

This World Is Not My Home

Albert E. Brumley

1. This world is not my home, I'm just a pass-ing through, My
2. They're all ex-pect-ing me, and that's one thing I know— My
3. I have a lov-ing Sav - ior 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 - ior 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 ev - 'ry hand are shout - ing vic - to - ry, Their

an - gels beck - on me from heav-en's o - pen door, And I
know He'll take me through though 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. 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.