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**SONGS OF THE EVANGEL**  
**By Evangeline Booth**

Published By  
The Salvation Army  
120-130 W. Fourteenth Street  
New York, New York

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By Evangeline Booth

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## INTRODUCTION TO THIS DIGITAL EDITION

The 24 songs by Evangeline Booth, the words of which are in this publication, are audio recorded as MIDIs by Dorothea Maxey and may be heard by playing "Songs Of The Evangel 01.pps" and "Songs Of The Evangel 02.pps" found on the HDM Power Point CD. The former includes the first 12 songs, the latter the last 12 songs. Thus, using Microsoft Power Point Viewer, the reader of this file can also hear the actual melodies with these two visual-audio Power Point files. However, only part of the songbook text is found in these PPS files. This digital, literary publication presents no music, but does include most all of the text found in the songbook, including words to the songs and words of comment by Evangeline Booth relative to various songs. Also, whereas the Power Point files use only the book-cover graphic, this publication includes all of the pictures in the printed songbook. I have made reference in the text below concerning the names and location of these graphics on the HDM disc. Together with "Songs Of The Evangel 01.pps" and "Songs Of The Evangel 02.pps," this publication will give the reader and user both edifying reading and inspiring listening -- both printed concepts and audio concerts of the 24 songs of Evangeline Booth. About the only thing lacking will be the sheet music that appeared in the printed songbook. -- DVM

\* \* \* \* \*

## FOREWORD

[HDM2371a.jpg shows a picture of the cover of this songbook. HDM2371b.jpg appeared at this point in the songbook. Both of these graphics are located in the Graphics folder for this publication.]

The Song Of The Evangel is the song of victory, of victory over sin and shame, over sorrow and suffering; the victory of God's redemption, which transmutes the groans of bondage and the laments of life into paeans of adoring praise.

Moses and the Children of Israel sang the first evangel song when for them Jehovah had triumphed gloriously, engulfing Egyptian horse and rider in the sea.

Deborah sang another song after the stars in their courses had fought against Sisera and Barak had led captivity captive. Then onward through Scripture the music of song swells into the last five hallelujah Psalms that celebrate the glorious majesty of God's Kingdom, praising Him with trumpet, with psaltery and harp, with timbrel and dance, with stringed instruments and organs, with loud cymbals, with high-sounding cymbals, until everything that hath breath is heard to sing; and always this ever-swelling music is but the prelude to the everlasting song, the song of Moses and the Lamb, that shall yet fill earth and Heaven with a rolling harmony like the sound of many waters and like the voice of harpers harping with their harps.

The Song of the Evangel is the glad song of the soul, like unto that of the meadow-lark caroling upward to the sky; the song of the fool, who in his heart hath said there is no God, is the crackling of thorns under a pot, vibrating in endless discord.

Some of the songs in this little book perpetuate the memory of bygone years, memory of souls redeemed, trooping out of darkness into light; others were written during days of convalescence after a long and serious illness.

They are songs of the heart, of a heart long since given to God, a heart redeemed and filled with adoring wonder, a heart in which there is a surging desire to bring the Saviour's love, the Saviour's mercy, the Saviour's redeeming power, athwart the footsteps of a lost and descending world.

They are sent forth in the banded hope of the indestructible bond between those of us who as pilgrims of night sing as we travel toward the dayspring from on high.

They are dedicated to God and to His blessed service, with a prayer that they may enrich the worship of those who will come to know them, and bring the believer into fuller fellowship with Christ; that, winged by His Spirit, they may find their way into dark and hidden places, into sorrowful and stricken homes, an evangel of hope and of Heaven, and of pardon and of peace.

Evangeline Booth  
Commander

\* \* \* \* \*

## 01 -- FLING WIDE THE GATES

[The Musical Score And Words Of "Fling Wide The Gates" Appeared Here In The Songbook.

The MIDI recording of this song is found on the HDM Power Point CD in the "Songs Of The Evangel 01.pps file. HDM2371c.jpg also appeared near this point in the song-book. You will find this picture in the Graphics folder for this publication. Directly below are the comments of Evangeline Booth accompanying the song and picture.]

After twelve long years, I seldom can look upon our Founder's picture but through the mist of tears. The glories of his character, the immensity of his vision, the largeness of his faith

in God for man, and the unspeakable tenderness of his father heart -- all these are portrayed in his face. What his passing meant to suffering, sinning humanity the world may know; but the unutterable emptiness of life without him to me, none can understand!

It was in the early months following his promotion to the skies that one dark, sad day I shut myself in alone with that picture in all the poignant realization of my loss. With straining eyes I strove to follow that magnificent spirit as it soared toward a better and brighter world. Suddenly there seemed to throb around me the music of celestial spheres in a tumult of welcome and reward. I fancied I could see my father at his finest and best, stepping forward to meet on the threshold of Glory the One he had loved so long and served so faithfully, while through the gates I caught a glimpse of the throng, ten thousand times ten thousand, passing up the steeps of light -- the redeemed who through my father's life of sacrifice and toil had gone before him. And in the confidence of that vision there sang this paean through my soul.

\* \* \*

#### Words Of "Fling Wide The Gates"

##### Verse 1

Fling wide the gates! I hear the angels singing,  
Fling wide the gates! I hear bright music ringing;  
A warrior soul from this poor world is winging  
Toward the glory of the golden strand.  
Toil and fear, a soldier's spear,  
Left behind the grave, the grave,  
Prov'd His pow'r to save, to save,  
Hear the crowned the anthem swell,  
"Conqueror over death and hell," death and hell.

\* \* \*

##### Verse 2

Fling wide the gates! a life of warfare ended;  
Fling wide the gates! a soldier brave ascended;  
Life's battle won, the cause of Christ defended,  
More than conqueror through the power of God.  
With a bound at trumpet sound,  
From its bond of clay, of clay,  
Wing'd his soul away, away,  
Hear the crowned the anthem swell,  
"Conq'ror over death and hell," death and hell.

\* \* \*

##### Verse 3

Fling wide the gates! through Christ his work accomplished;  
Fling wide the gates! his toils for others finished;  
Laid down the sword, the cross for crown relinquished,  
Hallelujahs fill the earth and sky.  
Struggling hard and battle scarred,  
Makes the golden shore, the shore,  
Greet those gone before, before,  
Hear the crowned the anthem swell,  
"Conq'ror over death and hell, "death and hell.

\* \* \*

#### Verse 4

Fling wide the gates! with hearts of glory brilliant;  
Fling wide the gates! his entry made abundant:  
Triumphant soul, with escort host resplendent,  
Stands before the holy throne of God.  
Burning brand in every land  
Blazed a holy trail -- the trail,  
Heaven and earth do hail! do hail!  
Hear the crowned the anthem swell,  
"Conq'ror over death and hell," death and hell.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### 02 -- I BRING THEE ALL

[HDM2371d.jpg appeared with this song, which picture is also found in the Graphics folder of this publication. Directly below, are the comments of the author accompanying the song, and below the comments are the words of the song.]

Out of the purple shadows of the Borderland God had called me back to life and service. I remember something of those days during which, semi-conscious, I hovered between two worlds. I had suffered so terribly and so long, and was broken in every fiber of my being. But as my blood quickened, as my eyes began to clear, and the fragrance of the lovely Spring breathed upon me through the open window and the precious reality of life was verified to me. Again to speak for Him, again to live for Him, again to win lost souls for Him! The priceless treasure overwhelmed me! With fingers that trembled I made my first effort upon the strings of my beloved harp, and the new consecration of my every faculty crystallized in the song: "I Bring Thee All."

