

We call ourselves a Christian nation.
I say we are an abomination
To the God who dwells on high -
A Christian nation, that's a lie.

Booze on every hand flows free,
Gambling everywhere we see;
Dope which drags a man's soul down,
Can be had in any town.

Dance halls crowded with dancing feet,
Theaters packed out every seat,
Penal institutions filled
With boys and girls who sought a thrill.

Beer joints calling the youth of our land,
Were driven on by the mad jazz band,
In wild abandon they curse, drink, and yell -
A stepping stone to the gates of Hell.

Darkened houses, curtained tight,
Where women sell their souls by night,
Where men are drawn of their own lust,
Betraying those who love and trust.

No color is barred, no race or creed;
To enter, the price is all you need;
While the law or our city closes its eyes,
Feigning ignorance to this ungodly vice.

White slave rings operating still,
Looking for victims their hell-holes to fill,
Dens where they smoke the opium pipe,
And the scum of the earth comes forth by night.

Hospitals filled with old and young,
Who gave their all for a bit of fun;
Now bodies diseased and rotting away
They long for death both night and day.

Statistics show in one city alone (Dallas, TX)
A case in every other home,
While health clinics try to check this disease;
But we need more of God and time on our knees.

Women their shorts and playsuits wear
Before every one, their bodies bare,
Causing some man's crazed mind to whirl,
Brutally attacking some little girl.

Little children roam the streets
While mother for her bridge game meets;
Where once mother read God's Holy Word,
Now the clink of the cocktail glass is heard.

Five dollars per person for gambling we blow,
Four-fifty for liquor - statistics show
While five cents per person we give to our Lord,
Expecting our ministers to still give out the Word.

Tobacco; that deadly destructive weed;
Weakening the lungs, inviting T.B.
Our women now use it, young people, too;
They smoke, they dip it, and some even chew.

Bill boards display it, o'er all counters it's sold,
Bringing in thousands of dollars untold,
While orphan children are crying for bread,
And many a girl hasn't even a bed.

No money for mission, no money for church,
No money to carry on God's needed work,
No money for teachers, God's true Word to teach,
No money for missionaries, the heathen to reach.

Bibles taken from the school
Where once they learned the Golden Rule,
Churches empty save a faithful few,
While the minister strives his best to do.

A falling away we see everywhere;
No interest, no burden, no spirit of prayer,
Negligence, lethargy, these things prevail,
While souls rush on to a devil's Hell.

We need more churches where men kneel and pray,
Where women live godly as in grandmother's day;
We need Elija's God the fire to send
And burn up the wickedness now found in men.

We should bring out our Bibles, wipe off the dust,
Teach our children in whom they should trust,
We need to serve God as the prophets of old,
And leave behind Gods of silver and gold.

We should give freely of tithe and of gift,
Helping the fallen and burdens to lift,
Giving our all on God's alter of peace,
That hatred and war and strife might cease.

More ministers to preach God's sanctified Word
With a life that speaks louder than the message we've heard,
Back to the blood, back to the cross,
Lift up Christ who died for the lost.

Then would our God hear from Heaven on High
And smite our enemy and cause him to die;
But, alas, these good things I have written are not,
And our boys on the battlefield die and rot.

A Christian nation, I can't agree;
Far from God is the nation I see.