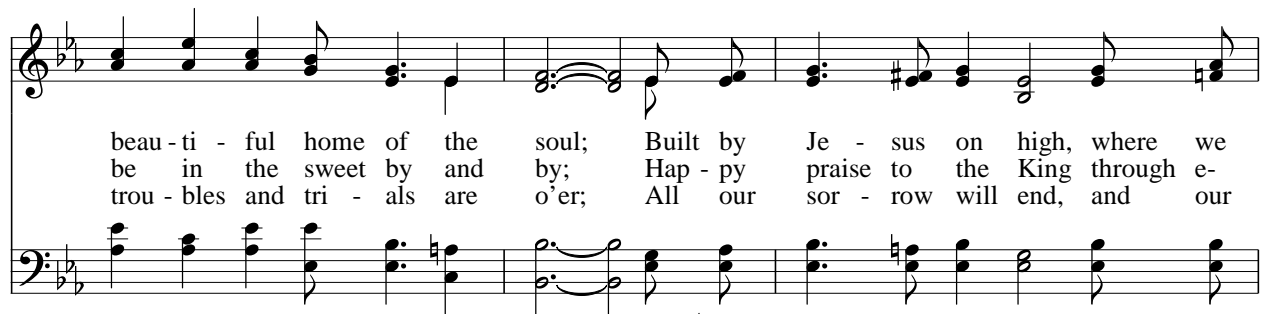


# Never Grow Old

James Cleveland Moore, 1914



1. I have heard of a land on the far a - way strand, 'Tis a  
2. In that beau - ti - ful home where we'll nev - er more roam, We shall  
3. When our work here is done and the life crown is won, And our

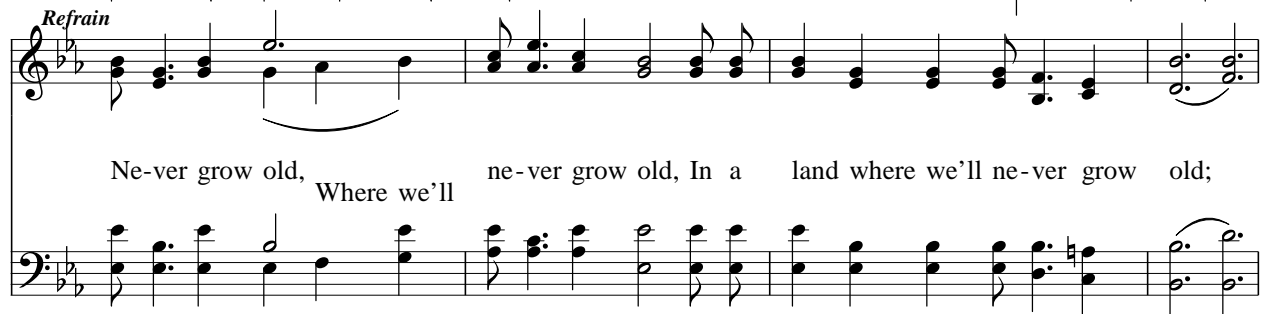


beau - ti - ful home of the soul; Built by Je - sus on high, where we  
be in the sweet by and by; Hap - py praise to the King through e -  
trou - bles and tri - als are o'er; All our sor - row will end, and our

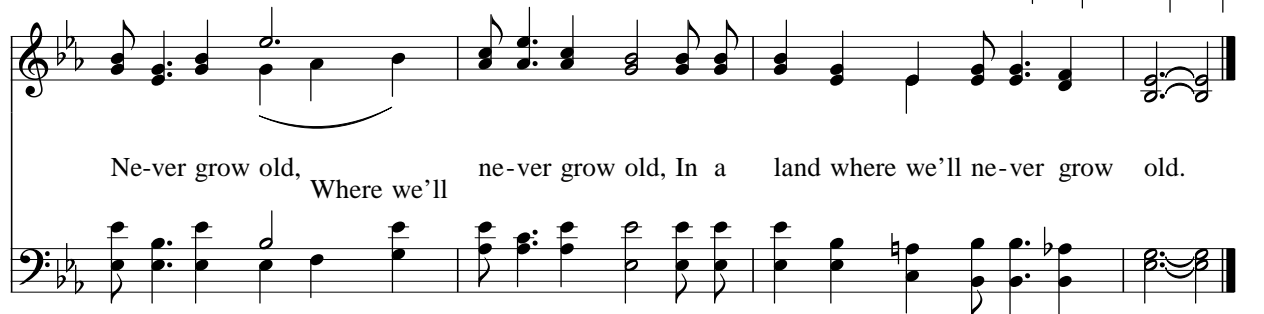


ne - ver shall die, 'Tis a land where we ne - ver grow old.  
- ter - ni - ty sing, 'Tis a land where we ne - ver shall die.  
voic - es will blend, With the loved ones who've gone on be - fore.

*Refrain*



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.