Never Grow Old

James Cleveland Moore, 1914

1. I have heard of a land on the far away strand, 'Tis a beautiful home of the soul; Built by Jesus on high, where we never shall die.

2. In that beautiful home where we'll never more roam, We shall be in the sweet by and by; Happy praise to the King through eternity sing, 'Tis a land where we never shall die.

3. When our work here is done and the life crown is won, And our troubles and trials are o'er; All our sorrow will end, and our voices will blend, With the loved ones who've gone on before.

Refrain

Never grow old, never grow old, In a land where we'll never grow old; Where we'll

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