\* \* \*

#### Words Of "I Bring Thee All"

#### Verse 1

Father of love, of justice, and of mercy,  
Thou art the dawn, the star at eventide;  
Show Thou Thy face, and light my way to Calv'ry,  
There all my sins in Thee to hide.  
I bring Thee all my sins,  
None can forgive but Thee.

Chorus:  
I bring Thee all, I bring Thee all,  
Oh, give Thyself to me, I bring Thee all.

\* \* \*

Verse 2  
O Thou of whom the heavens are but a symbol,  
Be Thou the sun that draws my heart to Thee;  
Be Thou the light the stars at night do kindle,  
Thy love is more than all to me.  
I bring Thee all my heart,  
None do I love like Thee.

Chorus:  
I bring Thee all, I bring Thee all,  
Oh, give Thyself to me, I bring Thee all.

\* \* \*

Verse 3  
O Man of Sorrows, praying in the garden;  
Thy sweat as blood falls down upon the ground;  
In that dark agony my sins are pardoned;  
My solace in Thy grief is found.  
I bring Thee all my tears,  
None can console like Thee.

Chorus:  
I bring Thee all, I bring Thee all,  
Oh, give Thyself to me, I bring Thee all.

\* \* \* \* \*

03 -- YOU AND I

[HDM2371e.jpg appeared in the songbook with this song. Also accompanying the song were the following comments of Evangeline Booth.]

It was one of the most laughing mornings July can give. Before the shadows on the dial indicated the hour of eight white cloudlets sashed in ribbons of blue spread their snowy wings over mountains draped in royal purple. The distant mists upon the lake were as though a bridal veil had dropped from the heavens. The sun threw exceptional glory on the hour, while the shore with its myriad loving, moving, happy creatures laughed back at the ripples throwing soft white foam at its feet. Looking upon all this gladness, I thought of the persistent, undiscouraged effort of nature to make the world happier for the sorrowful and more glad for the happiest. As I mused there came toward me a very old woman leaning on a stick. I smiled into the gray, aged eyes, and out of the exuberance of my heart that had caught the infectious gaiety of the morning addressed her. Slowly I gathered her pitiful little story. I found that the place she called home was a mere hut; that she lived there alone; that she was very poor, depending entirely upon the remembrance of one or two who had feeling for her; that her husband and children had all passed away and she was most awfully alone. After doing what I could to make her more comfortable, I found I had lost heart for the plans of the day and returned to my cabin. The gladness of the morning and the sadness of the old woman made me hungry to follow in nature's footsteps, and be doing something all the time for the forgotten and broken. So I feel it is this dear old soul who is responsible for the song, "You and I."

\* \* \*

#### Words Of "You And I"

##### Verse 1

I'll love -- you'll love -- the poorest and forlorn,  
The wicked and the miserable, for whom Christ was born;  
I'll serve -- you'll serve -- the lonely and despised,  
The outcast with the broken heart, for whom Christ died.

##### Chorus:

I'll plunge -- you'll plunge, in this great crimson sea,  
My sins, my fears, my doubts, my tears forgot will be;  
I'll trust -- you'll trust, no matter what may come,  
For life, for death, for earth, for heav'n, thy will be done.

\* \* \*

##### Verse 2

I'll give -- you'll give -- the heathen world to reach,  
The story of Christ's life and love and death to preach;  
I'll live -- you'll live -- that when our days are done,  
We'll find death is not night at all, but breaking sun.

##### Chorus:

I'll plunge -- you'll plunge, in this great crimson sea,  
My sins, my fears, my doubts, my tears forgot will be;  
I'll trust -- you'll trust, no matter what may come,

For life, for death, for earth, for heav'n, thy will be done.

\* \* \*

Verse 3

I'll laugh -- you'll laugh -- with joy that's unsurpassed,  
When on the world's dear gladdest day the saints all march past;  
Here's one -- there's one -- We'll shout through tears of bliss,  
Those whom through grace divine we brought to righteousness.

Chorus:

I'll plunge -- you'll plunge, in this great crimson sea,  
My sins, my fears, my doubts, my tears forgot will be;  
I'll trust -- you'll trust, no matter what may come,  
For life, for death, for earth, for heav'n, thy will be done.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### 04 -- THE WOUNDS OF CHRIST

[HDM2371f.jpg was with this song, along with the following comments.]

Returning to my quarters late one November evening, after battling with cold, sleet and misery, dressed in rags that I might get nearer to the hearts and lives of the poorest of those with whom I mingled in the slums of London, I vainly struggled to banish from my mind and pitying heart the awful scenes I had looked upon. Men, women, and children with broken lives, broken hearts and broken characters; hopeless and helpless, trapped like animals at bay. One picture I could not banish. The beautiful face and golden head of the little fifteen-year-old mother, appearing in the filthy, dark, box-like room as a jewel amid ruins; the fast and bitter tears falling on the human mite dead in her arms; the despair in the frightened blue eyes as she said: "Look, there is no place for us in life, or in death; no place for the baby, or for me. Where can I hide the baby? Where can I myself hide?" One o'clock the following morning I wrote the song which has winged its way all around the world:

"The wounds of Christ are open,  
Sinner, they were made for thee;  
The wounds of Christ are open,  
There for refuge flee."

\* \* \*

Words Of "The Wounds Of Christ"

Verse 1

Dark shadows were falling, my spirit appalling,  
For hid in my heart sin's deep crimson stains lay;



And when I was weeping, the past o'er me creeping,  
I heard of the Blood which can wash sin away.

Chorus:

The wounds of Christ are open,  
Sinner, they were made for thee;  
The wounds of Christ are open,  
There for refuge flee.

\* \* \*

Verse 2

It soothes all life's sorrows, it smoothes all its furrows,  
It binds up the wounds which transgression has made;  
It turns night to morning, truly adorning,  
The spirit with joy when all other lights fade.

Chorus:

The wounds of Christ are open,  
Sinner, they were made for thee;  
The wounds of Christ are open,  
There for refuge flee.

\* \* \*

Verse 3

The current's first waking was when Christ was taking  
A world's shame and sorrow through death and the grave;  
And angels were scheming to make known the meaning  
To the hearts of all nations His power to save.

Chorus:

The wounds of Christ are open,  
Sinner, they were made for thee;  
The wounds of Christ are open,  
There for refuge flee.

\* \* \*

Verse 4

Come, cast in your sorrow, wait not till tomorrow,  
Life's evening is closing, the death-bell will toll;  
His Blood for thee streaming, His Grace so redeeming,  
His Love intervening will pardon thy soul.

Chorus:

The wounds of Christ are open,  
Sinner, they were made for thee;  
The wounds of Christ are open,  
There for refuge flee.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 05 -- THE WORLD-WIDE CRIMSON SEA

[HDM2371g.jpg accompanied this song, along with the text below.]

You cannot learn the sweet power of God's love by reading about it, any more than you can learn of trees and mountains and waters in a library. You need to wade waist-deep to pluck a water lily, or climb a mountain trail and look down from its peak upon winding rivers, silver lakes and valleys of bloom, as I did in Hawaii -- look until your heart pounds and your eyes are dim with the wonder of it, if you would see nature to the best advantage.

I thought I knew all about Niagara Falls from reading about them and from my friends telling me about them, but not until I went alone and stood within the magnetic influence of those mighty waters did I understand their regal glory and unparalleled power; when, the rosy fingers of morning throwing back their veil of mist, I watched the waters take their tragic leap over the rocks. So to know His love we must plunge into the sea that surges over the mighty steeps of Calvary.

\* \* \*

### Words Of "The World-Wide Crimson Sea

#### Verse 1

I'm thinking of Jesus, that wonderful day,  
When He from heav'n's glory to earth came away;  
The shepherds that watched Him, the barn where He lay,  
All to start this world-wide crimson sea.

