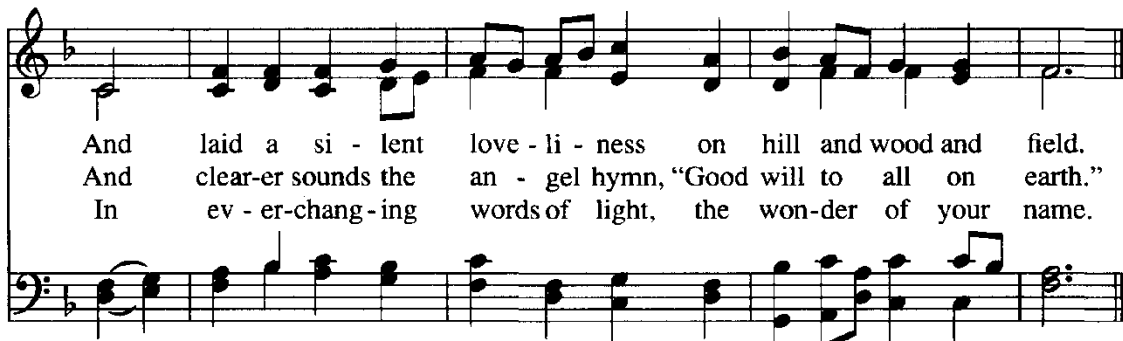
1 All beau-ti - ful the march of days, as sea - sons come and go;
2 O'er bril-liant fields of spar - kling snow the ra - diant morn - ing fold;
3 O you from whose un - fath - omed law the year in beau - ty flows,



the hand that shaped the rose has formed the crys - tal of the snow,
The sol - emn splen - dors of the night burn bright - ly through the cold.
your - self the splen - did vi - sion seen in crys - tal and in rose,



Has sent the sil - ver frost of heaven, the flow - ing wa - ters sealed,
Life mounts in ev - ery puls - ing vein, love deep - ens 'round the hearth,
The pass - ing days with grace de - clare, and pass - ing nights 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 all on earth."
In ev - er - chang - ing words of light, the won - der of your name.

Frances Wile wrote this hymn extolling the beauty of winter at the suggestion of her pastor, William Gannett, and Frederick Hosmer, both of whom were hymnwriters.

Tune: FOREST GREEN C.M.D.
Traditional English melody
Harm. Ralph Vaughan Williams, 1906

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