

## This World Is Not My Home

#684 PFTL

1

This world is not my home, I'm just a  
passing through  
My treasures are laid up somewhere  
beyond the blue;  
The angels beckon me from heaven's open  
door,  
And I can't feel at home in this world  
anymore.

Chorus:

O Lord, you know I have no friend like you,  
If heaven's not my home, then Lord what  
will I do?  
The angels beckon me from heaven's open  
door,  
And I can't feel at home in this world  
anymore.

2

They're all expecting me, and that's one  
thing I know,  
My Savior pardoned me and now I onward  
go;  
I know He'll take me thro' tho' I am weak  
and poor,  
And I can't feel at home in this world  
anymore. [Chorus]

3

Just up in glory-land we'll live eternally,  
The saints on every hand are shouting  
victory,  
Their songs of sweetest praise drift back  
from heaven's shore,  
And I can't feel at home in this world  
anymore. [Chorus]

## El mundo no es mi hogar

1

El mundo no\_es mi\_hogar; de paso\_estoy,  
no más.  
He puesto mi tesoro en el más allá.  
Los ángeles me\_invitán para\_al  
cielo\_entrar.  
Ya no siento que sea\_este mundo  
mi\_hogar.

CORO

No\_hay otro\_Amigo como Tú, lo sé;  
Si\_el cielo no\_es mi\_hogar, Señor, ¿yo, qué  
haré?  
Los ángeles me\_invitán para\_al  
cielo\_entrar.  
Ya no siento que sea\_este mundo  
mi\_hogar.

2

Me\_esperan al llegar, eso muy bien lo sé;  
Jesús me perdonó, y adelante\_iré.  
Aunque soy débil, Él me\_ayudará\_a llegar.  
Ya no siento que sea\_este mundo  
mi\_hogar.

3

En gloria viviremos por la\_eternidad;  
Los santos la victoria ya gritando\_están.  
Su canto de\_alabanza llega desde\_allá:  
Ya no siento que sea\_este mundo  
mi\_hogar.