How Shall We Answer Terror’s Cry?

Richard W. Adams, 2001
John Bacchus Dykes, 1860

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1. How shall we answer terror’s cry, The cunning blade, the
    flaming sky? When murderous spite knocks down our door And
    violence breaks upon our shore, O let us come and look to You To
    know Your will—what shall we do?

2. When Satan whispers, “Hate your foe, Now take your vengeance—
    draw the bow,” Protect us from the tempter’s guile, The
    lying voice, the evil smile. O let us come in trust to You, To
    heard the word we know is true.

3. When executioners hung You high You turned Your prayer up
    to the sky, And pled the Father to forgive, You
    asked that cruel men might live. O let us Your example take, And
    pray for sinners as we ache.

4. We pray that You their hearts will turn; And light a holy
    fire to burn Their dross away, so they may be Like
    gold refined, eternally. O let us pray that they become, Like
    us, with You forever one.