Never Grow Old

Dulcimer

1. I have heard of a land on the far-away strand, 'Tis a
beau-ti-ful home of the soul; Built by Jesus on high, where we
be in the sweet by and by; Happy praise to the King through e-

2. In that beau-ti-ful home where we'll nev-er more roam, We shall
troubles and tri-als are o'er, All our sor-row will end, and our

3. When our work here is done and the life crown is won, And our
land where we'll never grow old;

4. With the loved ones who've gone on be-fore

5. While we shall die, 'Tis a land where we never shall die.

6. Voic-es will blend, With the

7. Ne-ver shall die, 'Tis a land where we ne-ver grow old;

8. Never grow old, ne-ver grow old, In a land where we'll ne-ver grow

9. Never Grow Old ©

©
Never Grow Old

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