

# HYMNS

for use in the

## FRANK B. ROBINSON

## CAMPAIGN

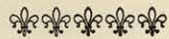
### WHAT "PSYCHIANA" IS

"PSYCHIANA" IS A RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT. IN SPITE OF ALL YOU MAY HAVE HEARD TO THE CONTRARY, ITS FOUNDER, DR. FRANK B. ROBINSON LIVES BUT FOR ONE PURPOSE AND THAT ONE PURPOSE IS THE SPREADING OF THE "GOOD NEWS" OF THE EXISTENCE OF THE SPIRIT OF GOD HERE AND NOW. DR. ROBINSON DOES NOT BELIEVE THAT THE POWER AND SUPPLY OF THE REALM OF GOD CANNOT BE KNOWN UNTIL AFTER DEATH. HE BELIEVES THAT THE EXISTING POWER OF THE REALM OF THE SPIRIT OF GOD IS ABUNDANTLY ABLE TO BRING TO US ALL EVERYTHING WE CAN NEED FOR OUR SPIRITUAL AND MATERIAL WELFARE. DR. ROBINSON BELIEVES THAT THE MESSAGE OF THE CHRIST WAS MISSED ENTIRELY---EITHER THAT, OR ALL FAITH IN GOD SEEMS TO BE DEAD. IT IS THE PURPOSE OF THESE MEETINGS TO BRING TO OUR AUDIENCE A NEW REALIZATION OF THE PRESENT EXISTENCE AND POWER OF THE REALM OF THE SPIRIT OF GOD. DOGMA, CREED, DENOMINATIONALISM---DR. ROBINSON IS NOT INTERESTED IN THEM. HE WANTS YOU TO KNOW THAT THE REALM OF GOD STILL EXISTS, AND IS STILL THE MOST DYNAMIC REALM IN THE UNIVERSE TODAY.

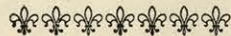
AFTER THE EXPENSES OF THIS CAMPAIGN ARE PAID, THE BALANCE OF THE PUBLIC OFFERINGS ARE DONATED TO THE IDAHO INSTITUTE OF CHRISTIAN EDUCATION AT MOSCOW, IDAHO. PLEASE GIVE LIBERALLY TO HELP THIS INSTITUTION.

IF YOU ARE A CHRISTIAN PERSON, OR IF YOU BELIEVE IN THE EXISTENCE OF GOD BUT MAKE NO PROFESSION OF RELIGION, JOIN WITH US----HELP US---AND ABOVE ALL---PRAY FOR US.

## TO OUR AUDIENCE



The full and complete "PSYCHIANA" Teaching comes in 20 Lessons. One Lesson covers two weeks' instruction. The cash price of the Lessons is \$20.00. The deferred payment price is \$28.00. Applications for enrollment as a student of "PSYCHIANA" may be filled out at the office of Dr. Robinson's secretary at the Boise Hotel. The price has been made as low as is consistent with good business. We wish we could give these Lessons away without cost. That day will come sometime, we hope.



## 1 I Love to Tell the Story

I love to tell the Story  
Of unseen things above,  
Of Jesus and His glory,  
Of Jesus and His Love!  
I love to tell the Story!  
Because I know it's true;  
It satisfies my longings,  
As nothing else would do.

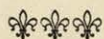
I love to tell the Story!  
More wonderful it seems,  
Than all the golden fancies  
Of all our golden dreams.  
I love to tell the Story  
It did so much for me!  
And that is just the reason,  
I tell it now to thee.

I love to tell the Story!  
'Tis pleasant to repeat  
What seems, each time I tell it,  
More wonderfully sweet.  
I love to tell the Story;  
For some have never heard  
The message of salvation  
From God's own Holy Word.

I love to tell the Story!  
For those who know it best  
Seem hungering and thirsting  
To hear it, like the rest.  
And when, in scenes of glory,  
I sing the NEW, NEW SONG.  
'Twill be--the OLD, OLD STORY  
That I have loved so long.

### CHORUS

I love to tell the Story!  
'Twill be my theme in glory,  
To tell the Old, Old Story  
Of Jesus and His love.



## 2 Tell Me the Old, Old Story

Tell me the Old, Old Story,  
Of unseen things above,  
Of Jesus and His glory,  
Of Jesus and His love.  
Tell me the Story simply,  
As to a little child,  
For I am weak and weary,  
And helpless and defiled.

Tell me the Story slowly,  
That I may take it in--  
That wonderful redemption,  
God's remedy for sin.  
Tell me the Story often,  
For I forget so soon,  
The "early dew" of morning  
Has passed away at noon.

Tell me the story softly,  
With earnest tones, and grave;  
Remember! I'm the sinner  
Whom Jesus came to save;  
Tell me that Story always,  
If you would really be,  
In any time of trouble,  
A comforter to me.

Tell me the same old Story,  
When you have cause to fear  
That this world's empty glory  
Is costing me too dear.  
Yes, and when that world's glory  
Is dawning on my soul,  
Tell me the old, old Story;  
Christ Jesus makes thee whole.

### CHORUS

Tell me the Old, Old Story,  
Tell me the Old, Old Story,  
Tell me the Old, Old Story  
Of Jesus and His love.

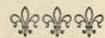


3 Faith of Our Fathers

Faith of our fathers! living still  
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword,  
O how our hearts beat high with joy  
Whene'er we hear that glorious word!  
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!  
We will be true to thee till death!

Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,  
Were still in heart and conscience free:  
How sweet would be their children's fate,  
If they, like them, could die for thee!  
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!  
We will be true to thee till death!

Faith of our fathers! we will love  
Both friend and foe in all our strife:  
And preach thee, too, as love knows how,  
By kindly words and virtuous life:  
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!  
We will be true to thee till death!



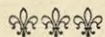
4 Blest be the Tie

Blest be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love;  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above.

Before our Father's throne,  
We pour our ardent pray'rs;  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,  
Our comforts and our cares.

We share our mutual woes,  
Our mutual burdens bear;  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear.

When we asunder part,  
It gives us inward pain;  
But we shall still be joined in heart,  
And hope to meet again.



5 Let the Lower Lights be Burning

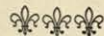
Brightly beams our Father's mercy  
From His lighthouse evermore;  
But to us He gives the keeping  
Of the lights along the shore.

Dark the night of sin has settled,  
Loud the angry billows roar;  
Eager eyes are watching, longing,  
For the lights along the shore.

Trim your feeble lamp, my brother!  
Some poor seaman, tempest-tossed,  
Trying now to make the harbor,  
In the darkness may be lost.

CHORUS

Let the lower lights be burning!  
Send a gleam across the wave!  
Some poor fainting, struggling seaman  
You may rescue, you may save.



6 What A Friend

What a Friend we have in Jesus,  
All our sins and griefs to bear!  
What a privilege to carry  
Ev'rything to God in pray'r!  
O what peace we often forfeit,  
O what needless pain we bear,  
All because we do not carry  
Ev'rything to God in pray'r!

Have we trials and temptations?  
Is there trouble anywhere?  
We should never be discouraged,  
Take it to the Lord in pray'r.  
Can we find a friend so faithful  
Who will all our sorrows share?  
Jesus knows our ev'ry weakness,  
Take it to the Lord in pray'r.

Are we weak and heavy laden,  
Cumbered with a load of care?--  
Precious Savior, still our refuge,--  
Take it to the Lord in pray'r.  
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?  
Take it to the Lord in pray'r;  
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,  
Thou wilt find a solace there.

