

THE
Psychic Songster

The Private Library
of
C. H. Stevens
Nov 23

G. TABOR THOMPSON

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

518 Spruce Street

Philadelphia, Pa.

Price, 12 cents each ; \$10.00 per hundred



THE Psychic Songster

for use in the
Home, Circles, Camp Meetings
and other
Spiritualistic Gatherings

BY
engf
G. TABOR THOMPSON
^ 518 Spruce Street, Phila., Pa.

or may be ordered from
"The Progressive Thinker," 40 Loomis St., Chicago
"Banner of Light," Boston, etc., etc.

EDITOR'S NOTICE

The new Hymns contained in the collection are secured by United States copyright, and must not be used in any way without permission from the owner.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY G. TABOR THOMPSON

BY
443
.57
747

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
1/8/54*

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.

- I 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 companions
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.

Chorus.

When I get home, when I get home,
All weeping will be over when I get home.
No place like home, my spirit home.
There we shall live forever, when I get home.

2 All the hardships will be past,
 When I get home.
 No more dark and stormy blast,
 When I get home.
 Light from Heaven streaming,
 O'er my pathway beaming,
 Helps to light my footsteps
 Till I get home.

3 Though my bark be tempest tossed,
 I shall get home.
 I shall see my loved and lost
 When I get home.
 We'll review together
 This world's stormy weather;
 Happy be forever,
 When I get home.

G. Tabor Thompson.

6**Home of the Soul.**

1 I will sing you a song of that beautiful land,
 The far-away home of the soul,

Where no storms ever beat on the glittering
strand,
While the years of eternity roll;
While the years of eternity roll;
Where no storms ever beat on the glittering
strand,
While the years of eternity roll.

2 Oh, that home of the soul in my visions and
dreams,
Its bright, jasper walls I can see;
Till I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes
Between the fair city and me;
Between the fair city and me;
Till I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes
Between the fair city and me.

3 Oh, how sweet it will be in that beautiful
land,
So free from all sorrow and pain;
With songs on our lips and with harps in our
hands
To meet one another again,
To meet one another again:
With songs on our lips and with harps in our
hands
To meet one another again.

Mrs. Ellen H. Gates.

7 The Best Friends are Angels.

- 1 Oh, the best friends to have are Angels,
When the cares of life upon us roll;
They will heal the wounded heart,
They will strength and joy impart;
Oh, the best friends to have are Angels.

Chorus.

- The best friends to have are Angels,
The best friends to have are Angels;
They will hear you when you call!
They will help you when you fall!
Oh, the best friends to have are Angels.
- 2 What true friends we have found in Angels,
Peace and comfort to our lives they bring;
Leaning on such Psychic arm,
We will fear no ill or harm;
Oh, the best friends to have are Angels.
- 3 Though we pass through the night of sorrow
And the strange transition time draws nigh,
Never need we shrink or fear,
For our spirit friends are near;
Oh, the best friends to have are Angels.
- 4 When some day to our home we gather,
With the loved ones who have gone before;
We will meet our Angel band,

In the lovely spirit land;
Oh, the best friends to have are Angels.
G. Tabor Thompson.

8

National Hymn.

- 1 My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing!
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the pilgrims' pride!
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!
- 2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills:
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.
- 3 Let music swell the breeze
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

- 4 Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

Samuel F. Smith.

9 We'll Meet There.

- 1 There's a blessed land of rest
On heaven's peaceful shore;
All tears are wiped from ev'ry weeping eye,
And care shall be no more.

Chorus.

We'll meet there, oh, we'll meet there,
In the dawning of the morning we'll meet there,
We'll meet there, oh, we'll meet there,
In the home beyond the river, we'll meet there.

- 2 There's a home of joy and light,
Its bliss no tongue can tell;
The friends are fitting up that mansion
bright,
Where we shall ever dwell.

- 3 There are countless joys on high
For those who love the right,

For those who patiently endure each test,
And win out in the fight.

- 4 Then be faithful to the end,
Run in the upward way,
That you may reach that blessed, blessed
home,
In realms of endless day.

G. Tabor Thompson.

10 Beautiful, Beckoning Hands.

- 1 Beckoning hands at the gateway to-night,
Faces a-shining with radiant light;
Eyes looking down from yon heavenly home,
Beautiful hands, they are beckoning "come."

Chorus.

Beautiful hands, beckoning hands,
Calling the dear ones to heavenly lands;
Beautiful hands, beckoning hands,
Beautiful, beautiful, beckoning hands.

- 2 Beckoning hands of a mother whose love
Sacrificed life its devotion to prove;
Hands of a father to memory dear,
Beckon up higher the waiting ones here.

- 3 Beckoning hands of a little one, see!
Baby voice calling, O mother, for thee;

Rosy cheek'd darling, the light of the home,
Taken so early, is beckoning "come."

4 Beckoning hands of a husband, a wife,
Watching and waiting the loved one of life;
Hands of a brother, a sister, a friend,
Out from the gateway to-night they extend.
C. C. L.

11 Faintest Word of Love.

1 Gently falls the loving message
From the higher spirit sphere;
And we bid each bearer welcome,
For they bring us hope and cheer.

