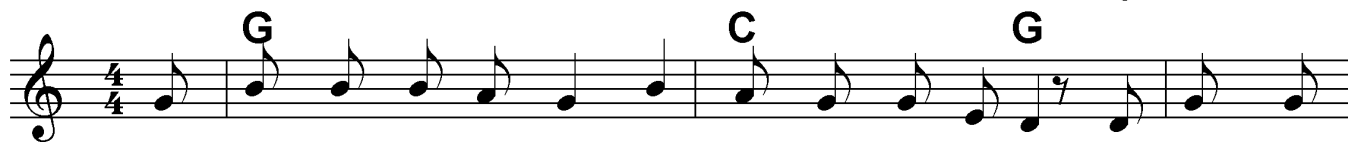


# This World Is Not My Home

Traditional, origin unknown, ca. 1919



1. This world is not my home, I'm just a - pass - ing thru, My treas - ures  
2. They're all ex - spect - ing me, And that's one thing I know, My Sav - ior  
3. I have a lov - ing moth - er 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



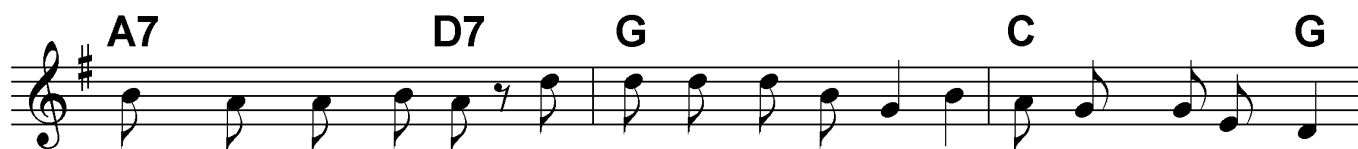
are laid up some - where be - yond the blue; The an - gels beck - on me from  
par - doned me and now I on - ward go; I know He'll take me thru tho'  
pect to stop un - til I shake her hand; She's wait - ing now for me in  
ev - 'ry hand are shout - ing vic - to - ry, Their songs of sweet - est praise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



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,



O Lord, You know I have no friend like You; If heav - en weren't my home, O



Lord, what would 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.