

vv. 1-2

1 Dear Lord and Fa - ther of man - kind, for - give our fool - ish
 2 In sim - ple trust like theirs who heard, be - side the Syr - ian
 3 O Sab - bath rest by Gal - i - lee! O calm of hills a -
 4 Drop thy still dews of qui - et - ness, till all our striv - ings
 5 Breathe through the heats of our de - sire thy cool - ness and thy

1 ways! Re - clothe us in our right - ful mind, in
 2 sea, the gra - cious call - ing of the Lord, let
 3 bove, where Je - sus knelt to share with thee the
 4 cease; take from our souls the strain and stress, and
 5 balm; let sense be dumb, let flesh re - tire; speak

1 pur - er lives thy ser - vice find, in deep - er rev - erence, praise.
 2 us, like them, with - out a word, rise up and fol - low thee.
 3 si - lence of e - ter - ni - ty in - ter - pret - ed by love!
 4 let our or - dered lives con - fess the beau - ty of thy peace.
 5 through the earth - quake, wind, and fire, O still, small voice of calm.

Alternative tune: *Repton*, 653.

Words: John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-1892), alt.
 Music: *Rest*, Frederick Charles Maker (1844-1927)

Verse 1

1. Bless-ed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! — O what a
 2. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, per - fect de - light, — Vi - sions of
 3. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest, — I in my

1. fore - taste of glo - ry di - vine! — Heir of sal - va - tion, pur - chase of
 2. rap - ture now burst on my sight; — An - gels de - scend - ing, bring from a -
 3. sav - ior am hap - py and blest; — Watch - ing and wait - ing, look - ing a -

1. God, — Born of His spir - it, washed in His blood. —
 2. bove — Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis - pers of love. —
 3. bove, — Filled with His good - ness, lost in His love. —

This is my sto - ry, this is my song, — Prais - ing my

sav - ior all the day long; — This is my sto - ry, this is my

song, — Prais - ing my sav - ior all the day long. —