

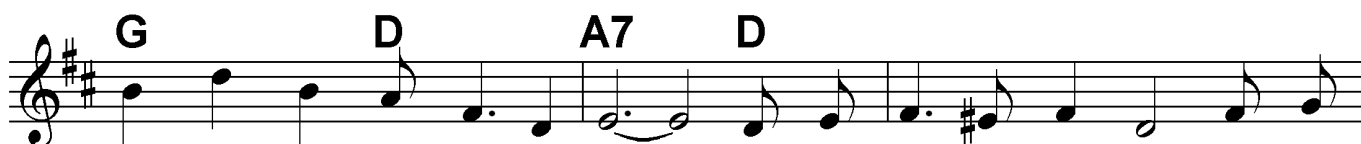
# Where We'll Never Grow Old

(Dedicated to My Father and Mother)

Words and music: James Cleveland Moore, 1914



1 I have heard of a land on a 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, there we  
be in the sweet by and by: Hap - py praise to the King thru' e -  
trou - bles and tri - als are o'er, All our sor - row will end, and our



nev - er shall die, 'Tis a land where we'll nev - er grow old.  
ter - ni - ty sing, 'Tis a land where we nev - er shall die.  
voi - ces will blend With the loved ones who've gone on be - fore.



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



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