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 shall be in the sweet by and by; Happy praise to the King throughout eternity.

2. In that beautiful home where we'll never more roam, We shall troubles and trials are o'er; All our sorrow will end, and our troubles and trials are o'er; All our sorrow will end, and our

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

Refrain

Ne-ver shall die, 'Tis a land where we ne-ver shall die. Ne-ver shall die, 'Tis a land where we ne-ver shall die.

Ne-ver grow old, Where we'll ne-ver grow old, In a land where we'll ne-ver grow old; Ne-ver grow old, Where we'll ne-ver grow old, In a land where we'll ne-ver grow old.

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