

Dear Lord And Father Of Mankind-Ira Sankey

Dear Lord And Father Of Mankind,  
Forgive Our Foolish Ways;  
Reclothe Us In Our Rightful Mind;  
In Purer Lives Thy Service Find,  
In Deeper Rev'rence, Praise.

In Simple Trust Like Theirs Who  
Heard,  
Beside The Syrian Sea,  
The Gracious Calling Of The Lord,  
Let Us, Like Them, Without A Word  
Rise Up And Follow Thee.

O Sabbath Rest In Galilee!  
O Calm Of Hills Above,  
Where Jesus Knelt To Share With  
Thee  
The Silence Of Eternity,  
Interpreted By Love.

With That Deep Hush Subduing All  
Our Words And Works That Drown  
The Tender Whisper Of Thy Call,  
As Noiseless Let Thy Blessing Fall  
As Fell Thy Manna Down.

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.

Breathe Thro' The Heats Of Our  
Desire  
Thy Coolness And Thy Balm;  
Let Sense Be Dumb, Let Flesh Retire;  
Speak Thro' The Eartquake, Wind  
And Fire,  
O Still Small Voice Of Calm.