

USK 8.7.8.8.7.

A Minor. Charles Giles.

Steve Brett, 2024.

1. A stranger lone-ly here I roam, From place to place I'm driven; My friends are gone and I'm in gloom; This earth is all a drea-ry tomb—

2. Cre - a-tion's mighty fab-ric all, Will be to a-toms ri-ven, The sky consume, the plan-ets fall, Con - vul-sions rock this earth-ly ball,

3. The world is poor from shore to shore, And like a base-less vision; Its lof - ty domes and brilliant ore, And gems and crowns, are vain and poor,

I have no home but Heav - en.

There's no - thing firm but Heav - en.

There's nothing rich but Heav - en.