Chorus.

Welcome, dear ones, we are listening,
For the faintest word of love;
Every message brings us comfort
That comes from the home above.

2 When the way is rough and thorny,
And Earth friends have proved untrue,
Comfort comes from better friendships,
Angel friends, it comes from you.

3 Men may praise or they may blame us,
We shall boldly do our best;
'Mid the din of many voices,
Higher forces give us rest.

G. Tabor Thompson.

12 : *Tune, Aletta.*

1 They whose course on earth is o'er,
Think they of their brethren more?
They before the Throne who bow,
Feel they for their brethren now?

2 Yea, our loved and lost have still
Part in all our joy and ill;
Keeping all our steps in view,
Guiding them, it may be, too.

3 We, by enemies distressed,
They, in Paradise at rest;
We the captives, they the freed;
We and they are one, indeed.

4 One in all we seek or shun;
One, because creation's one;
One in heart, and one in love:
We below, and they above.

Rev. John Mason Neale.

13 Waiting and Watching for Me.

1 When my final farewell to the world I have
 said,
And gladly lie down to my rest;
When softly the watchers shall say, "He is
 dead,"
And fold my pale hands o'er my breast;

And when with my glorified vision at last
The walls of "That City" I see,
Will any one then at the beautiful gate
Be waiting and watching for me?
Will any one then, at the beautiful gate,
Be waiting and watching for me?
||:Be waiting and watching,
Be waiting and watching for me?:||

2 There are little ones glancing about in my
path,
In want of a friend and a guide;
There are dear little eyes looking up into mine,
Whose tears might be easily dried.
But angels may beckon the children away
In the midst of their grief and their glee—
||:Will any of them, at the beautiful gate,
Be waiting and watching for me?:||
||:Be waiting and watching,
Be waiting and watching for me?:||

3 There are old and forsaken who linger
awhile
In homes which their dearest have left;
And a few gentle words or an action of love
May cheer their sad spirits bereft.
But the Reaper is near to the long standing
corn,
The weary will soon be set free—

||:Will any of them, at the beautiful gate,
Be waiting and watching for me?:||
||:Be waiting and watching,
Be waiting and watching for me?:||

4 Oh, should I be brought there by the boun-
tiful grace
Of Him who delights to forgive,
Though I bless not the weary about in my
path,
Pray only for self while I live—
Methinks I should mourn o'er my sinful
neglect,
If sorrow in heaven can be,
||:Should no one I love, at the beautiful gate,
Be waiting and watching for me?:||
||:Be waiting and watching,
Be waiting and watching for me?:||
Marianne Farmingham Hearn.

14 My Mother First of All.

1 When my Earth work is finished,
At the still of ebbing tide;
When the new and glorious mansions I shall
see,
I shall know my darling mother when I
reach the other side,
And her smile will be the first to welcome me.

Chorus.

I shall know her, I shall know her,
I should know such a love in any land;
I shall know her, I shall know her,
Though the gray is turned to gold on yonder strand.

2 O the soul-thrilling rapture,
When I view her lovely face,
Where no glasses hide the lustre of the eye;
How my full heart will thank her for her
love and tender grace,
That helped fit me for a mansion in the sky.

3 O the dear ones in spirit,
How they beckon me to come;
And our parting at Earth's sunset I recall;
I shall love to be near them when they sing
my welcome home,
But I long to kiss my mother first of all.

4 Through death's gates to a city,
Where Earth's wrongs are all made right,
She will lead me where no tears will ever fall.
In the glad song of angels I shall mingle
with delight,
But I want to greet my mother first of all.

G. Tabor Thompson.

15 O Mother Dear, Jerusalem.

- 1 O mother dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?
- 2 O happy harbor of God's saints,
O sweet and pleasant soil;
In thee no sorrow can be found,
Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.
- 3 No dimming cloud o'er shadows thee,
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
But every soul shines as the sun,
For God himself gives light.
- 4 Thy walls are made of precious stone,
Thy bulwarks diamond-square,
Thy gates are all of orient pearl:
O God, if I were there!
- 5 Right thro' thy streets with pleasing sound
The flood of life doth flow,
And on the banks, on either side,
The trees of life do grow.
- 6 Those trees each month yield ripened fruit;
For evermore they spring,
And all the nations of the earth
To thee their honors bring.

- 7 O mother dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

Rev. Francis Baker.

16 Risen Ones, Come Near Me.

- 1 Be with us, spirit friends,
In this glad hour;
And help our lives to blend
In psychic power.

Chorus.

Come near us, O come near us!
Risen ones, come near us.
Commune with Earthly loved ones,
O Risen friends.

- 2 Our quest is for the truth,
And naught beside;
Lest we should go astray,
Send us a Spirit Guide.
3. If clouds of sorrow lower,
And hearts are full of fears,
Sunshine will come again,
Wipe thou away our tears.
- 4 Should sickness and old age
Stand in our way,

May Earth's last setting sun
But point to Heaven's day.

- 5 When called to lay aside
This weather-beaten bark,
Take us to live with thee,
Where life is never dark.