#### Chorus:

It's rolling in, it's rolling in,  
The blood of Christ so free; (so free;)  
I love so well the news to tell  
How Jesus died for me;  
O, come along, your sins are gone,  
When once beneath its wave; (it's wave;)  
I love so well the news to tell  
How Jesus Christ can save, (can save.)

\* \* \*

Verse 2

I'm thinking of Jesus, the tears He did weep;  
The hill up to Calv'ry, so rough and so steep;  
The five bleeding wounds in His heart driven deep,  
All to start this world-wide crimson sea.

Chorus:

It's rolling in, it's rolling in,  
The blood of Christ so free; (so free;)  
I love so well the news to tell  
How Jesus died for me;  
O, come along, your sins are gone,  
When once beneath its wave; (it's wave;)  
I love so well the news to tell  
How Jesus Christ can save, (can save.)

\* \* \*

Verse 3

I'm thinking of Jesus, despised and accursed;  
The night in the garden, the scourging and thirst;  
Dying for sinners the lowest and worst,  
All to start this world-wide crimson sea.

Chorus:

It's rolling in, it's rolling in,  
The blood of Christ so free; (so free;)  
I love so well the news to tell  
How Jesus died for me;  
O, come along, your sins are gone,  
When once beneath its wave; (it's wave;)  
I love so well the news to tell  
How Jesus Christ can save, (can save.)

\* \* \*

Verse 4

Like rivers o'erflowing, it's flooding my soul,  
Its virtues bestowing are making me whole;  
My sins so appalling, like chains from me falling,  
Are lost in this wide crimson sea. (crimson sea.)

Chorus:

It's rolling in, it's rolling in,  
The blood of Christ so free; (so free;)

I love so well the news to tell  
How Jesus died for me;  
O, come along, your sins are gone,  
When once beneath its wave; (it's wave;)  
I love so well the news to tell  
How Jesus Christ can save, (can save.)

\* \* \* \* \*

## 06 -- JUST A SMILE

[HDM2371h.jpg was with this song, along with the story below.]

The storm came up so quickly that everyone was taken by surprise. Canoes were overturned, and it was only by dexterity and muscular prowess that the rowboats escaped a similar fate. The wind carried something of the violence of a hurricane. The waters leapt into the air; great oaks groaned their futile protest on behalf of weaker neighbors, several of which had already gone down; the black heavens frowned their wrath.

Through field-glasses I followed the perilous fortunes of a small sailing craft, and saw the loved ones watching anxiously on the distant shore. The waters swamped its bow. Every now and again it heeled over until its sides were flat on the waves. Then, for a moment, its white head would be lifted and I could discern the desperate efforts of the navigator to keep off the rocks and make the harbor. Several powerful motor boats shot out from different directions to aid the gallant bark frantically struggling in the trough of the sea. And from this incident came the song, "Just a Smile."

\* \* \*

### Words Of "Just A Smile"

#### Verse 1

As I've sail'd o'er the seas of life's voyage  
When the billows have swept o'er my bark,  
When the winds and the rain,  
Tore the foresail in twain,  
The course was nigh lost in the dark;  
Then the Pilot from out that fair country  
Took the helm and my fears were no more;  
Through the mists I could see Heaven waiting for me,  
All the lights burning bright on the shore;  
Through the mists I could see Heaven waiting for me,  
All the lights burning bright on the shore

#### Chorus:

Just a smile from the face of my Saviour dear,

At the closing up of the day,  
With loved ones to wait at the golden gate,  
Will take all my troubles away;  
Just a welcoming hand with a nail-print there,  
As I lay all my life's burdens down,  
Will be more to me than the waving palm,  
More to me than the golden crown.

\* \* \*

#### Verse 2

There is none like the Heavenly Pilot  
He will see you safe landed ashore;  
When temptation's a gale,  
His great strength will not fail,  
His grace He gives more and more;  
Then we'll shout as we sail up the harbor  
'Neath the rays of life's last setting sun,  
Oh, glory to God, I'm saved through the Blood,  
Redeemed by the Crucified One!  
Oh, glory to God, I'm saved through the Blood,  
Redeemed by the Crucified One!

#### Chorus:

Just a smile from the face of my Saviour dear,  
At the closing up of the day,  
With loved ones to wait at the golden gate,  
Will take all my troubles away;  
Just a welcoming hand with a nail-print there,  
As I lay all my life's burdens down,  
Will be more to me than the waving palm,  
More to me than the golden crown.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### 07 -- I NEVER KNEW

[HDM2371i.jpg was seen with the song "I Never Knew" -- accompanied with the following comments of Evangeline Booth.]

I have loved my people. They have ever claimed the strongest passion of my heart. The spiritual and temporal well-being of those who have looked to me for leadership has rested upon my very soul as a Heaven-given obligation. Such ties are strong and the breaking of them a severe ordeal. It was such an ordeal that I was called to face when the time came to bid farewell to Canada's dear comrades. It was toward evening, and the sun was hurrying down behind the great firs that for a hundred years have stood, colossal sign-posts, pointing Heavenward, when I

rode out of the little town that had spread a farewell banquet for me, and looked back upon the fond faces which bravely smiled through tear-blinded eyes. As always, in sadness, my thoughts turned to Him who, in the Garden of Olives, sounded the depths of loneliness and all sorrow. Then came the words, then the notes, then the blessing which has made the song, "I Never Knew," to carry light to so many sitting in darkness.

\* \* \*

### Words Of "I Never Knew"

#### Verse 1

Bowed beneath the garden shades,  
Where the eastern sunlight fades,  
Through a sea of grief He wades,  
And prays in agony.  
His sweat is of blood; His tears like a flood  
For a lost world flow down;  
I never knew such tears could be--  
Those tears He wept for me.

\* \* \*

#### Verse 2

Hung upon a rugged tree,  
On the hill of Calvary,  
Jesus suffered death, to be  
The Saviour of mankind.  
His brow pierced by thorn,  
His hands and feet torn,  
With broken heart He died;  
I never knew such pain could be--  
This pain He bore for me.

\* \* \*

#### Verse 3

Love which conquered o'er death's sting,  
Love which has immortal wing,  
Love which is the only thing  
My broken heart to heal.  
It burst through the grave,  
It brought grace to save,  
It opened heaven's gate;  
I never knew such love could be--  
This love He gave to me.

\* \* \*

Verse 4

When my heart was sorely pressed,  
By my sins and fears distressed:  
Wrongs committed unconfessed,  
His pitying grace I sought.  
My sins were forgiven,  
My heart made a heaven:  
My life He now controls;  
I never knew such grace could be--  
Free grace, enough for me.

\* \* \* \* \*

08 -- RING OUT THOSE BELLS

[See HDM2371j.jpg that went with this song.]

I remember when I was a little girl of nine, standing with eyes riveted in wonder upon the old, gray-haired sexton, whose strong hands would lay hold of the bell rope and ring the bell that shook the meeting house, calling the people for miles around to prayer. It thrilled my young soul; and when the kind old man placed my little hands between his two large ones and explained that the poorest man trudging along the turnpike road knew that the bell called him just as invitingly and fervently as it called the rich farmer riding behind his prancing thoroughbreds, and when, with his old, wrinkled face radiant with a light not of this world, he told me that the Gospel bell called to all alike, to palaces and to huts, to robes and to rags, the tears came into my eyes, and I trembled with the wonder of it. Long since the old man has been ringing bells that echo over the celestial hills; my hands are still on the rope, between the hands Omnipotent.

