

Where We'll Never Grow Old

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JAMES C. MOORE

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Swing



1. I have heard of a land on the far - a-way strand. 'Tis a beau-ti-ful Home of the soul;—
2. In that beau-ti-ful Home where we'll nev - er-more roam, We shall be in the sweet by and by;—
3. When our work here is done and the life-crown is won, And our trou-bles and tri-als are o'er;—

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Built by Je - sus on high, there we nev - er shall die, 'Tis a land where we nev - er grow old. —
Hap - py praise to the King, through e - ter - ni - ty sing, 'Tis a land where we nev - er shall die. —
All our sor - row will end, and our voic - es will blend With the loved ones who've gone on be - fore. —

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Nev - er grow old, Nev - er grow old, In a land where we'll nev - er grow old; —
Where we'll

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Nev - er grow old, nev - er grow old, In a land where we'll nev - er grow old. —
Where we'll