G. Tabor Thompson.

17 I'm Going Home To Die No More.

- 1 My heav'nly home is bright and fair;
Nor pain, nor death can enter there;
Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun outshine;
That heav'nly mansion shall be mine.

Chorus.

I'm going home, I'm going home,
I'm going home to die no more!
To die no more; I'm going home,
I'm going home to die no more!

- 2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.
- 3 While here, a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam;
Although like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.

4 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;
Be mine a happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

5 Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.

William Hunter, D. D.

18 **Light at Eventide.**

1 I know I must leave the scenes of Earth,
Must pass to the spirit land;
But Angels are near, have been since birth;
They're holding my trusting hand.

Chorus.

'Tis all right, for the Angels are near me,
Their presence brightens the way;
The sights and the sounds they cheer me,
As I near the eternal day.

2 I know I must part with those I love,
The dear ones so kind and true;
But Angels will guard them from above,
They'll comfort and help them, too.

3 I know I have friends in that bright land;
They're waiting to welcome me;

I soon shall be with the happy band,
From sorrow forever free.

- 4 The harp and the song seem very near,
Heaven's music my soul doth fill;
I enter the vale without a fear;
The winds and the waves are still.

G. Tabor Thompson.

19 Beautiful Rest.

1 Rest for the weary, oh, beautiful rest!
God hath prepared in the land of the blest!
How I am thrilled with a rapture divine,
When I remember such rest will be mine.

Chorus.

Beautiful rest, beautiful rest,
God hath prepared in the land of the blest;
Sweet to my soul is the promised repose
Waiting for me when life's journey shall close.

2 Rest for the weary from sadness and care,
Rest from the burdens and trials we bear,
Rest from temptations without and within,
Rest from the heartache, the sorrow and sin.

3 Rest for the weary: how sweet it will be;
Welcome, thrice welcome, to you and to me;
All of earth's children from death will be freed,
Resting with them will be resting indeed.

Ida Scott Taylor.

20 Till I See Death's Lifted Curtain.

- 1 Angels, hide me close beside thee
When the storms are raging wild;
Keep me near thee, let me hear thee;
When thou speakest to thy child.

Chorus.

Doubting never, trusting ever,
Angels, I will follow thee,
Till I see death's lifted curtain,
Let me hide myself in thee.

- 2 Through the mystery of life's history
Lead me, dear ones, safe above;
Up the mountain, to the Fountain,
Where is everlasting love.

- 3 When in sorrow, let me borrow
Sunshine from the world of light;
In my sadness, give me gladness,
To o'ercome the darkest night.

- 4 In death's conflict, give me power
To ride on the swelling tide;
Hover o'er me, go before me;
Lead me safe to Heaven's side.

G. Tabor Thompson.

21 Crossing One by One.

1 We shall cross the mystic river, one by one,
When beyond the hills we see life's setting sun.
 With the boatman, grim and pale,
 Ev'ry soul must shortly sail—
We shall cross the mystic river, one by one.

Chorus.

One by one, one by one,
We shall cross the mystic river, one by one,
 To that land beyond the tide,
 There forever to abide—
We shall cross the mystic river, one by one.

2 We have seen our friends cross over, one
 by one,
When at eventide their earthly race was run;
 We have heard them say "good-bye,"
 As we stood with tear-dimm'd eye—
We have seen them cross the river, one by
 one.

3 Days and weeks are passing swiftly, one
 by one,
Soon our toiling and our journey will be done,
 Then with joy we'll sail away
 For that land of perfect day—
Soon we'll go where friends are waiting, one
 by one.

4 We shall cross the mystic river, one by one,
When the soul's eternal morning is begun;
When the boat for us shall come,
We will sail away for home—
We shall cross to be with Angels, one by one.
Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

22 Signals from Home.

1 Swiftly sailing o'er life's ocean,
Often rolling in the foam,
We have longed for sound or signal
From the dear ones safe at home.

Chorus.

Loved ones, signal to me,
Over the beautiful sea!
Hear it across yonder foam,
The beautiful signals from home.

2 Headed for the peaceful harbor,
Lo! a calm spreads o'er the sea;
In the peace that follows tempest,
Loved ones seem to signal me.

3 Gentle voices from the homeland,
Tune your harps, we wait to hear;
Let the melody of Heaven
Ring out now, both loud and clear.

- 4 Those who have the Heavenly Pilot,
Cast the anchor without harm;
Though their life is like the ocean,
Sometimes rough, and sometimes calm.
G. Tabor Thompson.

23 Nearer, My God, To Thee.

- 1 Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee:
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to Thee.
- 2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to Thee.
- 3 There let the way appear
Steps unto Heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to Thee.

- 4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to Thee.
- 5 Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Mrs. Sarah Flower Adams.

24 Mother Has Fallen Asleep.

- 1 Mother was tired and weary,
Weary with toil and pain,
Put by her glasses and rocker,
She will not need them again.
Into Heaven's mansions she's entered,
Never to sigh or to weep;
After long years with life's struggle,
Mother has fallen asleep.

Chorus.

Angels still give their beloved
Beautiful, beautiful sleep;

Mother has entered upon it,
Never to sigh or to weep.

