

Dear Lord and Father of mankind

Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
forgive our foolish ways:
re clothe us in our rightful mind;
in purer lives your service find,
in deeper reverence praise,
in deeper reverence praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard,
beside the Syrian sea,
the gracious calling of the Lord
let us, like them, obey his word:
'Rise up and follow me,
rise up and follow me!'

Drop your 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 your peace,
the beauty of your peace.

Breathe through the heats of our desire
your coolness and your 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!

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Words by John G. Wittier

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