

Nothing on earth we call our own.

1. Nothing on earth we call our own,
As strangers to the world, unknown,
We'd all its joys despise;
We'd trample on its whole delight,
And seek a city out of sight,
A city in the skies.

2. There is our house and portion fair,
Our treasure and our hearts are there,
And our abiding home;
For us our martyr'd brethren stay,
And angels call us hence away,
And Jesus bids us come.

3. "We come,"—Thy servants, Lord, reply,
"We come to meet Thee in the sky,
And claim our heav'nly rest;
Soon let our toilsome journey end,
For then, O Saviour, Brother, Friend,
With Thee we shall be blest."