2 Near other loved ones we laid her,
Low in the churchyard to lie;
And though our hearts are most broken,
Yet we would not question, why?
She does not rest 'neath the grasses,
Though o'er her dear grave they creep;
She has gone home with the Angels,
Mother has fallen asleep.

3 Rest the tired feet now forever,
Dear wrinkled hands are so still;
Blasts of the Earth shall no longer
Throw o'er our loved one a chill.
Angels through Heaven will guide her,
Loved ones will comfort and keep;
Not for the world would we wake her:
Mother has fallen asleep.

4 Beautiful rest for the weary,
Well deserved sleep for the true;
When our life's journey is ended,
We shall again be with you.
This helps to quiet our weeping,
HARK! Angel music so sweet!
He giveth to his beloved,
Beautiful, beautiful sleep.

G. Tabor Thompson.

25 Angels Everywhere.

- 1 In the early hours of morning,
At the noontide and at night,
Winged messengers from Heaven
Come to Earth with noiseless flight;
And they guide and guard and cheer us,
Making light our care;
Though unseen, they hover near us—
Angels everywhere!

Chorus.

- They are all ministering spirits,
Sent forth into every place;
The beautiful, holy angels,
To guide all the heirs of grace.
- 2 When the servant of the prophet
Looked o'er mountain and the plain,
Ere the stars in heaven were shining,
He had vict'ry once again.
Voices o'er the heart came stealing,
Wings were flapped in air,
To his spirit's sense revealing
Angels everywhere!
- 3 O sad heart, what consolation!
A friend where'er we go!
The angelic ministration
Companions with us below.

Every task that is before us
Guardian spirits share;
Sleepless eyes are ever on us,
Angels everywhere!

- 4 When our life day is declining
In a lovely western sky,
We shall then take up life's duties
Where the good shall never die;
Angel hands will row us over
To the shining shore;
There we'll meet to love forever,
And to part no more.

G. Tabor Thompson.

26 Home, Sweet Home.

- 1 'Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to the soul is communion with
saints,
To find at the banquet of spirits there's room,
And feel in the presence of Angels at home.

Chorus.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Prepare me, dear loved ones, for glory, my
home.

- 2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of
peace,

Tho' severed just now by the river of death;
Tho' oft from their presence in sadness we
 roam,

We long to behold them in glory, at home.

3 While here in the valley of conflict we stay,
O give us submission, and strength as our day,
In all our afflictions to thee would we come,
Rejoicing in hope of our glorious home.

4 Whate'er is denied us, our way we still trace,
The spirits sure witness, and smiles of their
 face.

Endue us with patience to wait, though alone,
And find even now, a sweet foretaste of home.

5 We long, dearest friends, in soul beauty to
 shine,

No more poor exiles in sorrow to pine;
And in our new image arise from Earth's
 gloom;

With glorified millions to meet thee at home.

27 A Dear One Stands Beckoning.

1 The spirit hand beckoning me to go
Was once clad in flesh in this world below;
'Tis beckoning now to the souls that roam,
And pointing the way to the heavenly home.

Chorus.

A light in the window I see,
A dear one stands beckoning to me;
I'm drawn by their love to the mansions above,
They're watching and waiting for me.

2 Just now I can see, through my blinding
tears,
That hand still outstretched o'er the gulf of
years;
One touch of its finger will make me whole,
And this I shall feel as I reach the goal.

3 This hand has wrought wonders, so I've
been told,
Without asking treasure of gems or gold;
To every lone soul such a guide is given,
And they lead from Earth to our home in
Heaven.

G. Tabor Thompson.

28 Everything New.

1 Soon will our loved ones from heaven
appear,
Such blessed truth drives away doubt and fear;
Everything new and all things to our taste,
This is the goal at the end of the race.

Chorus.

Everything new! Everything new!
O this will suit me: won't it suit you?
Everything new! Everything new!
Yes, even me and you.

2 Homesickness changed to reunion complete,
Home life again will with joy be replete;
Everything new in a moment of time,
This is the truth, and such truth is sublime.

3 Weakness will change to magnificent strength,
Failure will yield to perfection at length;
Onward progress from new sphere to new sphere,
Where chiming bells ring no death to a year.

4 Everything travails in pain until now,
All things created to high forces bow;
But they with us, in new natures appear,
When they evolve from their Earth struggle here.

G. Tabor Thompson.

29

By and By.

1 By and by all will be over,
All the earthly care and pain;

Every wearing endeavor,
After worldly good and gain.
Discord sharp, and tribulation,
Which like fire our spirits try,
All the tears, and all the sighing,
Will be over, by and by.

Chorus.

We will lay aside the armor,
By and by, by and by;
Therefore, let us march on boldly,
With the watchword, by and by.

- 2 By and by will come the victory,
Not a soul will know defeat;
Every heart will leap with gladness,
When in spirit life we meet.
Weapons of defence and warfare
Risen ones will never ply;
We will lay aside our armor
In the triumph, by and by.
- 3 By and by will shine the glory
All about us and within;
When with friends we join the anthem,
Anthem of the angel hymn.
Oh, the long, the blissful rapture,
When we meet them in the sky;
When with joy, supreme, eternal,
We are with them, by and by.

