I'm but a stranger here, Heaven is my home





I'm but a stranger here, Heav'n is my home; Earth is a desert drear, Heav'n is my home. Danger and sorrow stand round me on every hand; Heav'n is my fatherland, Heav'n is my home.

What though the tempest rage, Heav'n is my home; Short is my pilgrimage, Heav'n is my home; Time's cold and wild wintry blast soon shall be over past; I shall reach home at last, Heav'n is my home.

There at my Savior's side Heav'n is my home; I shall be glorified, Heav'n is my home. There are the good and blest, those I loved most and best; There, too, I soon shall rest, Heav'n is my home.

Thomas R. Taylor

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