

Never Grow Old
James Moore, ca. 1914.

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,
'Tis a land where we never grow old.

Refrain

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

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.

Refrain

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