Where We'll Never Grow Old
(Dedicated to my Father and Mother)
Words and Music: James Cleveland Moore, 1914

Where we'll never grow old.

Verse 1:
I have heard of a land on a far-away strand, 'Tis a
beautiful home of the soul; Built by Jesus on high, there we
be in the sweet by and by: Happy praise to the King through e-
troubles and trials are o'er, All our sorrow will end and our
never shall die, 'Tis a land where we'll never grow old,
terminity sing, 'Tis a land where we never shall die.
voices will blend With the loved ones who've gone on be-
fore.

Chorus:
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.

* Chords beneath the staff are for autoharp melody playing.