\* \* \*

Words Of "Ring Out Those Bells"

Verse 1

I think upon our silver lakes,  
The rocks where waters roll;  
They speak of Calvary's stream that slakes  
The thirst of ev'ry soul.

Chorus:

Ring out those bells, ring out those bells;  
Ring out those bells, ring out those bells;  
While the heavenly gates are swinging,  
While I hear the angels singing,  
Now's the time to come and get your sins forgiven.

\* \* \*

Verse 2

Our silent pools of azure blue,  
They mirror Jesus' face,  
Mountains that pierce the cloud-lets through  
Point to that holy place.

Chorus:

Ring out those bells, ring out those bells;  
Ring out those bells, ring out those bells;  
While the heavenly gates are swinging,  
While I hear the angels singing,  
Now's the time to come and get your sins forgiven.

\* \* \*

Verse 3

The rolling sun, the changing light,  
The stars Thy power prove,  
But all creation's wonders bright  
Are dim beside Thy love.

Chorus:

Ring out those bells, ring out those bells;  
Ring out those bells, ring out those bells;  
Ring of grace that's without measure,  
Ring of love that lives forever,  
Ring of pardon, peace and power and liberty.

\* \* \* \* \*

09 -- THINK, O JESUS!

[HDM2371k.jpg is the picture for this song.]

One day Toronto there called at my headquarters, requesting to see me, an old lady, small and cramped of form. To no one else could she tell her story and so was brought into my office. I knew the story was a sad one the moment I looked upon her white, grief-stricken face and bowed shoulders. Although refined in bearing, her clothes were threadbare; the little bonnet almost in tatters, the shoes so worn they scarcely covered the feet. Clasping her bony hands, without any preliminary remarks, she said: "I've lost my boy -- I've been looking for him for twelve months -- looking so hard -- I can't find him. He was a dear boy -- dearer to me than anything else in the world. I am sure he was a good boy -- he was always good to me. He disappeared when he was



nineteen, leaving me this note." She handed me a small crumpled piece of paper, which had been soaked many times with her tears. I read:

"Mother dear, I have gotten into trouble. I must go away and hide. Do not seek for me, and don't worry about me. Look after yourself. You know I love you. I hate to leave you -- this is the only thing that is hard. If ever I pray it will only be for God to bless you and take care of you. Your boy, John."

Mine was the painful yet joyous task of informing the little mother that we had found the boy, serving a life sentence in the penitentiary, but when mother and son met there was the answer of her prayers, for in the prison cell her boy had learned of the sinner's Saviour. It was thinking upon the little mother's hard seeking of her lost boy against his will that inspired the song, "Think, O Jesus."

\* \* \*

Words Of "Think, O Jesus!"

Verse 1

Think, O Jesus, for what reason  
Thou didst hear Earth's spite and treason,  
Nor me lose in that dread season;  
Seeking me Thy worn feet hastened,  
On the cross Thy soul death tasted:  
Let not all these toils be wasted.

Chorus:

Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus,  
Canst Thou my transgressions take?

\* \* \*

Verse 2

Think how far in dark delusion  
I had wandered in confusion--  
Wandered, stained by sin's pollution;  
Here I mourn my sad condition,  
See me weep in deep contrition--  
Weep and yield Thee full submission.

Chorus:

Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus,  
Canst Thou my transgressions take?

\* \* \*

Verse 3

With the guilty past distressing,  
Anguish hard my soul oppressing,  
Now I come, my sins confessing.  
Let Thy love, my poor heart filling,  
Save and cleanse, this tempest stilling;  
Thine to live or die I'm willing.

Chorus:

Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus,  
Canst Thou my transgressions take?

\* \* \* \* \*

10 -- WHY DON'T YOU COME TO JESUS?

[HDM23711.jpg goes with this song.]

At the conclusion of a most arduous campaign, and before starting on another that was equally exacting, my father, the Founder, was persuaded to rest for a few days in the heart of a great forest on the shores of one of the world's most beautiful lakes. I was with him. I can never forget the joy of it. My father was a great lover of music and often asked me to sing to him. Wending our way one day up the autumnal painted path, I endeavored to cheer his burdened spirit with a little song the sweet and tender sentiment of which always brought the twinkle to his steel-gray eyes, when from this I all unexpectedly ran into a composition which, being an appeal to sinners, quickly stirred the passions of his soul, "Why Don't You Come to Jesus?"

\* \* \*

Words Of "Why Don't You Come To Jesus?"

Verse 1

The shades of night are falling fast;  
Your chances will all soon be past;  
Your sins upon His mercy cast,  
Before your dying day.

Chorus:

Why don't you come to Jesus,  
Why don't you come to Jesus,  
Why don't you come to Jesus  
Before your dying day?

\* \* \*

Verse 2

Turn from the ways of wickedness  
And seek the paths of righteousness  
Through Christ whose love is fathomless,  
Before your dying day.

Chorus:

Why don't you come to Jesus,  
Why don't you come to Jesus,  
Why don't you come to Jesus  
Before your dying day?

\* \* \*

Verse 3

Poor sinner, Christ is calling thee,  
By all His wounds on Calvary,  
Come seek His pardon full and free,  
Before your dying day.

Chorus:

Why don't you come to Jesus,  
Why don't you come to Jesus,  
Why don't you come to Jesus  
Before your dying day?

\* \* \* \* \*

## 11 -- I HAVE RELIGION

[The picture for this song is [HDM2371m.jpg](#).]

Two hundred and fifty miles by automobile in pouring rain -- not the kind "that fills the lily's cup," but the kind that descends in gushing torrents and drives rivers roaring through all the gutters, exceeding every speed law known to history, and the kind that seems, having once gotten in on the ground floor, to corner the market for the whole countryside on water supply. On, on, on the rain went, and on, on, on I went, with every revolution of the wheels becoming more depressed and more utterly tired. Leaving New York at 5 in the morning, after three days of almost unbroken conference on problems to which everyone considered it was my bounden duty to offer solution, elongated the miles, and by the time the Log Cabin at Lake George, with its faithful guard, "Mazie," loomed into sight I was mentally, physically and spiritly exhausted. The loving hands of my devoted "Friday" (Gypsy) had kindled a fire and spread an appetizing meal, but I could not eat -- too numb with anxieties to even feel the cheer of the bright little room. Then I learned again the lesson of "First things first" -- the true sense of values. What does anything matter as long as we have religion -- the great refuge to hide in, the immovable rock to stand upon? What and who can rob us of joy when we know Jesus Christ as an all-sufficient Saviour? Let the winds blow; let the rains keep on; life's storms will lose their terror; its

midnights no more dark when we are sheltered in the great heart of God. And so, weary as I was, my thoughts ran into notes upon the toneless little organ.

\* \* \*

### Words Of "I Have Religion"

#### Verse 1

We must all have religion,  
There's nothing else will do,  
An empty cold profession  
Will never get you through,  
Pretense is a delusion,  
The truth will out at last,  
And then what sad confusion  
With all your chances past.

#### Chorus:

I have religion;  
It's the greatest thing I know.  
It helps to bear your sorrow;;  
It keeps your heart aglow.  
I have religion,  
But this I want to know,  
My brother, have you got it,  
Or did you let it go?

\* \* \*

#### Verse 2

We must all have religion,  
The kind that Joshua tried,  
And when we come to Jordan,  
Conqu'rors we'll cross the tide.  
The Pentecostal Peter,  
His gift we all can share,  
As Paul before Agrippa,  
The Gospel truth declare.

#### Chorus:

I have religion;  
It's the greatest thing I know.  
It helps to bear your sorrow;;  
It keeps your heart aglow.  
I have religion,  
But this I want to know,

My brother, have you got it,  
Or did you let it go?

