

MARTYR'S PRAYER

As we watch Your love-works put to flame
By the lies that fire their frenzied thought,
May the will by which their wills are caught
Not succeed to draw our souls to blame
Either raging heart or sinful hand
Lifting us to glory You have planned.
Snubbing hell and its eternal shame,
May we rather choose Your loving cue:
“Father, pardon what these blinded do!”

As we bid farewell with grief and tears
To the rich foundations they destroy,
Take as hostage efforts they employ,
Mingling them with ashes from our years
And with seed sown from our sacrifice.
Turn their fiery hatred into ice!
Quench with godly faith their godless fears,
As we pray Your Passion-fire anew:
“Father, pardon what these blinded do!”

When they see, by light of what they've burned,
They were fools to follow Satan's schemes;
When Your grace of understanding gleams
On the precious Gospel they have spurned;
Then enlist their souls, as You have ours,
To restore what now the devil mars.
When they're captured by the truth they've learned,
Bless their faith with our last words to You:
“Father, pardon what these blinded do!”

— *David L. Hatton, 6/29/1999*