

**THE PSYCHIC SONGSTER FOR
USE IN THE HOME, CIRCLES,
CAMP MEETINGS AND OTHER
SPIRITUALISTIC GATHERINGS**

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The Psychic Songster for Use in the Home, Circles, Camp Meetings and Other Spiritualistic Gatherings by G. Tabor Thompson

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G. TABOR THOMPSON

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BY
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PREFACE.

TRUTH can be sung into the heart when it cannot be preached in. We should never expect to get our beautiful philosophy into the lives of the people, until we get the people to singing. When our songs get to be HOUSEHOLD SONGS, then Spiritualism will stand where it might have stood long ago. Let every person who can sing, and every society which can get the people to singing, purchase a blank SCRAP BOOK, with pages numbered, then arrange music for this book according to the "GUIDE TO TUNES" found on another page. This will make it possible for all the Hymns to come into use, rather than a few, as is usually done. Urge Choir Leaders to get the congregation to sing. This will inspire the audience, increase the attendance (for crowds will go where there is good singing), and spread the truth.

THE AUTHOR.

Gift
Mrs. H. H. Higbee
1/8/57

2-12-54 MFP

The Psychic Songster.

1 Lead, Kindly Light.

1 Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling
gloom,
Lead thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead thou me on!
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past
years!

3 So long thy power hath blest me, sure it
still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!

John H. Newman.

2 Tell Me a Truthful Story.

- 1 Tell me a truthful story
About the other life;
May loved ones up in glory
Help mortals in the strife?
Tell me the story simply,
That I may understand;
For if it can be proven
It certainly is grand.

Chorus.

- Yes, 'tis a truthful story,
For loved ones come from glory;
Oft has the proof been given,
They'll prove it soon to you.
- 2 Tell me the story slowly,
I would not be misled;
Too many are false teachers,
And these I sorely dread!
Tell me the story often,
For I lose heart so soon;
Sometimes the faith of evening
Has spent itself by noon.
- 3 Tell me the story boldly,
With earnest tones and grave;
Remember life's a failure
If Angels do not save.

Tell me the story often,
If you would really be,
In countless times of trouble,
A comforter to me.

- 4 Yes, 'tis a truthful story
About the other life;
For loved ones come from glory
To aid us in the strife:
And when this life closes,
They lead us to the sky,
Where sorrow has an ending,
And we shall never die.

G. Tabor Thompson.

3 Shall We Meet.

- 1 Shall we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll?
Where in all the bright forever
Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?

Chorus.

- Shall we meet, shall we meet,
Shall we meet beyond the river,
Shall we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll?
- 2 Shall we meet in that blest harbor,
When our stormy voyage is o'er?
Shall we meet and cast the anchor
By the bright celestial shore?

- 3 Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the towers celestial shine?
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine?
- 4 Where the music of the angels
Rolls its harmony around,
And creation swells the chorus
With its sweet melodious sound.
- 5 Shall we meet there many a loved one,
That was torn from our embrace?
Shall we listen to their voices,
And behold them face to face?

H. L. Hastings.

4 Vale of Beulah.

1 I am passing down the valley that they say
is so lone,
But I find that all the pathway is with flow'rs
overgrown.
'Tis to me the vale of Beulah, 'tis a beautiful
way,
For the angels walk beside me, my compan-
ions each day.

Chorus.

Vale of Beulah! Vale of Beulah! thou art
precious to me;
For the lovely land of Canaan in the distance
I see.

2 Not a shadow, not a shadow ever darkens
the way,
For a radiance bright as glory shines upon it
all day;
And the music, sweetly chanted by the heav-
enly throng,
Floats in cadence down the valley, and it
cheers me along.

3 So I journey with rejoicing t'ward the City
of Light,
While each day my joy grows deeper, and the
pathway more bright;
And I near the open portals of the Kingdom
above,
For this highway leads to Canaan, to the
Kingdom of love.

E. A. Hoffman.

5 When I Get Home.

1 I shall have eternal youth
When I get home.
I shall know and love the truth,
When I get home.
Mortal clad no longer;
Spirit body stronger;
Heaven mine forever,
When I get home.