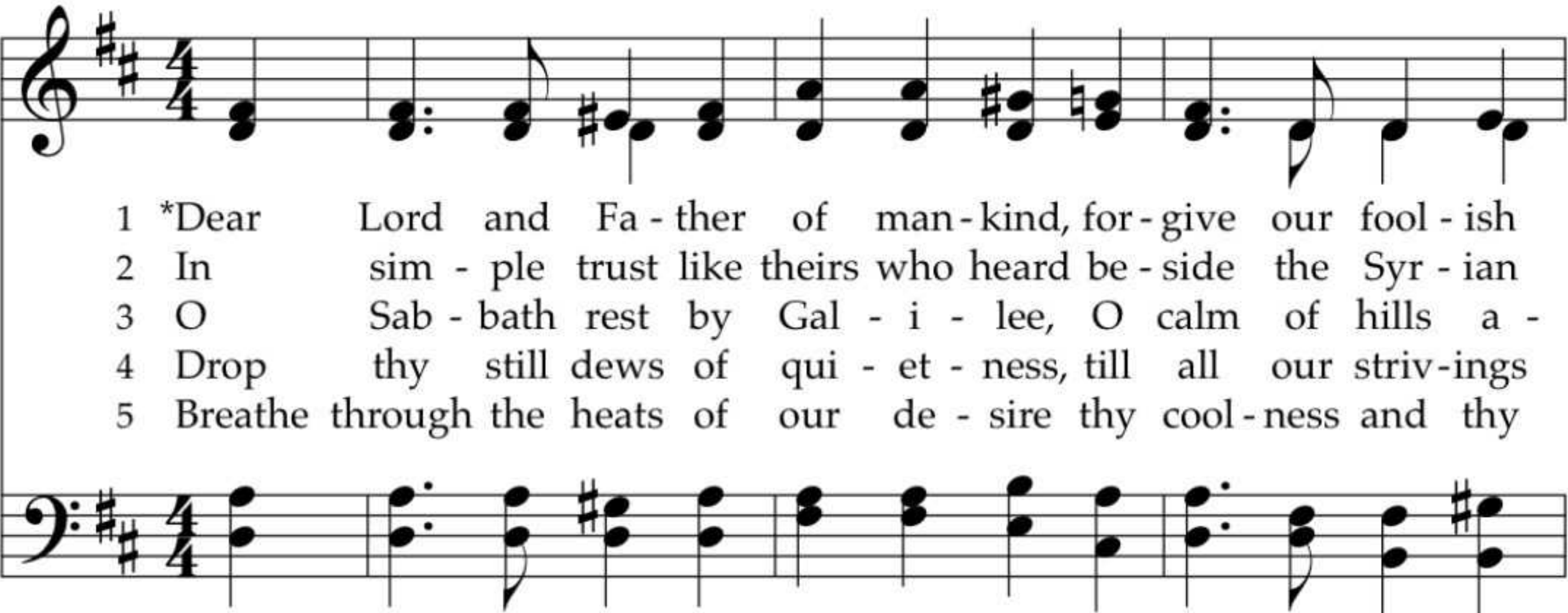
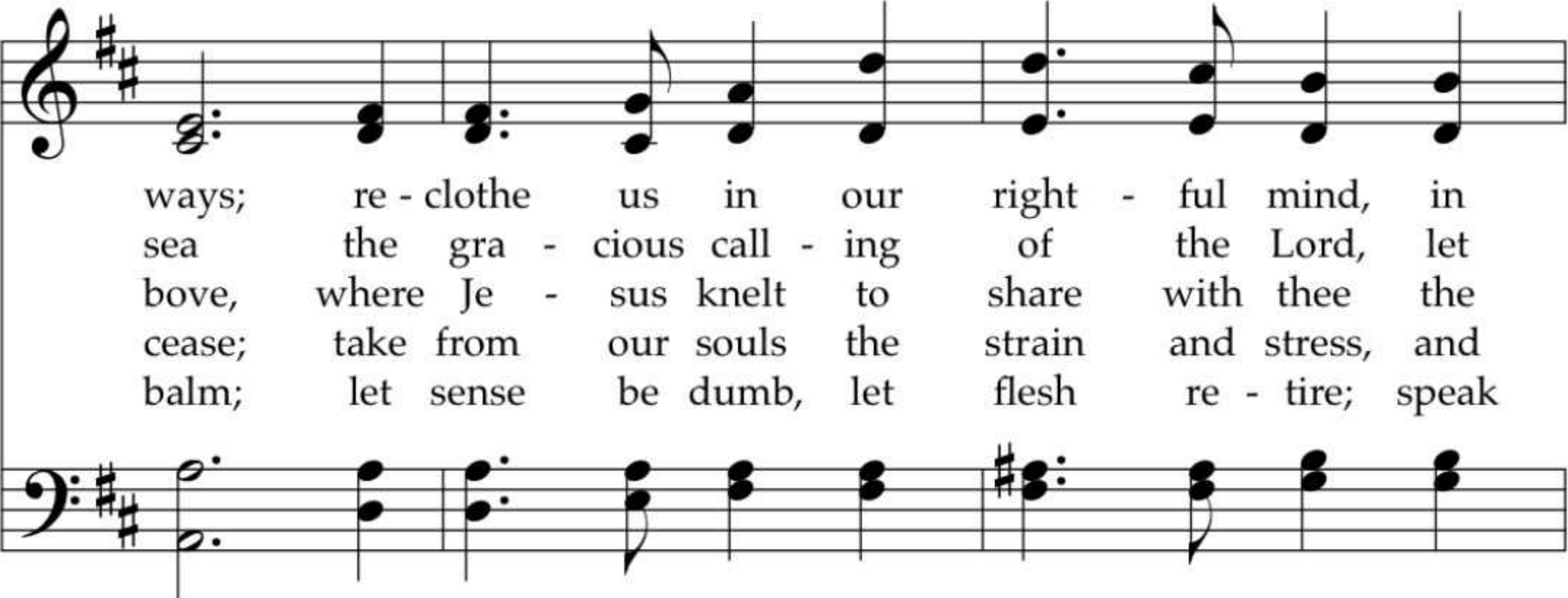


