

98. This World Is Not My Home

"For here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come." Heb. 13:14

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

are laid up some - where be - yond the blue; The an - gels beck - on me from
 par - doned me and now I on - ward go; I know He'll take me thro' tho'
 pect to stop un - til I with Him stand, He's wait - ing now for me in
 ev - ery hand are shout - ing vic - to - ry, Their songs of sweet - est praise drift

Fine

heav - en's o - pen door,
 I am weak and poor, And I can't feel at home in this world an - y - more.
 heav - en's o - pen door,
 back from heav - en's shore,

Chorus

O Lord, You know I have no friend like You, If heav - en's not my home then

D.S. al Fine

Lord what will I do? The an - gels beck - on me from heav - en's o - pen door,

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