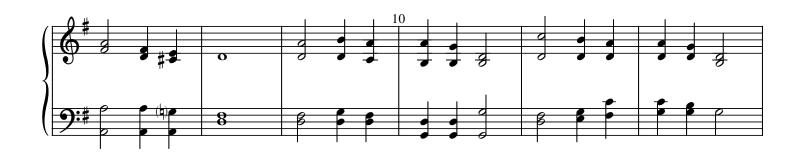
I'm but a stranger here







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.

Therefore I murmur not, Heav'n is my home; Whate'er my earthly lot, Heav'n is my home; And I shall surely stand there at my Lord's right hand. Heav'n is my fatherland, Heav'n is my home.

Thomas R. Taylor

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