

957 This World Is Not My Home

G/G All these people were still living by faith when they died. - Hebrews 11:13

1. This world is not my home, I'm just a pass-ing thru. My treas-ures
 2. They're all ex-pect-ing me, and that's one thing I know, My Sav - ior
 3. 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
 ev - 'ry hand are shout-ing vic - to - ry, Their song of sweet-est praise drifts

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

FINE

Refrain
 O Lord, You know I have no friend like You, If
 O Lord, You know, You know I have no friend like You, If

heav - en's not my home then Lord what will I do; The
 heav - en's not my home, then Lord what will I do. The

WORDS: Traditional

MUSIC: Traditional, arr. A. H. Howard (w. 1992)

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I'M JUST PASSING THROUGH
Irregular

SPIRITUALS

The image shows a musical score for a spiritual. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff for the vocal line and a bass clef staff for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the notes. The piece concludes with a *D.S.* (Da Capo) instruction. The lyrics are: "an - gels beck - on me from heav - en's o - pen door, And I an - gels beck - on me from heav - en's o - pen door,"

D.S.

an - gels beck - on me from heav - en's o - pen door, And I

an - gels beck - on me from heav - en's o - pen door,