

1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh, When shall the moment come, When I shall lay my armor by, And dwell in peace at home! O this is not my home—

2. No tranquil joys on earth I know, No peaceful sheltering dome; This world's a wilderness of woe,—This world is not my home! O this is not my home—

3. To Jesus Christ I sought for rest, He bid me cease to roam, And fly for refuge to his breast, And he'd conduct me home! O this is not my home—

4. I would at once have quit the field Where foes with fury roam; But O, my passport was not sealed, I could not yet go home.

5. When by affliction sharply tried, I view the gaping tomb; Altho' I dread death's chilling tide, Yet still I sigh for home.

6. Wear-y of wand'ring round and round, This vale of sin and gloom, I long to quit th' unhallow'd ground And dwell with Christ at home. O this is not my home—

No, this is not my home; This world's a wilderness of woe,—This world is not my home.

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