

# Dear Lord, And Father

John Greenleaf Whittier



1. Dear Lord and Fa - ther of man-kind, for
2. *In sim - ple trust like theirs who heard, be -*
3. O sab - bath rest by Ga - li - lee, O
4. *Drop thy still dew's of qui - et - ness, till*
5. 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 - er - ence,  
out a word, rise up and fol - low -  
ter - ni - ty, in - ter - pret - ed by -  
lives con - fess, the beau - ty of thy -  
wind, and fire, O still, small voice of -



- In deep - er rev - erence praise.  
Thee, Rise up, and fol - low Thee.  
love, In - ter - pret - ed by love.  
peace, The beau - ty of thy peace.  
calm, O still small voice of calm.