

“This World Is Not My Home”

Words and Music Written By: Albert Edward Brumley

Songs you may know also written by Albert Edward Brumley:

I'll Fly Away, He Set Me Free

Painting by: John Lautermilch

Painting name: All Things New

Key verses:

Do not lay up for yourselves treasures on earth, where moth and rust destroy and thieves break in and steal, but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust destroys and where thieves do not break in and steal. For where your treasure is, there your heart will be also. *Matthew 6:19-21*

By faith Sarah herself, when she was unable to have children, received power to conceive offspring, even though she was past the age, since she considered that the one who had promised was faithful. Therefore, from one man - in fact, from one as good as dead - came offspring as numerous as the stars of the sky and as innumerable as the grains of sand along the shore. These all died in faith, although they had not received the things that were promised. But they saw them from a distance, greeted them, and confessed that they were foreigners and temporary residents on the earth. *Hebrews 11:11-13*

But our citizenship is in heaven, and we eagerly wait for a Savior from there, the Lord Jesus Christ. He will transform the body of our humble condition into the likeness of his glorious body, by the power that enables him to subject everything to himself. *Philippians 3:20-21*



This World Is Not My Home

1. This world is not my home, i'm just a-passing through,
My treasures are laid up somewhere beyond the blue.
2. The angels beckon me from heaven's open door,
And I can't feel at home in this world anymore.
3. Oh Lord, you know I have no friend like you,
If heaven's not my home, then Lord what will I do.
4. The angel's beckon me from heaven's open door,
And I can't feel at home anymore.
5. I have a loving mother just up in Gloryland,
And I don't expect to stop I shake her hand.
6. She's waiting now for me in Heaven's open door,
And I can't feel at home in this world anymore.
7. Oh Lord, you know I have no friend like you,
If heaven's not my home then Lord what will I do.
8. The angel's beckon me from heaven's open door,
And I can't feel at home anymore.
9. Just over in Gloryland we'll live eternally
The saints on every hand are shouting victory.
10. Their songs of sweetest praise drift back from heaven's shore
And I can't feel at home in this world anymore.
11. Oh Lord, you know I have no friend like you,

If heaven's not my home then Lord what will I do.

12. The angel's beckon me from heaven's open door,
And I can't feel at home anymore.

Questions:

1. What are some ways that we can store up our treasures in Heaven?
2. How can we prepare ourselves for the coming of Christ?
3. What does it mean in Hebrews 11 when it says we are foreigners or some translations say pilgrims?
4. Explain what Matthew 6 means when it says, "Do not lay up for yourselves treasures on earth, where moth and rust destroy and thieves break in and steal, but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust destroys.." ?
5. What are some things that we do to store up "worldly" treasures?
6. Look up the definition of the word **citizenship** and how does that help you better understand Philipians 3:20-21?

No. 1 This World is Not My Home
 (I'm Just A Passing Thru)
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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. 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 somewhere be-yond the blue; The an-gels beck-on me from
 pardoned me and now I en-ward go; I know He'll take me thru tho
 peet to stop un-til I shake her hand; She's wait-ing new fer me in
 ev-'ry hand are shout-ing vic-to-ry, Their tong of sweet-est praise drift

Fine

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

Chorus

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

D.S.

Lord what will I do; The an-gels beck-on me from heaven's o-pen door,