- 4 By and by! Why heed the present?
Tho' the shadows quickly fall,
Be the anguish ne'er so bitter,
Be the pleasure ne'er so small,
An eternal weight of glory
Afterward shall satisfy;
We can bear life's worst and longest,
With the watchword, by and by.
G. Tabor Thompson.

30 Gentle Angels, Pilot Me.

- 1 Gentle Angels, pilot me
Over life's tempestuous sea;
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rocks and treacherous shoal;
Chart and compass came from thee,
Gentle Angels, pilot me.
- 2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey thy will,
When thou sayest, "Peace, be still;"
Psychic sovereigns of the sea,
Gentle Angels, pilot me.
- 3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on thy breast,

May I hear thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

31 Look for the Boatmen.

1 There's a beautiful harbor just over death's
sea,
Its shores by faith's vision seems near;
There the angels of peace are preparing a
home
For each one tabernacled here.

Chorus.

Look for the boatmen, out from the harbor,
They are coming to ferry us o'er;
Oh! walk in the light, and work day and night,
Till they come from the crystal shore.

2 Our friends have gone over the tide, one by
one,
They're safe with the good evermore;
They stand by the banks and are beckoning
to-day
To that beautiful crystal shore.

3 Bright Angels will come from that beautiful
land
To be your companions and guide;
Fix your eyes on that harbor where loved ones
have gone,
Till they ferry you o'er the tide.

- 4 For that harbor of rest we will watch day
by day,
'Tis the land of the brave and the free;
With our eyes t'ward that light, we will work
day and night,
Till the angels come o'er the sea.

G. Tabor Thompson.

32 When the Pearly Gates Unfold.

- 1 I have found a joy in living,
This dear world is much to me;
All its pleasures are augmented
Since discarding Calvary.
Tho' my friends despise, forsake me,
And on me the world looks cold;
Spirit friends will not forget me,
When the pearly gates unfold.

Chorus.

- Life's morn will soon be waning,
And its evening bells will toll;
But my heart will know no sadness
When the pearly gates unfold.
- 2 When the voice of loved ones call me,
And the angels whisper low;
I will lean upon the dear ones,
Through the valley as I go;

I will claim their precious promise,
Worth to me a world of gold:
"Fear no evil," "I'll be with thee,"
When the pearly gates unfold.

- 3 Just beyond the waves of Jordan,
Just beyond the swelling tide;
Blooms the tree of life immortal,
And the living waters glide;
In that happy land of spirits,
Flowers bloom on hills of gold,
And the Angels are awaiting
Where the pearly gates unfold.
G. Tabor Thompson.

33 Life That Knows No Ending.

- 1 Brief life is here our portion;
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
That life that knows no ending—
The tearless life, is there.
O happy retribution:
Short toil, eternal rest;
For every son of Adam
A mansion with the blest.
- 2 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown.

But they who now instruct us
Shall then be seen and known;
And they that know and see them
Shall have them for their own.

- 3 The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay;
And each true hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.
There father, mother, children,
Shall see each other's face;
And we behold forever
A happy human race.

G. Tabor Thompson.

34 Message from the Spirit Land.

- 1 Some morn the spirit friends will rap,
And I no more in doubt shall be;
But, oh, the joy when I shall hear
The loving message sent to me.

Chorus.

And I shall hear, and understand,
The message from the spirit land;
And I shall hear, and understand,
My own, my blessed Angel band.

- 2 Some noon the gentle heavenly breeze
Will fan my brow, and soothe my heart;

Ah, then the friends will be so near,
We never, never more shall part.

3 Some eve when fades the golden sun
Beneath the rosy tinted west,
The Odic clouds will fill the room,
And I shall be supremely blest.

4 Some night, when all is still as death,
Ethereal forms will float by me;
The continuity of life,
A proven fact to me will be.

G. Tabor Thompson.

35 Friends Separated.

1 Friend after friend departs,
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end:
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

2 Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affection transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

- 3 There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A whole eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.
- 4 Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night;
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.
James Montgomery.

36 Satisfy Me.

- 1 When all my trials and troubles are o'er,
And I cast anchor by Heaven's blest shore,
Just to be near the dear ones I adore,
Will through the ages just satisfy me.

Chorus.

- Satisfy me, satisfy me,
Satisfy me, satisfy me,
Just to be near the dear ones I adore
Will through the ages just satisfy me.
- 2 When lovely Angels accord me the place
Which I am earning by running life's race,
I'll forget all when I see Father's face,
This through the ages will satisfy me.

- 3 Friends will be there I have loved long ago,
Joy like a river will then overflow;
Yet just a smile from my parents, I know,
Will through the ages just satisfy me.
G. Tabor Thompson.

37 Only Waiting.

- 1 Only waiting, till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting, till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Till the light of earth is faded
From the hearts once full of day;
Till the stars of heaven are breaking
Through the twilight soft and gray.
- 2 Only waiting, till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home;
For the summer-time is faded,
And the autumn winds have come.
Quickly, reapers, gather quickly
These last ripe hours of my heart,
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.
- 3 Only waiting, till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting, till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown.