\* \* \*

Verse 3

We must all have religion,  
Which Noah built upon,  
And when the floods are rising,  
And when the rains keep on,  
Life's storms will lose their terror,  
Its midnights no more dark,  
With mother, father, children,  
All safe within the Ark.

Chorus:

I have religion;  
It's the greatest thing I know.  
It helps to bear your sorrow;;  
It keeps your heart aglow.  
I have religion,  
But this I want to know,  
My brother, have you got it,  
Or did you let it go?

\* \* \* \* \*

12 -- OH, TEACH ME TO LOVE THEE

[HDM2371n.jpg, another picture of Evangeline Booth, goes with this song. No story or comments accompanied it.]

Words Of "Oh, Teach Me To Love Thee"

Verse 1

Oh, teach me to love Thee, to feel what Thou art,  
Till filled with the one sacred image, my heart  
Shall all other passions disown;  
Like some pure temple, that shines apart,  
Reserved for Thy worship alone,  
Reserved for Thy worship alone.

\* \* \*

Verse 2

In joy and in sorrow, through praise and through blame,

Thus still let me, living and dying the same,  
In Thy service bloom and decay,  
Like some lone altar, whose votive flame,  
In holiness wasteth away,  
In holiness wasteth away.

\* \* \*

Verse 3

Though born in this desert, and doomed by my birth  
To pain and affliction, to darkness and dearth,  
On Thee let my spirit rely,  
Like some rude dial, that fixed on earth,  
Still looks for its light from the sky,  
Still looks for its light from the sky.

\* \* \* \* \*

13 -- COURAGE

[HDM2371o.jpg goes with this song.]

This song came as the snowy petrel on the wings of a great storm. I have had a lot to do with storm. I was born during a storm; most of my greatest experiences have been in a storm. I have always felt that when the time comes for me to leave our beautiful world for a still better, it will be on the wings of a great storm that I shall mount up. But this was one of the blackest, bleakest occasions of my whole experience, when my faith was most cruelly assailed; when the moorings of my soul were strained almost to breaking. Nature, which has always seemed to be in strange sympathy with my feelings, was in her wildest mood. The elements outside were in keeping with the tempestuous battle within. Upon the window pane hail rattled like musketry; so, suddenly, had sorrow beat upon my heart. The sky spat tongues of flame, while terrific detonations made foundations tremble. So had lightning shafts of catastrophe rocked all upon which my faith was built. Struck by the arm of the gale, great trees went down like saplings; so had props and pillars in which I trusted most been swept away. Who could stand against such a storm? Who could battle his way against such odds as the world and I had to face that night? Then silver fingers tore back the black curtain of the sky, and a white moon showed her lovely face. I chided my faltering heart for its cowardice, in the words:

Dost thou fear to face the perils  
And the shot of battle-ground?  
Oh remember in the furnace  
Grace sufficient martyrs found.

\* \* \*

Words Of "Courage"

Verse 1

Is it oft thy heart has fail'd thee?  
Hast thou many times gone back?  
Linger not to count the failures  
Strew'd a long life's stormy track;  
If the gathering shadows thicken  
With the voices of the past,  
See, there shines a golden promise  
O'er the gloomy darkness cast,  
Reading, "As I was with Moses,  
So I'm going to be with thee,"  
Reading, "Courage, and with Joshua  
More than conqueror thou shalt be."

Chorus:

Reading, "Courage, and with Joshua  
More than conqueror thou shalt be."

\* \* \*

Verse 2

Dost thou fear to face the perils  
And the shot of battle ground?  
Oh, remember, in the furnace  
Grace sufficient martyrs found.  
It is when the Jordan's swelling  
Jesus lives to lead us on,  
Hold not back when storms are raging,  
And the enemy is strong,  
Proving, "As I was with Moses,  
So I'm going to be with thee,"  
Proving, "Courage! and with Joshua  
More than conqu'ror thou shalt be."

Chorus:

Proving, "Courage! and with Joshua  
More than conqu'ror thou shalt be."

\* \* \*

Verse 3

"Courage!" let it be our watchword,  
As a light to guide along  
Over death's last foaming waters,  
Singing then the conqueror's song;

It will brighten up the valley,  
It will open wide the gate;  
It will bring us through life's shadows  
To where shining angels wait,  
Singing, "As He was with Moses,  
So the Lord has been with me!"  
Singing, "Jesus' blood has conquered!  
Vict'ry through eternity!"

Chorus:  
Singing, "Jesus' blood has conquered!  
Vict'ry through eternity!"

\* \* \* \* \*

14 -- OVER ME

[No picture accompanied this song; neither were there comments or a story.]

Words Of "Over Me"

Verse 1  
Blessed Lord, my past I bring,  
On Calv'ry's mercy venturing;  
My heart is torn, and my spirit worn,  
With the strife and sorrow of sin.

Chorus:  
Over me, over me it is flowing,  
Down beneath its waves I am going;  
Over me, over me it is flowing,  
Washing white as snow.

\* \* \*

Verse 2  
By the virtue of Thy grace,  
Thou canst my many sins efface:  
Oh, hear my pray'r, save me from despair;  
In Thy wounds for me there's a place.

Chorus:  
Over me, over me it is flowing,  
Down beneath its waves I am going;  
Over me, over me it is flowing,  
Washing white as snow.



\* \* \*

Verse 3

All my idols now I cast  
Before Thy cross, and know  
Thou hast my past forgiv'n;  
By the claims of heav'n  
I, through Christ, have vict'ry at last.

Chorus:

Over me, over me it is flowing,  
Down beneath its waves I am going;  
Over me, over me it is flowing,  
Washing white as snow.

\* \* \*

Verse 4

Now the blood has set me free;  
Thy grace, dear Lord's, enough for me,  
In all the strife of the battle life,  
Conq'ror over sin I shall be.

Chorus:

Over me, over me it is flowing,  
Down beneath its waves I am going;  
Over me, over me it is flowing,  
Washing white as snow.

\* \* \* \* \*

15 -- I'M GOING TO BE AN ANGEL

[Again, there was no picture with this song, nor story, nor comments.]

Words Of "I'm Going To Be An Angel"

Verse 1

I'm going to heav'n, oh, glory!  
Its gates are opened wide,  
Those dear ones gone before me,  
They call me to their side:  
I'm going to heav'n, oh, glory!  
I'll strike those harps of gold,  
And when my crown they give me,

My joy can ne'er be told.

Chorus:

I'm going to be an angel bye-and-bye,  
Yes, bye-and-bye, beyond the sky;  
I'm going to be an angel bye-and-bye,  
And wave the victor's palm.

\* \* \*

Verse 2

I'm going to heav'n, oh, glory!  
No surges dash those shores,  
No feet made sore or weary  
Tread on those golden floors.  
I'm going to heav'n, oh, glory!  
No sorrow there is known,  
The meaning of grief's mystery  
Is told by Him alone.

Chorus:

I'm going to be an angel bye-and-bye,  
Yes, bye-and-bye, beyond the sky;  
I'm going to be an angel bye-and-bye,  
And wave the victor's palm.

\* \* \*

Verse 3

I'm going to heav'n, oh, glory!  
There conflicts crowned will be,  
And seeming failures dreary  
Will find their victory.  
I'm going to heav'n, oh, glory!  
To sing the conquering grace,  
With thousands of the ransomed,  
I'll see Him face to face.

Chorus

I'm going to see my Saviour, bye-and-bye,  
Yes, bye-and-bye, beyond the sky;  
I'm going to see my Saviour bye-and-bye,  
And wave the victor's palm.

