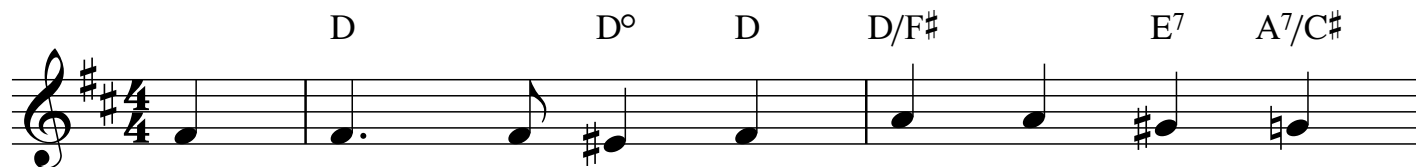


Dear Lord And Father Of Mankind

John G. Whittier

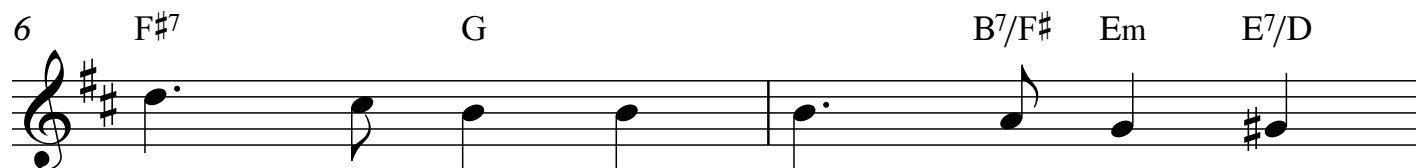
Frederick Charles Maker



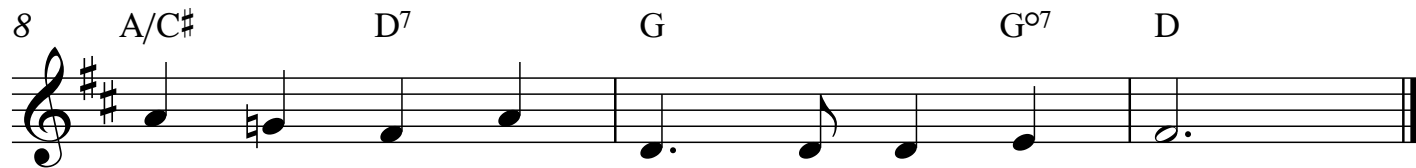
Dear Lord and Fa - ther of man - kind, For -
In sim - ple trust like theirs who heard, Be -
O Sab - bath rest by Gal - i - lee, O
Drop Thy still dews of qui - et - ness, Till
Breathe through the heats of our de - sire, Thy



give our fool - ish ways; Re - clothe us in our
side the Syr - ian sea, The gra - cious call - ing
calm of hills a - bove, Where Je - sus knelt to
all our striv - ings cease; Take from our souls the
cool - ness and Thy balm; Let sense be dumb, let



right - ful mind, In pur - er lives Thy
of the Lord, Let us, like them, with -
share with Thee The si - lence of e -
strain and stress, And let our or - dered
flesh re - tire; Speak through the earth - quake,



ser - vice find, In deep - er rev - erence, praise.
out a word Rise up and fol - low Thee.
ter - ni - ty, In - ter - pret - ed by love!
lives con - fess The beau - ty of Thy peace.
wind and fire, O still, small voice of calm!