Then, from out the gathered darkness
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies.

Frances L. Mace.

38**Very Soon.**

- 1 Broken hearts will cease repining,
Very soon, very soon;
Darkness flee, the sun be shining,
Very soon, very soon;
Do not fear, no trouble borrow,
There shall come an end to sorrow;
We'll go home some blessed morrow,
Very soon, very soon.
- 2 All our pain will end in pleasure,
Very soon, very soon;
And our joy shall pass all measure,
Very soon, very soon;
Every wrong will then be righted,
Every step will then be lighted,
And our haven will be sighted,
Very soon, very soon.
- 3 Earth's good-byes will end forever,
Very soon, very soon;
We shall meet no more to sever,
Very soon, very soon;

What a universal meeting,
What a satisfactory greeting;
Cheer thy heart by oft repeating,
Very soon, very soon.
G. Tabor Thompson.

39 **Exchanging Worlds.**

- 1 Vital spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame;
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
O the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.
- 2 Hark! they whisper: angels say,
"Sister spirit, come away!"
What is this absorbs me quite—
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, soul, can this be death?
- 3 The world recedes—it disappears;
Heaven opens on my eyes; my ears
With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
"O Grave, where is thy victory?
O Death, where is thy sting?"
Alexander Pope.

40 Hark! The Roll Call.

- 1 Right is calling for more forces,
 There's a battle just at hand.
Are you training for the conflict
 With the strength of heart and hand?

Chorus.

Hark! the Roll Call. Are you ready?
 Every trembling fear laid by?
Courage, brother, strong and steady:
 As you answer, Here am I.

- 2 Hark! the champion of the foeman,
 Sending out his piercing cry:
"If ye conquer, we shall serve you."
 "If we conquer, ye shall die."

- 3 There'll be conflict on the morrow,
 Foes will flee as birds cleave air:
Are you at the post of duty?
 Will you stand the hottest fire?

- 4 We shall triumph on the morrow,
 For amid the smoke and flame
We shall see the Angel forces,
 And shall conquer in their name.

G. Tabor Thompson.

41 The Ones Who Care for Sparrows.

- 1 Why should I be downhearted?
Why let the teardrops start?
Count up the many blessings,
E'en with a broken heart.
Learn from the little birdies,
They flit about so free:
The ones who care for sparrows
Will as surely care for me;
The ones who care for sparrows
Will as surely care for me.

Chorus.

- I'll sing until I'm happy,
I'll sing until I'm free;
For the ones who care for sparrows
Will as surely care for me.
- 2 "Let not your heart be troubled."
These tender words I hear:
This makes me feel that spirits
Are in my atmosphere.
If by the path they lead me
Only one step I see,
The ones who care for sparrows
Will as surely care for me;
The ones who care for sparrows
Will as surely care for me.

- 3 Whenever I am lonely,
 When hope within me dies,
 I'll think of those who love me,
 The Angels in the skies.
 I'll draw the closer to them,
 And they will come to me;
 The ones who care for sparrows
 Will as surely care for me;
 The ones who care for sparrows
 Will as surely care for me.
 G. Tabor Thompson.

42 They Hover Near.

- 1 When tired feet turn from the way
 That leads to light and endless day,
 On either hand the Angels fly,
 To point us to the home on high.
- Chorus.*
- Oh, Angel guide, from Beulah land,
 Still hover near our little band;
 And lead us to the home above,
 Where all is life, and light, and love.
- 2 Though clouds hang heavy o'er our skies,
 And doubts and fears begin to rise,
 Oh, let us hide behind thy wing,
 To listen while the Angels sing.

- 3 Should wicked spirits gather near,
To fill the Earth with gloom and fear,
Our spirit guide is on his throne,
To plead our cause, till we get home.
- 4 There's just a step from Heaven to thee,
The Angels oft have said to me;
Though footsore, I will still press on,
Nor falter till the crown is won.

G. Tabor Thompson.

43 More Than Half Way Home.

- 1 I am more than half way home to-day,
So with joy I trip along;
Tho' the golden locks have turned to gray;
Yet my heart is filled with song.

Chorus.

Chiming bells I seem to hear,
With a home song sweet and clear;
And the chorus swells with the midnight bells,
Like the music from Heaven's sphere.

- 2 There'll be tranquil rest when day is done,
For I'll lay me down to sleep:
When the end is reached, the race is run,
I shall wake no more to weep.

3 By the side of those most near and dear
I shall live for evermore;
This delightful message now I hear:
"There is much for thee in store."

4 I shall have new work another day,
When I put on glory there;
And the labor then will seem like play,
In that land so wondrous fair.

G. Tabor Thompson.

44 Look Away to Angels.

1 When cares perplex, and all goes wrong,
O look away to Angels.
They change the sighing into song,
And whisper, "Child, it won't be long:"
O look away to Angels.

Chorus.

O look away, O look to-day,
To Angels, precious Angels;
They lead us to the home above,
Safe in the summerland of love:
O look away to Angels.

2 When one by one thy friends depart,
O look away to Angels.
Tho' life is sad, and tears do start,
They cheer the weeping, bleeding hearts:
O look away to Angels.