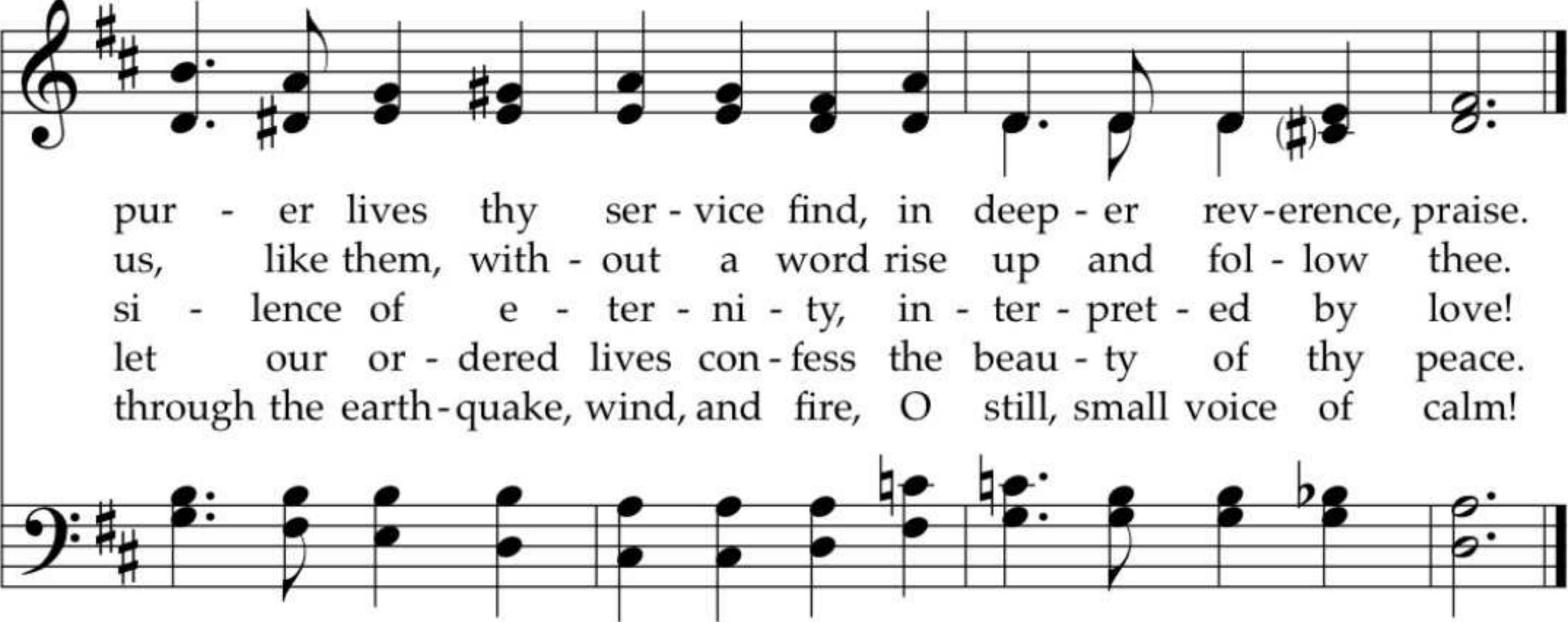
169 Dear Lord and Father of Mankind



1 *Dear Lord and Fa - ther of man - kind, for - give our fool - ish
2 In sim - ple trust like theirs who heard be - side the Syr - ian
3 O Sab - bath rest by Gal - i - lee, O calm of hills a -
4 Drop thy still dews of qui - et - ness, till all our striv - ings
5 Breathe through the heats of our de - sire thy cool - ness and thy



ways; re - clothe us in our right - ful mind, in
sea the gra - cious call - ing of the Lord, let
bove, where Je - sus knelt to share with thee the
cease; take from our souls the strain and stress, and
balm; let sense be dumb, let flesh re - tire; speak



pur - er lives thy ser - vice find, in deep - er rev - erence, praise.
us, like them, with - out a word rise up and fol - low thee.
si - lence of e - ter - ni - ty, in - ter - pret - ed by love!
let our or - dered lives con - fess the beau - ty of thy peace.
through the earth - quake, wind, and fire, O still, small voice of calm!

*Or "Dear Lord, Creator good and kind"

These stanzas were carved into a hymn from a much longer poem describing a frenzied ritual by an obscure sect in India, but they culminate in a reference to 1 Kings 19:11–12 that celebrates silence (as befits a Quaker poet). This tune was created especially for these words.