


This world is not my home

♩ = 112

Var. 2



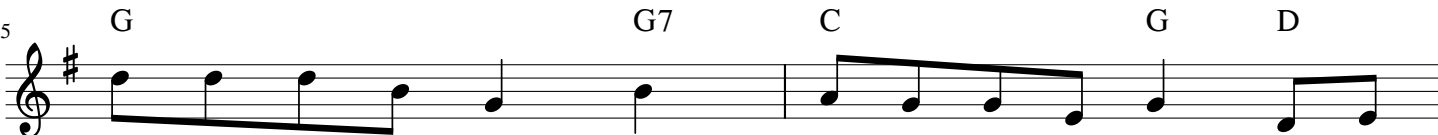
This world is not my home, I'm just a pass - ing through, My
They're all ex - spect - ing me and that's one thing I know, My
I have a lov - ing moth - er up in glo - ry - land, I
Just up in glo - ry - land we'll live e - ter - nal - ly, The

3



trea - 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 shake her hand; She's
saints on ev - 'ry hand are shout - ing vic - to - ry; Their

5



an - gels beck - on me from Heav - ens o - pen door,
know He'll take me through though I am weak and poor, and I
wait - ing now for me in Heav - ens o - pen door,
songs of sweet - est praise drift back from Heav - en's door,

7



can't feel at home in this world an - y - more. O Lord, You know, I

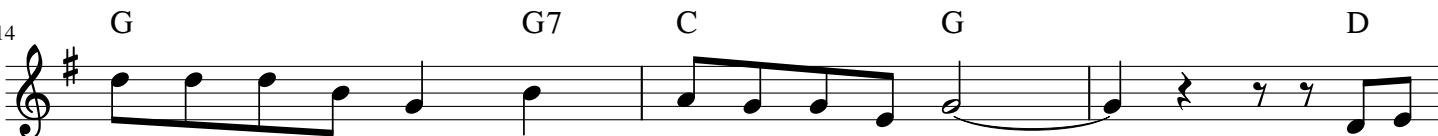
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11



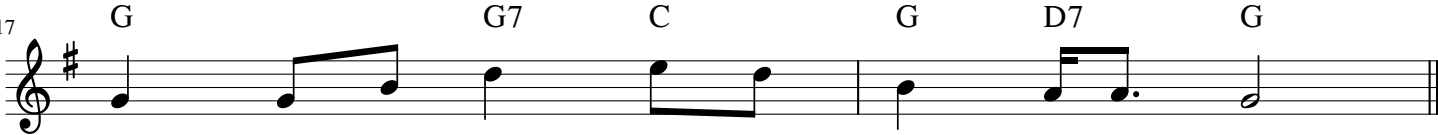
have no friendlike You, If Heav - en's not my home, then Lord what will I do? The

14



an - gels beck - on me from Heav - ens o - pen door, And I

17



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