- 3 When you are called to ford the stream,
O look away to Angels.
When life is all an empty dream,
O, then upon their strong arm lean:
O look away to Angels.

- 4 The boatman bright will row thee o'er,
O look away to Angels.
We'll meet again on Canaan's shore,
With loved from Earth gone on before:
O look away to Angels.

G. Tabor Thompson.

45

Title Clear.

- 1 Since I can read my title clear
To treasures in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

Chorus.

We will stand the storm,
We will anchor by and by.

- 2 Should foes against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Yet I forgive their cruel rage,
And face a better world.

- 3 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

46 Keep Looking Up.

- 1 Keep looking up, keep looking up,
The mists will clear away;
The heavy fog's a harbinger
Of beautiful spring day.

Chorus.

- Keep looking up, keep looking up,
The mists will clear away;
In God's own time his loving thought
Will brighten all the day.
- 2 Keep looking up, keep looking up,
The eternal hills are there;
Far, far beyond the heavy clouds
Are treasures rich and rare.
- 3 Keep looking up, keep looking up,
With faith's aspiring eye;
The promise is that help will come
From those who dwell on high.
- 4 Lift up thine eyes, the Angels stand
To take thy outstretched hand;

Hold very tight, and struggle on,
Till you reach Beulah land.

G. Tabor Thompson.

47 Wait, Wait for Victory.

1 Wait! O wait for victory, workers brave
and true;
Ever looking upward, Right will come to you.
Lift the bloodless banner high above the
world,
Let its folds of beauty ever be unfurled.

Chorus.

Wait! wait for victory, workers true!
Though slow in coming, 'tis for you.
Wait! wait for victory, ne'er give o'er,
Rest then in glory evermore.

2 What though raging lions meet you on the
way?

Not a thing can harm you! Peace shall win
the day.

Ever pressing onward, looking for the light,
You shall live to conquer, though you do not
fight.

3 Wait! O wait for victory, sacrificing pride;
Better days are coming, watch the turning
tide.

Swords will change to plow-shares, cannons
cease to roar,
Wait the age of plenty: 'tis for you in store.

4 Hand to hand united, heart to heart as one,
Let us still keep hoping, till the change does
come.

Then again the Angels, far up in the sky,
"Peace, good will to mankind," once again
will cry.

G. Tabor Thompson.

48**Live To Serve.**

1 Can you do a good deed? Do it.
Every day perform thy part;
With a helping hand extended,
Live to serve with loving heart.

Chorus.

O, thy life is only noble
When you find some work to do;
Days for deeds are few, my brother,
Find some work and do it, too.

2 Do not wait until the morrow,
Act in the eternal now;
Pledge thy God to be a worker,
Then each day fulfill thy vow.

3 Do you love thy brother? Show it
Ere life's sun sinks in the west;
He is longing for the sunshine
That has made thy heart so blest.

4 Days for deeds are growing shorter;
Who can claim another year?
If you mean to help another,
Do it quickly: Death is near.

G. Tabor Thompson.

49

No More Dying.

1 There shall be no more crying,
There shall be no more pain,
There shall be no more dying,
There shall be no more stain.

Chorus.

Loved ones in spirit are watching,
Longing for us to come;
Then will be ended our night of weeping,
Then we shall reach our home.

2 Hearts that by Death were riven
Meet in eternal love;
Lives to true service given
Rise to reward above.

3 Evil shall tempt us never,
Wrong shall o'ercome no more;

Peace shall abide forever,
Sorrow and grief be o'er.

- 4 Hasten, bright morn of gladness,
Hasten, transition day.
Finish this night of sadness,
Come, Angels, come, we pray.
G. Tabor Thompson.

50 **Meet Them in the Skies.**

1 In a country graveyard, many miles away,
I can see on headstones names as plain as day;
This reminds me oft of that which never dies,
'Tis the spirit body, living in the skies.

Chorus.

Listen to my story, I shall soon go home,
Lovingly they're calling, "Do not longer
roam;"

When my spirit wakens, as the body dies,
I shall meet my loved ones, meet them in the
skies.

2 "Earth to earth," is spoken; "Dust to
dust," is said;

But we must remember, *spirit is not dead!*
Tho' the heart is broken, and the mourner
cries;

All the dead are living, living in the skies.

3 Tho' the home is lonely, and Earth charms
are few,
Tho' dear ones are absent, which were dear
to you,
Evermore they dwell where pleasure never
dies:
Since you love them fondly, meet them in the
skies.

4 Are you marching forward with the prize
in view?
Leave behind thy sorrow, there is work for
you.
Let your manhood waken, heavenward lift
your eyes:
Since you love your dear ones, meet them in
the skies.

G. Tabor Thompson.

51 **Mother Knows.**

1 Nobody knows of the work it makes
To keep the home together;
Nobody knows of the steps it takes,
Nobody knows but mother;
Nobody listens to childish woes,
Which kisses only smother;
Nobody's pained by the mighty blow,
Nobody—only mother.