\* \* \*

Verse 4

I'm going to heav'n, oh, glory!  
To see the martyr throng,  
Whose ever-living memory  
Has helped ten thousand on.  
I'm going to heav'n, oh, glory!  
My soul is filled with prayer  
For grace to ever please Him,  
Who died my sins to bear.

Chorus

I'm going to see my Saviour, bye-and-bye,  
Yes, bye-and-bye, beyond the sky;  
I'm going to see my Saviour bye-and-bye,  
And wave the victor's palm.

\* \* \* \* \*

16 -- WHITHER, MY HEART?

[HDM2371p.jpg is the picture that went with this song.]

It was a cold night. It seemed particularly so for the log cabin. A northeast wind swept from mountain to mountain, and as if irritated by the placidity of the lake lying between, evoked its defiance, but the disturbing elements harmonized with the disturbing information which had been brought to me that day. Hour after hour I lay tossing in a vain and restless endeavor to sleep, as over and over my mind traversed the tragedy of one who had fallen. So distressing were my thoughts that before the first rays of dawn crept from under the mantle of the night my feverish hands were running over the keys of the little organ in the hope of finding relief in some expression the notes would yield me, and while the wind called from height to height, and the lake leapt into ocean-like billows, I wrote the song, "Whither, My Heart, Hast Thou Wandered?"

\* \* \*

Words Of "Whither, My Heart?"

Verse 1

Whither, my heart, hast thou wandered?  
I've wandered away from the fold,  
I've wandered away from the fold.  
Oh, the path is dark and winding,  
And its briars are thick and binding,  
O'er my soul its snares are twining.  
Out of the deep I cry, Almighty God,  
Thou art uttermost,  
Break all these fetters that bind,

Break all these fetters that bind.

Chorus:

I'm going home, I'm going home,  
With all my fears and wasted years,  
I'm going home, I'm going home;  
Heal Thou my wounds, dry Thou my tears.

\* \* \*

Verse 2

Wherefore, my heart, art thou troubled?  
The burden of sin troubles me,  
The burden of sin troubles me.  
Friend and Saviour of the sinner,  
To the lost the Shepherd tender,  
Be my dying soul's defender,  
Save, by Thy mercy save  
By Thy compassion on Calvary.  
Hasten to pardon me,  
Hasten to pardon me.

Chorus:

I'm going home, I'm going home,  
With all my fears and wasted years,  
I'm going home, I'm going home;  
Heal Thou my wounds, dry Thou my tears.

\* \* \*

Verse 3

Wherefore, my heart, hast thou doubted?  
I've doubted Thy power to save,  
I've doubted Thy power to save.  
My poor heart its fears deceiving,  
Lost the hope of love receiving,  
Now I come, to Thee believing,  
Show forth Thy power in me.  
I will extol Thee, my Lord and King.  
Trust to Thy all-watchfulness,  
Trust to Thy all-watchfulness.

Chorus:

I'm going home, I'm going home,  
With all my fears and wasted years,  
I'm going home, I'm going home;

Heal Thou my wounds, dry Thou my tears.

\* \* \*

Verse 4

Whom, O my heart, art thou seeking?  
I'm seeking my Saviour and Lord,  
I'm seeking my Saviour and Lord.  
Who but Thee hath power to save me,  
Who but Thee through life can guide me?  
Who but Thee in heaven receive me?  
Show, Lord, Thy face to me,  
Eternal Author of every good,  
Father of life, light, and love,  
Father of life, light, and love.

Chorus:

I'm going home, I'm going home,  
With all my fears and wasted years,  
I'm going home, I'm going home;  
Heal Thou my wounds, dry Thou my tears.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 17 -- THE PLEA OF CONTRITION

[No picture, story, or comments accompanied this song.]

Words Of "The Plea Of Contrition"

Verse 1

By grief oppressed, with spirit torn,  
A burden which for years I've borne,  
Distressed, condemned, wounded, forlorn,  
Thy pity, Lord, I plead.

Chorus:

Oh, wash my sins away, away;  
Oh, let Thy blood my soul o'er-flood,  
And wash my sins away.

\* \* \*

Verse 2

By all the grief my sin has wrought,  
By all the mercy Thou hast brought,

By all the love Thy suffering taught,  
My pardon, Lord, I plead.

Chorus:

Oh, wash my sins away, away;  
Oh, let Thy blood my soul o'er-flood,  
And wash my sins away.

\* \* \*

Verse 3

By all the garden's night and dread,  
By nail-pierced feet and thorn-crowned head,  
By all the blood for sinners shed,  
My cleansing, Lord, I plead.

Chorus:

Oh, wash my sins away, away;  
Oh, let Thy blood my soul o'er-flood,  
And wash my sins away.

\* \* \*

Verse 4

By what Thy mercy bids Thee spare,  
By all on Calvary Thou didst bear,  
By ev'ry promise made to prayer,  
Thy saving grace, I plead.

Chorus:

Oh, wash my sins away, away;  
Oh, let Thy blood my soul o'er-flood,  
And wash my sins away.

\* \* \*

Verse 5

When out before the Great White Throne  
My thoughts and doings must be known,  
Then I shall stand by grace alone,  
My soul by God redeemed.

Chorus:

Oh, wash my sins away, away;  
Oh, let Thy blood my soul o'er-flood,  
And wash my sins away.

\* \* \*

Verse 6

Within the Gates Faith's anchor cast,  
With Life and Death, and Judgment passed,  
I then shall see Thy face at last,  
My Lord and Saviour Thou!

Chorus:

Oh, wash my sins away, away;  
Oh, let Thy blood my soul o'er-flood,  
And wash my sins away.

\* \* \* \* \*

18 -- AND YET HE WILL

[The picture with this song is HDM2371q.jpg.]

I had been visiting in the great Holloway Jail, London... I had talked that day with a man who was serving a sentence which was a very long one. He told me his story. How he had once enjoyed the privilege and the happiness of a blessed career as a minister of the Gospel, but sin had crept in little by little until it became his complete master. This is the way sin does. He was a tall man, of exceptionally handsome physique, and I shall never forget the picture of wreckage he presented, standing full height, in his prison clothes, his hand uplifted, as his voice rang out at the close of the story, with the tragic words: "But I fell -- I fell -- I fell as a star from the heavens to a cinder in Hell." And in the memory of this cry, and with the despairing face of the man before me, I wrote the hymn which I believe has been made a blessing to thousands all over the world, "And Yet He Will Thy Sins Forgive."

\* \* \*

Words Of "And Yet He Will"

Verse 1

Many fears, sins and tears,  
Crowd the path you've trod for years,  
Crowd the path you've trod for years.

Chorus:

And yet He will thy sins forgive,  
And yet He will thy sins forgive;  
Oh, come along, for Jesus is strong,  
And He will thy sins forgive.

\* \* \*

Verse 2

Sinner, hark! In the dark!  
Death's fierce storm will wreck your bark,  
Death's fierce storm will wreck your bark.

Chorus:

And yet He will thy sins forgive,  
And yet He will thy sins forgive;  
Oh, come along, for Jesus is strong,  
And He will thy sins forgive.

\* \* \*

Verse 3

Sad to tell, how you fell,  
From great heights nigh down to hell,  
From great heights nigh down to hell.

Chorus:

And yet He will thy sins forgive,  
And yet He will thy sins forgive;  
Oh, come along, for Jesus is strong,  
And He will thy sins forgive.

\* \* \*

Verse 4

Conscience seared, Judgment feared,  
Ev'ry hope your sin has bleared,  
Ev'ry hope your sin has bleared.

Chorus:

And yet He will thy sins forgive,  
And yet He will thy sins forgive;  
Oh, come along, for Jesus is strong,  
And He will thy sins forgive.

\* \* \*

Verse 5

Deeds now past, how they cast  
Shadows o'er thy soul which last,  
Shadows o'er thy soul which last.



Chorus:

And yet He will thy sins forgive,  
And yet He will thy sins forgive;  
Oh, come along, for Jesus is strong,  
And He will thy sins forgive.

\* \* \*

Verse 6

Angels cry from the sky,  
"Will you not prepare to die?"  
"Will you not prepare to die?"

Chorus:

And yet He will thy sins forgive,  
And yet He will thy sins forgive;  
Oh, come along, for Jesus is strong,  
And He will thy sins forgive.

\* \* \*

Verse 7

In His face, all can trace,  
Wondrous love, and boundless grace,  
Wondrous love, and boundless grace.

Chorus:

And yet He will thy sins forgive,  
And yet He will thy sins forgive;  
Oh, come along, for Jesus is strong,  
And He will thy sins forgive.

\* \* \* \* \*

19 -- GO ON!

[HDM2371r.jpg is the picture for this song. For whatever reason, Evangeline Booth placed the following poem beneath the picture. Its lines are not the words of the song, but probably she felt that the lines of her poem fit well with the words and sentiments of the song.]

Stand by the Flag in the thick of the battle!  
Stand by the Flag in the smoke and the flame!  
Stand by the Flag when Hell's shot and shell rattle!  
Heed not the pleadings of fear and false shame!

Stand by your colors when traitors would trample,

Dragging our Blood-and-Fire emblem in dust!  
Stand by the Flag! Be to all an example;  
Faithful till death to your God-given trust!

Stand by the Flag! Let self-interest perish!  
Stand by the Flag -- to its principles true!  
Stand by the Flag! Love and loyalty cherish!  
Stand by the Yellow, the Red, and the Blue!

Evangeline Booth, Toronto, 1898

\* \* \*

Words Of "Go On!"

Verse 1

When darkest storms your path surround, Go on! Go on!  
When foes on ev'ry side abound, Go on! Go on!  
Arm'd with the pow'r of Jesus' might  
You'll conquer in the fight.

Chorus:

My many, many sins He pardon'd me,  
From doubts and fears He keeps me free;  
From victory to victory, I by His grace "go on."

\* \* \*

Verse 2

When gloomy clouds hang o'er the sky, Go on! Go on!  
Stay not to ask the reason why, Go on! Go on!  
Oft questionings wild tempests raise,  
There's peace when one obeys.

Chorus:

My many, many sins He pardon'd me,  
From doubts and fears He keeps me free;  
From victory to victory, I by His grace "go on."

\* \* \*

Verse 3

Though comrades turn and leave their post, Go on! Go on!  
They may be those we've trusted most, Go on! Go on!  
To God's enduring ones are given,  
The choicest gifts of heaven.

Chorus:

My many, many sins He pardon'd me,  
From doubts and fears He keeps me free;  
From victory to victory, I by His grace "go on."

\* \* \*

Verse 4

Should sorrow's waves sweep o'er your heart, Go on! Go on!  
Though tears of sadness oft may start, Go on! Go on!  
The Christ who wipes all tears away  
Will be your staff and stay.

Chorus:

My many, many sins He pardon'd me,  
From doubts and fears He keeps me free;  
From victory to victory, I by His grace "go on."

\* \* \*

Verse 5

We soon shall climb the golden stair, Go on! Go on!  
Lay down the cross the crown to wear, Go on! Go on!  
On! warfare o'er, the vict'ry won,  
We'll hear Him say, "Well done!"

Chorus:

My many, many sins He pardon'd me,  
From doubts and fears He keeps me free;  
From victory to victory, I by His grace "go on."

\* \* \* \* \*

20 -- TURN BACK

[HDM2371s.jpg accompanied this song.]

I became so sorrowful through the dejected look upon the man's heavily shadowed countenance. His large eyes with their miserable expression, his despairing utterance when I had spoken to him at the close of the meetings, which was often, for he would make any sacrifice to attend meetings I addressed. Such expressions as -- "Oh, but you do not know, I have gone too far, there is no hope, my soul is charred with the fires of the worst of sins!" The dead look in his eyes as though his very soul had closed with violence its last entrance of appeal. Although well dressed, good looking, a gentleman in bearing, he made the impression upon me that he had reached the last stratum of human wretchedness. One night when the massive crowd left the

building he remained behind. I found him standing in the aisle, undecided whether to go out or not. Asking him to sit down, I took my place beside him. He talked a little that night; he told me some of the distance he had traveled from righteousness, from honor, and from truth. I saw some of the bitter grief his sins had wrought. Then I said, "Well, you know you can always turn back, there is no part of the dark road a sinner has traveled but that if he will stop and seek Christ, Christ will forgive." I repeated, "Do stop, do turn; start now, just where you are." Without a flutter of the face, fixing his large eyes upon me with what seemed to be the strength in them of a thousand men, he quietly said: "I will! I will stop now! I will turn back!"

As I told him so it was. See how infinitely suited to a man's condition is the salvation of God. Man is a sinner; Christ offers him pardon. He has lost God's image; God retraces it. He is morally weak and broken; all-sufficient grace is offered. He is dead in sin, blind and poor; at one touch of the Christ of the Cross, heavenly glories flood his soul.

\* \* \*

### Words Of "Turn Back"

#### Verse 1

Thy sins have brought thee bitter grief,  
And wrong has been thy unbelief,  
But, as He told the dying thief,  
He'll freely all forgive.

#### Chorus:

Turn back, turn back!  
Start just where thou art;  
Turn back, turn back!  
Bring thy broken heart;  
Many are thy guilty sins  
That do thy soul enthrall,  
But Jesus filled a fountain  
To take them all.

\* \* \*

#### Verse 2

Thy conscience oft by danger fraught,  
Stern battles with thy soul has fought  
In seeking peace on Calvary bought,  
When He does all forgive.

#### Chorus:

Turn back, turn back!  
Start just where thou art;  
Turn back, turn back!  
Bring thy broken heart;

Many are thy guilty sins  
That do thy soul enthrall,  
But Jesus filled a fountain  
To take them all.

\* \* \*

Verse 3

So deep the waters of regret  
O'er sins, thy soul can ne'er forget,  
The long-rejected grace, and yet,  
He'll freely all forgive.

Chorus:

Turn back, turn back!  
Start just where thou art;  
Turn back, turn back!  
Bring thy broken heart;  
Many are thy guilty sins  
That do thy soul enthrall,  
But Jesus filled a fountain  
To take them all.

\* \* \*

Verse 4

'Tis hard to tell how keen sin's woe--  
Ask of the crowd its depth that know,  
And turn to Him who loved you so,  
He'll freely all forgive.

Chorus:

Turn back, turn back!  
Start just where thou art;  
Turn back, turn back!  
Bring thy broken heart;  
Many are thy guilty sins  
That do thy soul enthrall,  
But Jesus filled a fountain  
To take them all.

\* \* \*

Verse 5

It gushed a river none could stay,  
When devils trembled on that day;

That blood can take all sin away,  
And freely all forgive.

Chorus:

Turn back, turn back!  
Start just where thou art;  
Turn back, turn back!  
Bring thy broken heart;  
Many are thy guilty sins  
That do thy soul enthrall,  
But Jesus filled a fountain  
To take them all.

\* \* \* \* \*

21 -- OH, HALLELUJAH!

[HDM2371t.jpg -- and -- HDM2371u.jpg both accompanied this song.]

When in command of the Salvation Army forces in Canada, my duties, to my great delight included the oversight of a large farm. The glad day came when, with much eagerness, I mounted the old horse, with its Clydesdale legs and harness bridle, and rode through the fields, with their waving banners of gold, across the plains where grazed the sheep, and lifted my eyes to white-winged doves silhouetted against a deep-blue sky. I was buoyantly happy, not only from the fact that there has always been the greatest affinity between me and nature, and that to come in touch with the green, all-nourishing earth is to meet my dearest and closest [earthly] friend; but from the knowledge that these particular acres were to yield good to the workless and to the unfortunate, who, by tilling the soil, would find a long-lost opportunity. The earth returns with profit the last ounce of toil and care man gives to it. It spreads his path with blossoms and his table with plenty, and to the end lavishly bestows its beauty and nourishment. The earth is God's outstretched hands, gentle and indulgent, laden with bounties for man. He is the giver of every good gift, and His love is ever the same.

\* \* \*

Words Of "Oh, Hallelujah!"

Verse 1

The mountains and rocks and the waters all,  
Oh, Hallelujah!  
They call to my heart with a very loud call.  
Glory, glory, hallelujah,  
His love is ever the same.

Chorus

Oh, hallelujah! Christ is the giver of ev'ry good gift.

Glory, glory, hallelujah! His love is ever the same.

\* \* \*

Verse 2

The waving corn and the fields of hay,  
Oh, Hallelujah!  
I think of the manger where Jesus did lay,  
Glory, glory, hallelujah,  
His love is ever the same.

Chorus

Oh, hallelujah! Christ is the giver of ev'ry good gift.  
Glory, glory, hallelujah! His love is ever the same.

\* \* \*

Verse 3

A white-winged doves under skies of blue;  
Oh, Hallelujah!  
The emblem of peace and the Christian faith too.  
Glory, glory, hallelujah,  
His love is ever the same.

Chorus

Oh, hallelujah! Christ is the giver of ev'ry good gift.  
Glory, glory, hallelujah! His love is ever the same.

\* \* \*

Verse 4

Away in the distance the grazing sheep,  
Oh, Hallelujah!  
We must all be shepherds and careful watch keep;  
Glory, glory, hallelujah,  
His love is ever the same.

Chorus

Oh, hallelujah! Christ is the giver of ev'ry good gift.  
Glory, glory, hallelujah! His love is ever the same.

\* \* \* \* \*

[HDM2371v.jpg was placed with this song. No story was with it, nor were any comments.]

## Words Of "The Shepherd"

### Verse 1

Live or die, just as He pleases;  
Where He is I mean to be;  
If death could not frighten Jesus,  
Then why should death frighten me?  
Over Jordan without fearing,  
He will leave me not alone,  
On His breast, so strong and tender,  
He will bear me safely home.

### Chorus:

I will not fear the storms of life,  
I will not fear death's tide.  
Thou, tender Shepherd of Thy flock,  
Thou art my unfailing Guide.

\* \* \*

### Verse 2

When I come to tread the valley,  
Where the heavy shadows fall,  
There His rod and staff shall comfort,  
And no evil shall befall;  
Christ the Shepherd, He'll be with me,  
In His care I shall not want,  
He's the Lily of the Valley,  
Christ the one immortal plant.

### Chorus:

I will not fear the storms of life,  
I will not fear death's tide.  
Thou, tender Shepherd of Thy flock,  
Thou art my unfailing Guide.

\* \* \*

### Verse 3

Matters not, the billows rising;  
Christ the seas did walk upon.  
He will give His hand to hold me,  
And no danger near can come.



When I reach the shores, "the golden,"  
When I climb the steeps of light,  
Then ten thousand hallelujahs  
From the ransomed throng in white.

Chorus:

I will not fear the storms of life,  
I will not fear death's tide.  
Thou, tender Shepherd of Thy flock,  
Thou art my unfailing Guide.

\* \* \*

Verse 4

Oh my heart, it is for Jesus,  
He's the dearest One by far;  
He's the altogether lovely,  
He's the bright and morning star;  
Oh my heart, it is for Jesus,  
And I love Him much the best.  
He's the fairest of ten thousand,  
Life eternal, life and rest.

Chorus:

I will not fear the storms of life,  
I will not fear death's tide.  
Thou, tender Shepherd of Thy flock,  
Thou art my unfailing Guide.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 23 -- ALL THE WAY TO CALVARY

[No picture, story, or comments were with this song.]

Words Of "All The Way To Calvary"

Verse 1

All the way to Calvary He went for me,  
He went for me, He went for me,  
All the way to Calvary He went for me.  
And now He sets me free.  
But Oh, I had so many, many sins,  
But He took them all away when He pardoned me,  
But took them all away when He pardoned me.

\* \* \*

Verse 2

All the way to Calvary He went for me,  
He went for me, He went for me,  
All the way to Calvary He went for me.  
And now He sets me free.  
But, Oh, I had so many, many doubts,  
But He took them all away when He pardoned me,  
But took them all away when He pardoned me.

\* \* \*

Verse 3

All the way to Calvary He went for me,  
He went for me, He went for me,  
All the way to Calvary He went for me.  
And now He sets me free.  
But Oh, I had so many, many fears,  
But He took them all away when He pardoned me,  
But took them all away when He pardoned me.

\* \* \* \* \*

24 -- OH, SAVE ME, DEAR LORD!

[Again, no picture, story, or comments were with this last song.]

Words Of "Oh, Save Me, Dear Lord!"

Verse 1

I bring Thee my cares and my sorrows;  
I bring Thee my doubts and my fears;  
I bring Thee the sins which have burdened my soul,  
And shadowed my pathway for years.

Chorus:

Oh, save me, dear Lord!  
Oh, save me, dear Lord!  
I plead by Thy mercy,  
Oh, save me, dear Lord!

\* \* \*

Verse 2

Oh Thou who doth know human frailties,

Prepare me for gain or for loss.  
Though born of the dust, Lord, our Father art Thou,  
The Builder of sun and the cross.

Chorus:

Oh, save me, dear Lord!  
Oh, save me, dear Lord!  
I plead by Thy mercy,  
Oh, save me, dear Lord!

\* \* \*

Verse 3

Forgive all my blindness and folly;  
My prodigal wand'rings and shame.  
Oh! heed now the out-crying pains of my heart,  
I come as the prodigal came.

Chorus:

Oh, save me, dear Lord!  
Oh, save me, dear Lord!  
I plead by Thy mercy,  
Oh, save me, dear Lord!

\* \* \*

Verse 4

We thank Thee we find in life's wilderness  
Established Thy gardens of grace;  
In temptation's desert a cool shading rock,  
In darkness the light of Thy face.

Chorus:

Oh, save me, dear Lord!  
Oh, save me, dear Lord!  
I plead by Thy mercy,  
Oh, save me, dear Lord!

\* \* \* \* \*

25 -- OLD LEAVES -- A Poem

[HDM2371w.jpg was the picture accompanying this last item in the songbook.]

Old Leaves

Leaves which were once so pretty and young--  
They have left the old branches to which they belong  
And now on spreads of gold they die;  
On the earth's dear breast in state they lie,  
Awaiting in shrouds of purple and rose,  
For the blast of the trumpet the south wind blows.  
Then they will rise -- immortal they,  
Emblem of life's eternal day;  
Emblem of flowers, fadeless all;  
Emblem of leaves that never fall.  
"The Tree of Life," "The Crystal Sea,"  
Emblem of soul's immortality.  
Loved ones who in resurrection rise  
The palm to wave that never dies.  
Death, the gate to Heaven above--  
Eternal life and the Home of love.  
O God, we feel the leaves are true--  
Thy mercy is eternal too.

Evangeline Booth, 1926.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE END