

Chapter Seven Songs and Poems

Selections from "Songs of the Evangel"

Published by Salvationist Publishing and Supplies, London (1937), containing 29 of her songs, some with the stories of how they were written.

We have included five of the best loved songs from this collection:

Fling Wide the Gates

I Bring Thee All

The Wounds of Christ

And Yet He Will

O Save Me, Dear Lord

Fling Wide The Gates!

After twenty-five long years, I seldom can look upon our Founder's picture but through a 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's heart; all these are portrayed in his face. What is passing meant to suffering, singing humanity the world we 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 steps of light - the redeemed, who through my father's life, sacrifice, and toil had gone before him. And in the confidence of that vision they're saying this paean through my soul.



the proper and effect of all open
the way in which they are conducted.
nities, the more choice in character, the
the more completely, can they be abused
what should be a blessing into a curse
cause they put a unique chance into
be spoiled and their blessed privileges
than perhaps any other. How to conduct
the best possible advantage is a most
most likely a thousand odds against

The Wangeli North Collection

Fling Wide the Gates

Andante maestoso M. J. 44 (or J. 88)

1. Fling wide the Gates! I hear the an - gels sing - ing;
2. Fling wide the Gates! A life of war - fare end - ed!
3. Fling wide the Gates! Thro' Christ his work ac - com - plished;
4. Fling wide the Gates! With hearts of glo - ry bril - liant;

Fling wide the Gates! I hear bright mu - sic ring - ing;
 Fling wide the Gates! A sol - dier brave as - cen - ded;
 Fling wide the Gates! His toils for oth - ers fin - ished;
 Fling wide the Gates! His en - try made a bun - dant;

A war - rior soul from this poor world is wing - ing,
 Life's bat - tle won, the cause of Christ de - fen - ded,
 Laid down the sword, the cross for crown re - lin - quished,
 Tri - um - phant soul, with es - cort host re - splen - dent;

T'ward the glo - ry of the Gol - den Strand. (the Gol - den Strand.)
 More than con - qu'ror thro' the pow'r of God. (the pow'r of God.)
 Hal - le - lu - jahs fill the earth and sky. (the earth and sky.)
 Stands be - fore the ho - ly throne of God. (the throne of God.)

Toil and fear, a sol - dier's spear, Left be - hind the grave,
 With a bound at trum - pet sound, From its bond of clay,
 Strug - gling hard, and bat - tle - scarred, Makes the Gol - den Shore,
 Burn - ing brand in ev - 'ry land Blazed a ho - ly trail,



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I Bring Thee All

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 fibre of my being. But as my blood quick and, as my eyes began to clear, and the fragrance of the lovely spring breeze upon me through the open window, 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 pricelessness of the 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."



The Wangeli North Collection

I Bring Thee All

Andante con espress. M. J. - 56

1. Fa - ther of love, of jus - tice and of mer - cy,
2. O Thou, of Whom the heav'ns are but a sym - bol,
3. O Man of Sor - rows, pray - ing in the Gar - den,

Thou art the dawn, the star at ev - en - tide;
Be Thou the sun that draws my heart to Thee;
Thy sweat as blood falls down up - on the ground.

Show Thou Thy face, And light my way to Cal - v'ry,
Be Thou the light the stars at night do kin - dle,
In that dark a - go - ny my sins are par - doned;

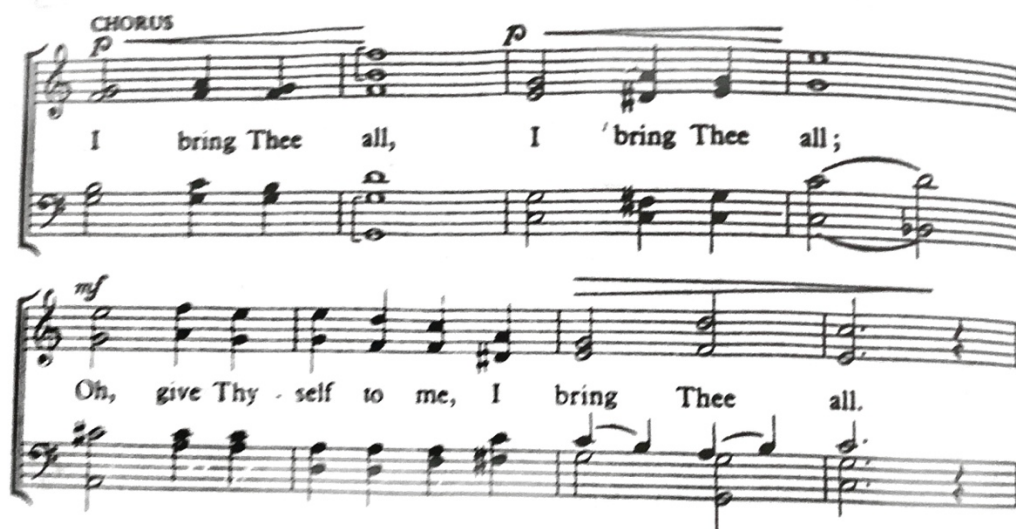
There all my sins in Thee to hide. I bring Thee
Thy love is more than all to me. I bring Thee
My so - lace in Thy grief is found. I bring Thee

