

# This World Is Not My Home

Albert E. Brumley

1. This world is not my home, I'm just a passing through, My treasures are laid up some-where beyond the blue; The an-gels beck-on me from heav-en's o-pen door, And I now I on-ward go; I know He'll take me through though I am weak and poor, And I - til I with Him stand; He's wait-ing now for me in heav-en's o-pen door, And I shouting vic-to-ry, Their songs of sweetest praise drift back from heav-en's shore, And I can't feel at home in this world an-y-more. O Lord, You know I have no friend like You, If heav-en's not my home, then, 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.