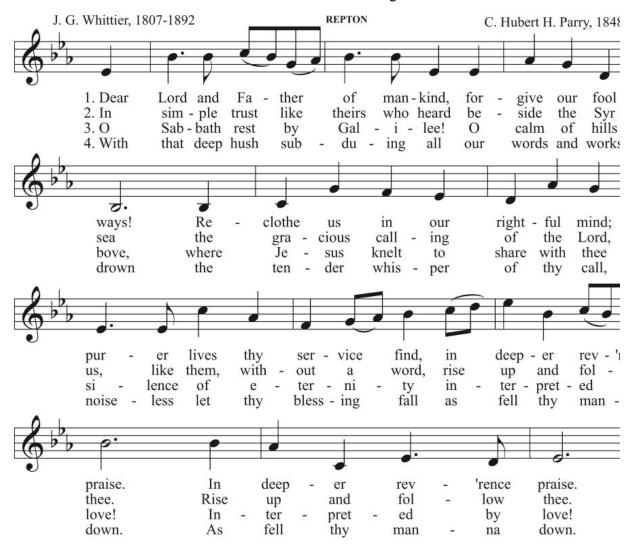
Dear Lord and Father of Mankind



- 5. Drop thy still dews of quietness,
 Till all our strivings cease;
 Take from our souls the strain and stress
- 6. Breathe through the heats of our desire Thy coolness and thy balm;

 Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire: