

# NEVER FAILETH



## CHARITY NEVER FAILETH:

The FATHER Holds unerringly.  
JESUS'S BLOOD Never loses its power.

The HOLY GHOST Guides into **all truth**.

Father, **JESUS** and Holy Spirit;  
Thy voice calls me: I awake.

My eyes are set in thy will;  
To thy Holy Mountain we ride.

The strength of thy arms, O Lord,  
Is greater than a thousand horses.

What then shall I fear? Death? Never!  
FATHER, I hear life echoing from the hill!

When the stampede of the enemy draws near;  
I crush it, **JESUS**, with thy sacred blood, in thy holy name.

I see your oasis off in the distance;  
I will not stop 'til I reach thy living waters.

At night, your fire and warmth fill me;  
In your rest I find peace.

Your **HOLY SPIRIT** guides me on this trail,  
On the straight and narrow I **stay true**.

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## NEVER FAILETH IS LIKE A TRAIL BOSS

"Father, it's going to be a long,  
hard ride.  
Got twelve men, 600 head.

Going to need all of you, Father.  
And you, Brother!  
Lead me, Holy Ghost. At dawn  
we ride, Amen!"

Early morning prayer from Bud "Trail boss" Batton.

## In the Canyon of Death

Bud Batton, a hard-bitten, no-nonsense trail boss who knows every inch of the trail. His sharp eyes spot trouble before it even gets close. Years in the saddle never made him as tough as the land he rides. His voice is gravelly from shouting often, and yet he is kind, kind, charity is his private name. When things go south, he keeps a cool head, able to resolve any danger riding his way; his men and his herd are his domain.

There is the real obstacle, almost two weeks of a waterless, scorching ride through death. Carcasses line the path of herds that have dared to enter and never made it through death's high canyon walls. Today, like the past 10 days, danger lurks; water runs low as the scorching temps rise. For the Canyon of Death gives no mercy, respects not the cowboys that ride within. He double-checks the water barrels, knowing every drop counts. Spirits are high, cattle heads are bent as they complete the ride of death.

The canyon's end reveals another green grass, and in the near distance, water, the town. At the last of the canyon's steep walls, he adds a tally mark to the other eleven he has left. This marks trip 12. All every trips through than any other trail boss. He waits as the last of the herd and his men pass him at the canyon's end. Death has been beaten once again. Charity reigns!

## Charity IS LIKE A TRAIL BOSS



Win the Canyon of Death now behind us, not one is to turn back hands and feet; send they know my voice; they hear my commands. "Victory over the canyon," they shout!

As we move into the stock yard, the town's sheriff, with his wife, ask for the Bud Batton. "Our son is deathly ill, please Bud, come," the sheriff pleads. "I will come and see him," says Bud. Walking into the sunken, hot room, Bud and his men see the boy he is gasping for his next breath, his chest heaving. Bud Batton, "young man," then kneeling at the dying boy's bed, in the power of the Spirit, Bud speaks, "Young man, stand and be healed in the name of JESUS, the Alpha and Omega: the beginning and the end." Immediately, the boy looks up, looks at his hands, feels his chest, and says, "Morn, Dad... I'm healed!"

**CHARITY NEVER FAILETH**

## The LORD OF LORDS



ALL MINE ARE THINE, and thou art mine; and I am glorified in them. And now I am no more in the world, but these are in the world, and I come to thee. Holy Father, keep through thine own name those whom thou hast given me, that they may be one, as we are.

ALL POWER IS GIVEN UNTO ME in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you and, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. Amen.

**CHARITY NEVER FAILETH**

In the year eighteen sixty-five, the war was near its end, Bud Batton rode to battle, with his country to defend. At Columbus, he was wounded, left to face the night. It lay dressed in white, stopped in to save his life.

Chorus  
He's a trail boss ridin' through the dust and plains, Bible in his saddle, preachin' Jesus' name. A soldier, a cowboy, a man of the Word, helpin' folks in need, makin' sure they're heard.

Viola was her name, but he called her W. She nursed him back to life, love shinin' in her eyes. Through the trials and the pain, love was born that day. And when he said "I do" he knew he'd found his way.

Chorus  
By freight, he'd read the Word, lead the lost back home. With a heart so full of mercy, never ridin' alone. For the Father, Son, and Spirit, he'd stand tall and true. A cowboy and a preacher, with a mission to pursue.

From Texas to Montana, he'd guide the cattle through. But every town he stopped in, he'd share the gospel too. With a voice so strong and steady, like the rivers wide. He led men to salvation, with W right by his side.

Chorus  
You can feel the Holy Spirit like a western breeze. The Trail boss praying upon his knees. Bud Batton rides for freedom, for truth and for grace, Preaching the Gospel of Jesus, such a heavenly place.





# CHARITY NEVER FAILETH:

The FATHER Holds unerringly.

JESUS'S BLOOD Never loses  
its power.

The HOLY GHOST Guides  
into **all truth**.

Father, **JESUS** and **Holy Spirit**;  
**Thy voice calls me**: I awake.

My eyes are set in **thy will**;  
**To thy Holy Mountain we ride**.

The **strength of thy arms**, O Lord,  
Is greater than a **thousand horses**.

What then shall I fear? Death? **Never!**  
**FATHER**, I **hear Life** echoing from the hills!

When the stampede of the enemy draws near;  
I crush it, **JESUS**, **with thy sacred blood**, **in thy holy name**.

I see your oasis off in the distance;  
**I will not stop** 'til I reach **thy living waters**.

At night, your fire and warmth fill me;  
**In your rest** I find peace.

Your **HOLY SPIRIT guides me** on this trail,  
On the straight and narrow **I stay true**.



# NEVER FAILETH IS LIKE A TRAIL BOSS

A man in a cowboy hat is kneeling in a grassy field at night, looking down at a campfire. The sky is dark with stars and a faint nebula. The campfire is made of logs and is burning brightly. The man is wearing a dark shirt, jeans, and a cowboy hat. The background shows rolling hills and a small building in the distance.

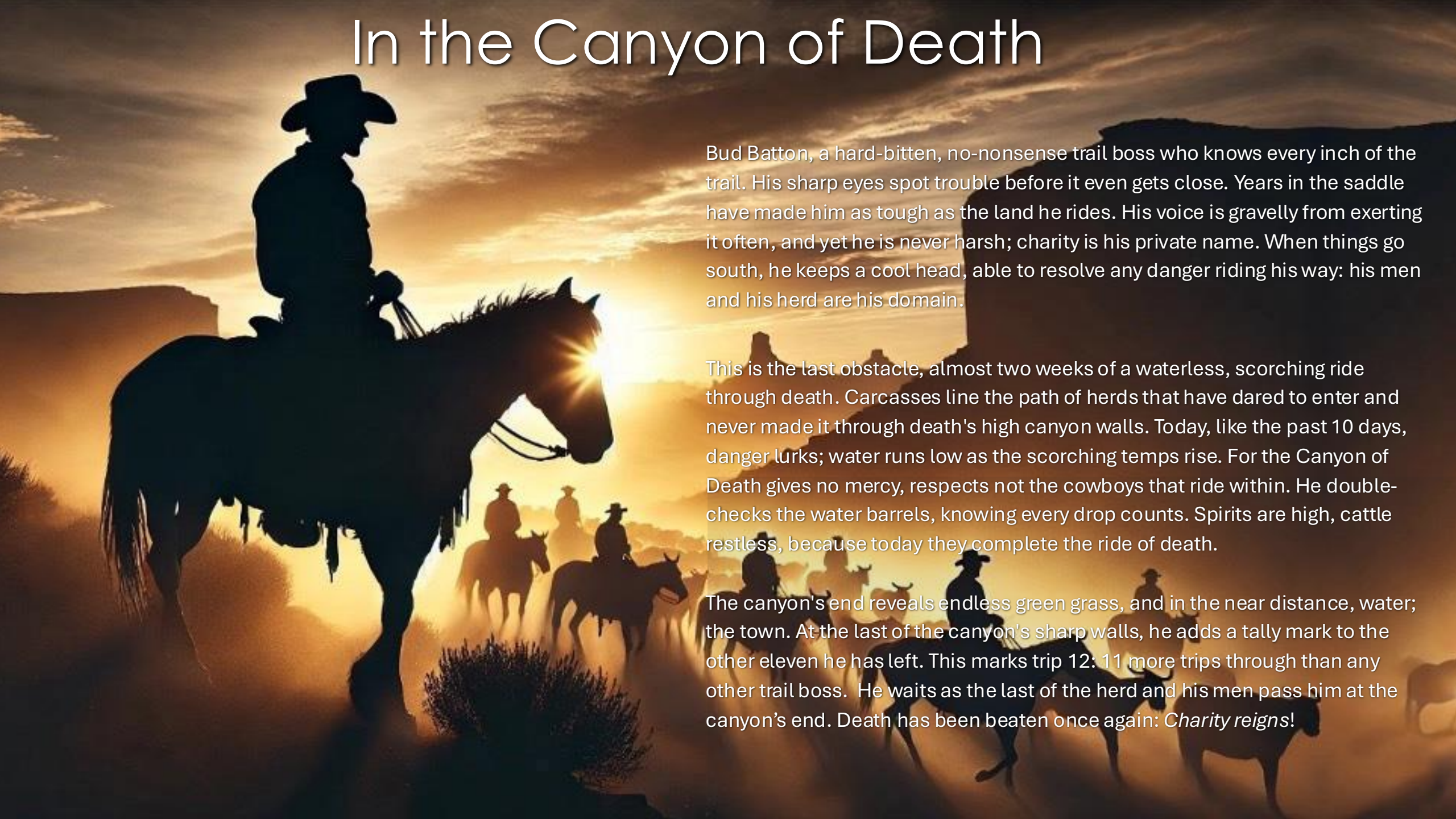
"Father, it's going to be a long,  
hard ride.  
Got twelve men, 600 head.

Going to need all of you, Father.  
And you, Brother!  
Lead me, Holy Ghost. At dawn  
we ride. Amen!"

Early morning prayer from Bud "Trail boss" Batton.



# In the Canyon of Death

A dramatic silhouette of a cowboy on a horse, facing right, against a bright sunset sky. The sun is low on the horizon, creating a strong backlight effect. In the background, several other riders on horseback are visible, also silhouetted, moving along a path. The overall mood is somber and adventurous.

Bud Batton, a hard-bitten, no-nonsense trail boss who knows every inch of the trail. His sharp eyes spot trouble before it even gets close. Years in the saddle have made him as tough as the land he rides. His voice is gravelly from exerting it often, and yet he is never harsh; charity is his private name. When things go south, he keeps a cool head, able to resolve any danger riding his way: his men and his herd are his domain.

This is the last obstacle, almost two weeks of a waterless, scorching ride through death. Carcasses line the path of herds that have dared to enter and never made it through death's high canyon walls. Today, like the past 10 days, danger lurks; water runs low as the scorching temps rise. For the Canyon of Death gives no mercy, respects not the cowboys that ride within. He double-checks the water barrels, knowing every drop counts. Spirits are high, cattle restless, because today they complete the ride of death.

The canyon's end reveals endless green grass, and in the near distance, water; the town. At the last of the canyon's sharp walls, he adds a tally mark to the other eleven he has left. This marks trip 12: 11 more trips through than any other trail boss. He waits as the last of the herd and his men pass him at the canyon's end. Death has been beaten once again: *Charity reigns!*





# Charity

## IS LIKE A TRAIL BOSS



With the Canyon of Death now behind us, not one is lost; ranch hands and herd all safe! They know my voice; they hear my commands. "Victory over the canyon," they shout!

As we move into the stock yard, the town's sheriff, with his wife, ask for THE Bud Batton. "Our son is deathly ill; please Bud, come," the sheriff pleads. "I will come and heal him", says Bud.

Walking into the sunbaked, hot room, Bud and his men see the boy. He is gasping for his next breath, his chest heaving. Bud Batton steps forward. Then kneeling at the dying boy's bed, in the power of the Spirit, Bud speaks, "Young man, arise and be healed in the name of JESUS, the Alpha and Omega: the beginning and the end." Immediately, the boy looks up, looks at his hands, feels his chest, and says, "Mom, Dad...I..,I'm healed!"

### CHARITY NEVER FAILETH



# The LORD OF LORDS saith



ALL MINE ARE THINE, and thine are mine; and I am glorified in them. And now I am no more in the world, but these are in the world, and I come to thee. Holy Father, keep through thine own name those whom thou hast given me, that they may be one, as we are.

Jn 17:10-11

ALL POWER IS GIVEN UNTO ME in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. Amen.

Mat 28:18-20

**CHARITY NEVER FAILETH**



In the year eighteen sixty-five, the war was near its end, Bud Batton rode to battle, with his country to defend. At Columbus, he was wounded, left to face the night, Till a lady dressed in white stepped in to save his life.

*Chorus*

He's a trail boss ridin' through the dust and plains, Bible in his saddle, preachin' Jesus' name. A soldier, a cowboy, a man of the Word, Helpin' folks in need, makin' sure they heard.

Viola was her name, but he called her Vi, She nursed him back to life, love shinin' in her eyes. Through the trials and the pain, love was born that day, And when he said "I do," he knew he'd found his way.

*(Chorus)*

By firelight, he'd read the Word, lead the lost back home, With a heart so full of mercy, never ridin' alone. For the Father, Son, and Spirit, he'd stand tall and true, A cowboy and a preacher, with a mission to pursue.

From Texas to Montana, he'd guide the cattle through, But every town he stopped in, he'd share the gospel too. With a voice so strong and steady, like the rivers wide, He led men to salvation, with Vi right by his side.



*(Chorus)*

You can feel the Holy Spirit like a western breeze, The Trail boss praying upon his knees. Bud Batton rides for freedom, for truth and for grace, Preaching the Gospel of Jesus, such a heavenly place

