No More Drones

1. God, we gather in your presence, bold to claim You as our own.
2. With no chance to cry "surrender!", trial and charges both unknown.
3. We destroy a town to save it. "War is just," we may in tone.
4. As we strive to learn your Wisdom, give us some Rosetta Stone,

Teach us all humanity rests in Your arms, not we alone.
Ex ecutioner, judge, jury, all in one: a "kill list" grown.
Are we arrogant? Self-righteous? Are we numb to war's brimstone?
That Your grace and Your compassion to all people are made known.

How can we call innocent life lost from actions we condone
Then guilt by as sociation renders hearth and home "war zone,"
Help us challenge our ascriptions, for less sacred thoughts a tone,
"Prince of Peace" and "love your neighbor": seeds of love more justly sown

Both "collateral" and "damage" when extinguished by a drone?
With the verdict and the sentence both delivered by a drone.
As we act and pray unceasing to retire each battle drone.
Than the horror, death and carnage all delivered by a drone.

Words © 2013 Doug Norton    Tune: Beach Spring, The Sacred Harp, 1844
Harmonization: The New Century Hymnal, 1992
Verses 1-3: melody and drone on F only; verse 4: all melody or 4-part harmony