

I'm But a Stranger Here

Thomas Taylor, 1836.

Arthur Sullivan, 1872.

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.

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.