- 2 Nobody knows of the sleepless care
Bestowed on baby brother,
Nobody knows of the tender pray'r,
Nobody knows but mother;
Nobody knows of the lessons taught,
Of loving one another,
Nobody knows of the patience sought,
Nobody—only mother.
- 3 Nobody knows of the anxious fears
Lest darling may not weather
Storms of this life in the coming years,
Nobody knows but mother;
Nobody knows of the tears that start
When far from right they wafder,
Nobody knows of the breaking heart,
Nobody—only mother.
- 4 Nobody clings to the wayward child,
Tho' scorned by ev'ry other,
Leading so gently from the pathway wild,
Nobody can but mother;
Nobody knows of the hourly pray'r,
That grace all sin may cover,
Making the dear one so pure and fair,
Nobody—only mother.

52**The Beautiful River.**

- 1 Shall we gather at the river,
With our spirit-friends above;

With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by their homes of love?

Chorus.

Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river,
Gather with our friends at the river,
That flows by their homes of love.

- 2 On the margin of the river,
Walking in its silver spray,
We'll enjoy its beauty ever,
Through the happy golden day.
- 3 Ere we reach this shining river,
We must lay the body down;
Love, our spirit will deliver—
And conduct us to our home.
- 4 Soon we'll reach this shining river,
Then our pilgrimage will cease,
And our happy soul may ever
Hear the melody of peace.
- 5 For us waiting at the river
All our loving friends will be;
Hear them singing: "Welcome ever,
To our homes we welcome thee."

53 Happy Hunting Ground.

1 When I was but a little child, how well I
 recollect
The Indian Reservation on Long Island's nar-
 row neck;
And now that they have left us for the "Happy
 Hunting Ground,"
I'm longing for the Camp Fire, bright and
 round.

Chorus.

The "Pale Face" killed "the Red," and thinks
 of them as dead,
They're working with the blessed spirit-
 band;
From yonder "Hunting Ground," new joy for
 them is found,
In helping us to reach the better land.

2 Tho' they were often wayward, and at times
 were very rude,
They always lived near nature's heart, while
 trying to be good;
Had we but used them better, and reached
 out a helping hand,
More credit would be due our native land.

3 They do not come to take our scalp, tho'
 we robbed them of all,

They visit us to strengthen us, lest in the way
we fall;

O, how forgiving they have been, this "Copper-Colored Race,"

The "Pipe of Peace," they smoke it in our
face.

4 We welcome Chief, we welcome Squaw, we
welcome every Brave,

We have no doubt that they draw near to
bless us or to save;

So listen as we promise, and observe just
where we stand,

We'll never drive you out of spirit-land.

G. Tabor Thompson.

54 Over There, Over There.

- 1 Oh, think of a home over there,
By the side of the river of light,
Where the spirits immortal and fair
Are robed in pure garments of white.

Chorus.

Over there, over there,
Oh, think of a home over there,
Over there, over there,
Oh, think of a home over there.

- 2 Oh, think of those friends over there,
Who before us have journeyed above,

Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
In their homes in those mansions of love.

- 3 Oh, think when we meet over there,
With my loved ones forever I'll rest,
Then away from all sorrow and care,
I shall dwell in the land of the blest.
- 4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see,
Many dear to my soul over there
Are watching and waiting for me.
- 5 My mansion's prepared over there,
Yet again o'er the Earth I shall roam
With those loved ev'ry joy will I share,
Till gathered with me in my home.

55 **Shining Shore.**

- 1 My days are glidly swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
Those hours of toil and danger.

Chorus.

For, oh, we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over;
And just before the shining shore
We may almost discover.

- 2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our heavenly home discerning;
Our absent Guide has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.
- 3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest nought can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.
- 4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each cord on earth to sever;
Our Friends say, come, and there's our home,
For ever, oh, for ever.

David Nelson.

56

Doxology.

No. 1.

With gratitude for blessings given,
We join the friends of Earth and Heaven;
And ere our parting, pray to-night,
"Lead, kindly Light: Lead, kindly Light."

G. Tabor Thompson.

No. 2.

We bow to the eternal will,
With thankful hearts for good and ill;
Knowing all things are from above,
And everything a gift of love.

G. Tabor Thompson.

GUIDE TO TUNES.

It seems hardly necessary to indicate tunes for the more familiar Hymns, yet we have done it for the convenience of those who may not know where to find them. The later ones may be traced as easily by the KEY below, thus making it easy to prepare the MUSICAL SCRAP BOOK mentioned in the Preface.

Psychic Songster	1	8	17	23	33	35	37	39
Methodist Hymnal	682	1089	1072	724	932	1009	644	969
Psychic Songster						4	20	49
Hymns of the Christian Life.....						417	63	431
Psychic Songster		27	28	30	36	41	43	53
Torrey-Alexander Hymnal		3	8	183	1	108	139	146
Psychic Songster					6	11	13	16
Gospel Hymns					20	65	210	3
Psychic Songster	9	18	19	29	31	32	44	45
Ministry of Song*.....	107	135	22	81	78	45	129	64
Psychic Songster				22	25	42	46	48
Ministry of Song, No. 2.....				15	100	125	20	30
Psychic Songster							5	50
New Songs of the Gospel, No. 2.....							92	19

©* Edited by Mr. Thompson.