

## This World Is Not My Home

世界不是我家

Arr. by Albert E. Brumley



1. This world is not my home, I'm just a pass-ing thro', My  
 2. They're all ex-pect-ing me, and that's one thing I know, My  
 3. I have a lov-ing Sav-iour up in glo-ry-land, I  
 4. Just up in glo-ry-land we'll live e-ter-nal-ly, The



treas-ures are laid up some-where be-yond the blue; The  
 Sav-iour par-doned me and now I on-ward go; I  
 don't ex-pect to stop un-til I with Him stand, He's  
 saints on eve-ry hand are shout-ing vic-tor-y, Their



an-gels beck-on me from heav-en's o-pen door, And I  
 know He'll take me thro' tho' I am weak and poor, And I  
 wait-ing now for me in heav-en's o-pen door, And I  
 songs of sweet-est praise drift back from heav-en's shore, And I



can't feel at home in this world an-y-more.  
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## Refrain



O Lord, you know I have no friend like you, If



heav-en's not my home, O Lord what will I do; The



an - gels beck-on me from heav-en's o - pen door, And I



can't feel at home in this world an - y - more.