all my sins, None can for - give but Thee.
all my heart, None do I love like Thee.
all my tears, None can con - sole like Thee.

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The Wangeli North Collection





The Wounds of Christ

Returning to my quarters late one November evening, after battling with cold, sleep and misery, dressed in rags that I might get a mirror to the hearts and lives of the poorest of those with whom I mingled in the slums of London, I vainly struggle 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 vanish calling the beautiful face and golden head of the little 15-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 freezing blue eyes and 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 hide myself?" 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 worlds of Christ are open,
There for refuge flee.



The Wangeli North Collection

The Wounds of Christ

Adagio M. J. - 56

cresc. *mf*

1. Dark sha - dows were fall - ing, My spi - rit ap - pal - ling, For
2. It soothes all life's sor - rows, It smoothes all its fur - rows, It
3. The cur - rent's first wak - ing Was when Christ was ta - king A
4. Come, cast in your sor - row, Wait not till to - mor - row, Life's

hid in my heart sin's deep crim - son stains lay; And when I was weep - ing, The
binds up the wounds which transgression has made; It turns night to morn - ing, So
world's shame and sor - row thro' death and the grave; And an - gels were scheming To
eve - ning is clos - ing, the death bell will toll; His Blood for thee streaming, His

cresc. *mf*

past o'er me creep - ing, I heard of the Blood which can wash sin a - way.
tru - ly a - dorn - ing The spi - rit with joy when all oth - er lights fade.
make known the mean - ing To hearts of all na - tions His pow - er to save.
Grace so re - deem - ing, His love in - ter - ve - ning will par - don thy soul.

CHORUS
Moderato M. J. - 66

The wounds of Christ are o - pen, Sin - ner, they were made for thee; The

cresc. *dim.*

wounds of Christ are o - pen, There for re - fuge flee.

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And Yet He Will

I had been visiting in the great Holloway Jail, London. At that time the law forbidding visitors, apart from relations, was inexorable; thus my only means of gaining admittance was to make my appeal in ragged and dilapidated condition as a relative of an inmate. 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 once enjoyed the privileged life 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 reason it does. He was a tall man, in exceptionally handsome physique, and I shall never forget the picture of wreckage he presented, standing full height, in his prison clothes, his hand uplifted, his voice rang out at the close of the story with the tragic words: "But I fell... I fell... I fell a star from the heavens to a cinder in hell." And in the memory of his cry, and with the despairing face of the man before me I wrote the song which I believe has been a blessing to thousands all over the world, "And Yet He Will Thy Sins Forgive."



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And Yet He Will

Andante con espress. M. J. - 66

1. Ma - ny fears, Sins and tears, Crowd the path you've
2. Sin - ner, hark! In the dark! Death's fierce storm will
3. Sad to tell How you fell From great heights nigh
4. Con-science seared, Judg - ment feared, Ev - 'ry hope your
5. Deeds now past, How they cast Shad - ows o'er thy
6. An - gels cry From the sky: "Will you not pre-
7. In His Face All can trace Won - drous love and

CHORUS
Moderato M. J. - 72

trod for years, Crowd the path you've trod for years.
wreck your bark, Death's fierce storm will wreck your bark.
down to Hell, From great heights nigh down to Hell.
sin has bleared, Ev - 'ry hope your sin has bleared. And yet He
soul which last, Sha - dows o'er thy soul which last.
pare to die? Will you not pre - pare to die?"
bound - less grace, Won - drous love and bound - less grace.

cresc.

will thy sins for - give, And yet He
And yet He will thy sins for - give,

will thy sins for - give;
And yet He will thy sins for - give;

f

Oh, come a - long, for Je - sus is strong, And He will thy sins for - give.



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O Save Me, Dear Lord

Andante M. J. - 69

1. I bring Thee my cares and my sor - rows, I
 2. O Thou Who doth know hu - man frail - ties, Pre -
 3. For - give all my blind - ness and fol - ly, My
 4. We thank Thee we find in life's wil - der - ness Es -

bring Thee my doubts and my fears, I bring Thee the
 - pare me for gain or for loss; Tho' born of the
 prod - i - gal wan - d'rings and shame. Oh, heed now the
 - tab - lished Thy gar - dens of grace. In temp - ta - tion's

sins which have bur - dened my soul, And sha - dowed my
 dust, Lord, our Fa - ther art Thou, The Build - er of
 out - cry - ing pains of my heart; I come as the
 des - ert a cool sha - ding rock, In dark - ness the

CHORUS
 path - way for years. Oh, save me, dear Lord! Oh,
 sun and the Cross. came.
 pro - di - gal Face.
 light of Thy Face.

save me, dear Lord! I plead by Thy mer - cy, Oh, save me, dear Lord!



Selected Poems

Taken from *Poems By Evangeline Booth* (S.A. New York – n.d.), and miscellaneous other sources.

Stand By The Flag

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 others would trample,
Dragging our Blood-and-Fire emblem in the dust.
Stand by the flag! Be to all an example,
Faithful till death to your God-given trust.
Stand by the Flag! Let's 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!

A Dream

Last night I was dreaming, of Heaven I was dreaming,
I dreamed of my loved ones upon that bright shore;
I saw their faces
Alight with Heaven's graces,
I heard their sweet voices as in days of yore;
I heard their sweet voices as in days of yore.

I dreamed that with eyes having vision immortal,
I gazed on the ransomed in bright shining bands;



I heard the grand chorus,
The anthem so glorious,
The saints wore white robes and had palms in their hands;
The saints wore white robes and had palms in their hands.

I dreamed in this City our wrongs were forgotten,
And friendships once severed became reconciled;
That hearts pressed by sorrow,
In that bright tomorrow
Were glad as the angels on whom God had smiled;
Were glad as the angels on whom God had smiled.

I dreamed that the widow, the orphan, the outcast,
Redeemed by Christ's sufferings had reached that bright shore:
In one rapturous meeting
Their loved ones were greeting,
Their sorrows had vanished, their partings were o'er;
Their sorrows had vanished, their partings were o'er.

I dreamed I was listening, in Heaven I was listening,
A voice, much the dearest of voices below,
Was calling me upward
To realms bright and glistening,
Was calling my name as in days long ago;
Was calling my name as in days long ago.

The dream of this voice brought loved faces before me,
And up from the past, oh, such fond memories came;
Through every memory
Each a blest sanctuary,
I hear its faint echo still calling my name
I hear its faint echo still calling my name.



Courage

Is it oft thy heart has failed thee?
Hast thou many times gone back?
Linger not to count the failures
Strewn along 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 He was with Moses,
So the Lord will be with thee,"
Reading, "Courage, and with Joshua
Thou the conqueror shall be."

Dost thou fear to face the perils
And the shot of battleground?
Oh, remember, in the furnace
Grace sufficient martyrs found.
Hold not back when storms are raging
And the enemy is strong,
It is when the Jordan's swelling
Christ the Pilot leads us on,
As His promise given Moses,
So His promise given thee,
Fight with courage and with Joshua
Thou the conqueror shall be.

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,
Every shadow penetrate,
It will bring us through life's sorrows,
It will open wide the gate.
Then in Heaven, through faith triumphant,
All of life's distresses past,
Then in Heaven, "more than conqueror"
We will gather Home at last.

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.



Just a Smile

As I've sailed 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;
Thro' the mists I could see Heaven waiting for me,
 All the lights burning bright on the shore;
Thro' the mists I could see Heaven waiting for me,
 All the lights burning bright on the shore.

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
 By 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!

Just a smile from the face of my Savior 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 nailprint 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.