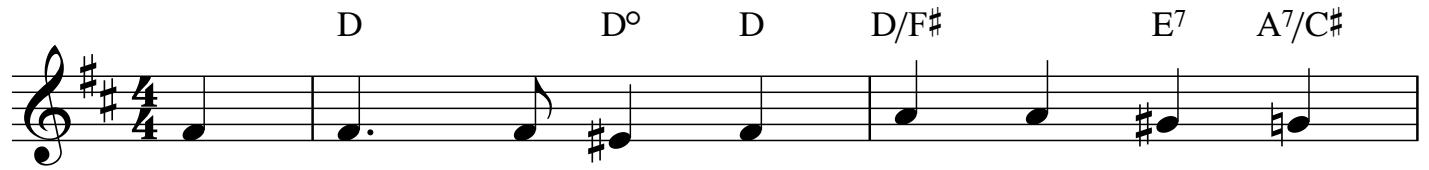


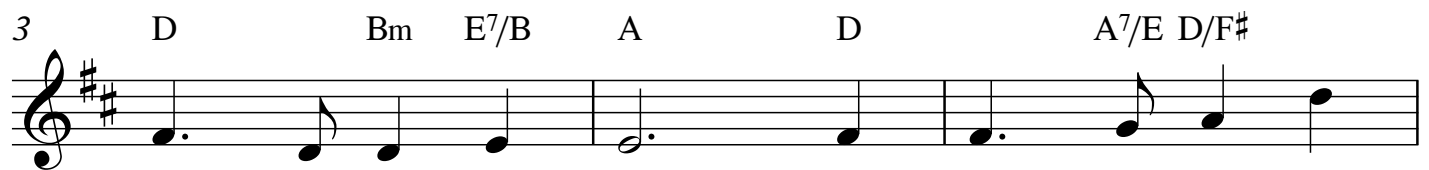
# Dear Lord And Father Of Mankind

John G. Whittier

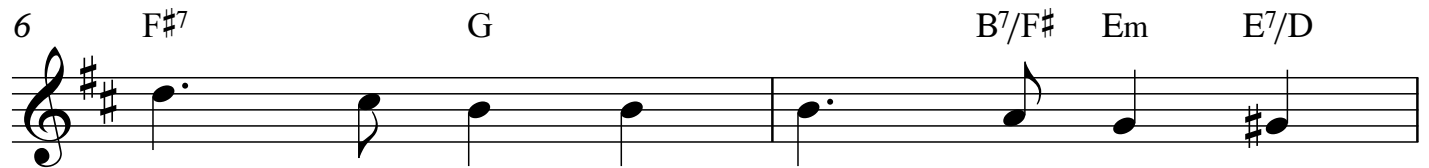
Frederick Charles Maker



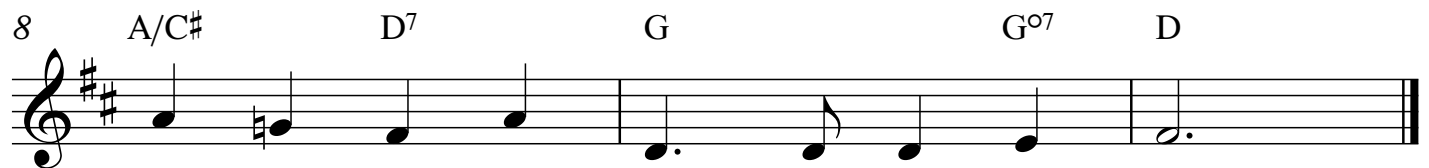
Dear Lord and Fa - ther of man - kind, For -  
In sim - ple trust like theirs who heard, Be -  
O Sab - bath rest by Gal - i - lee, O  
Drop Thy still dews of qui - et - ness, Till  
Breathe through the heats of our de - sire, Thy



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!