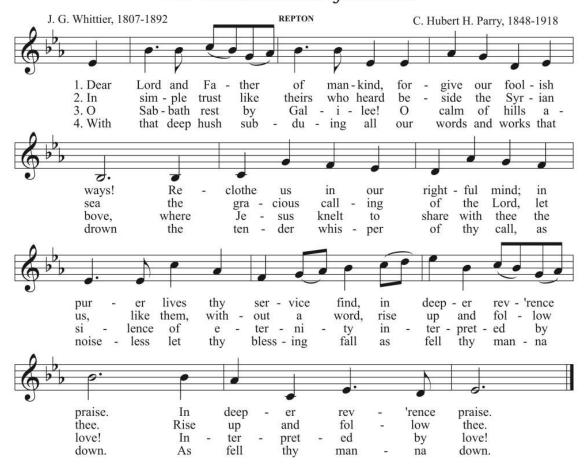
## Dear Lord and Father of Mankind



- 5. Drop thy still dews of quietness,
  Till all our strivings cease;
  Take from our souls the strain and stress,
  And let our ordered lives confess
  The beauty of thy peace,
  The beauty of thy peace.
- 6. Breathe through the heats of our desire
  Thy coolness and thy balm;
  Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
  Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
  O still, small voice of calm;
  O still, small voice of calm!