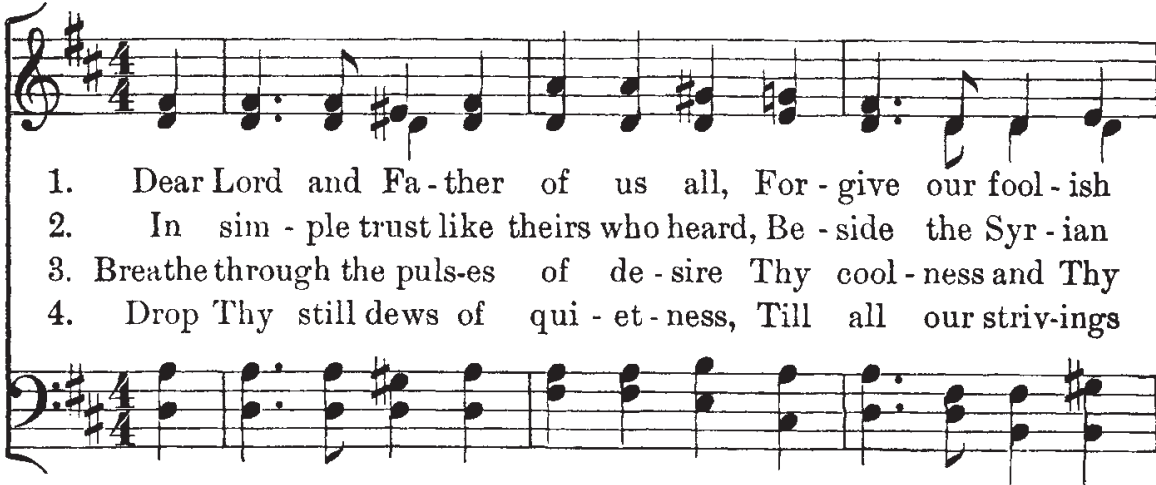


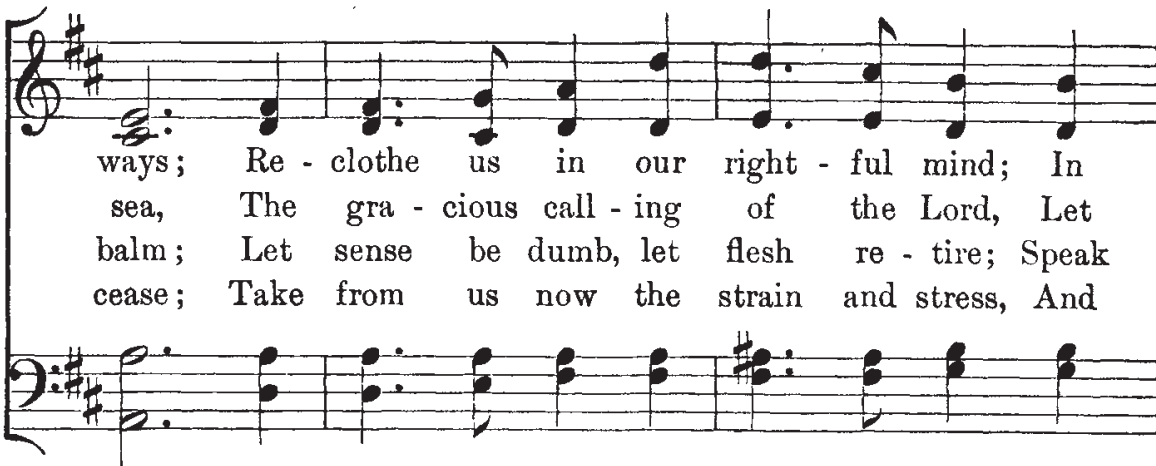
REST 86.886.

FREDERICK C. MAKER

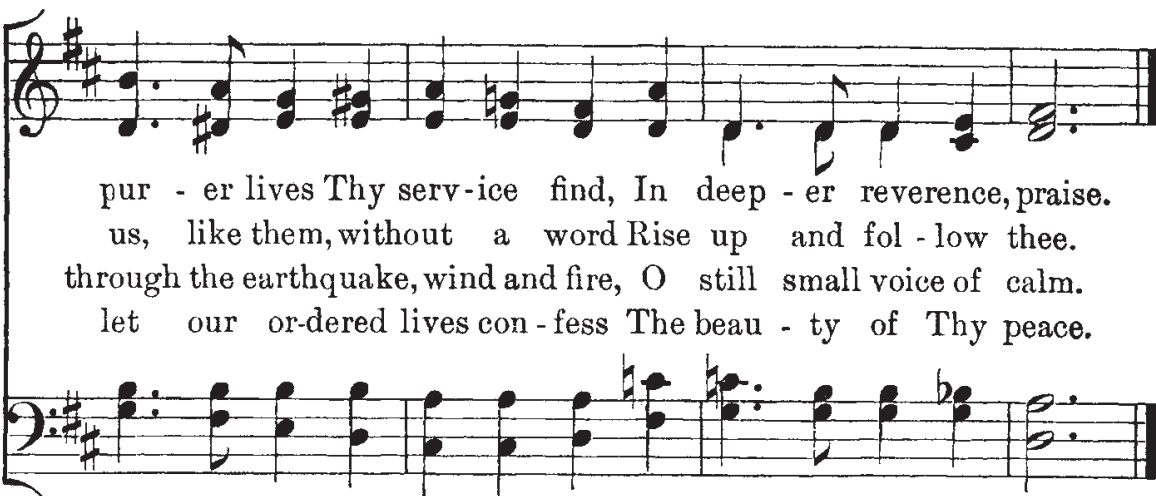
JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER*



1. Dear Lord and Fa-ther of us all, For-give our fool-ish
 2. In sim-ple trust like theirs who heard, Be-side the Syr-ian
 3. Breathe through the puls-es of de-sire Thy cool-ness and Thy
 4. Drop Thy still dews of qui-et-ness, Till all our striv-ings



ways; Re-clothe us in our right-ful mind; In
 sea, The gra-cious call-ing of the Lord, Let
 balm; Let sense be dumb, let flesh re-tire; Speak
 cease; Take from us now the strain and stress, And



pur-er lives Thy serv-ice find, In deep-er reverence, praise.
 us, like them, without a word Rise up and fol-low thee.
 through the earthquake, wind and fire, O still small voice of calm.
 let our or-dered lives con-fess The beau-ty of Thy peace.