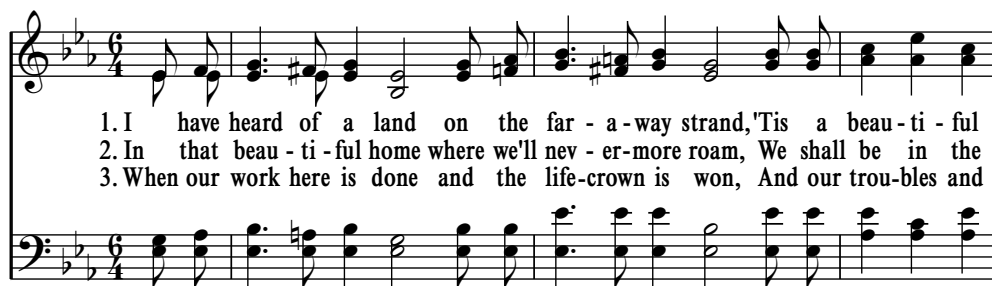
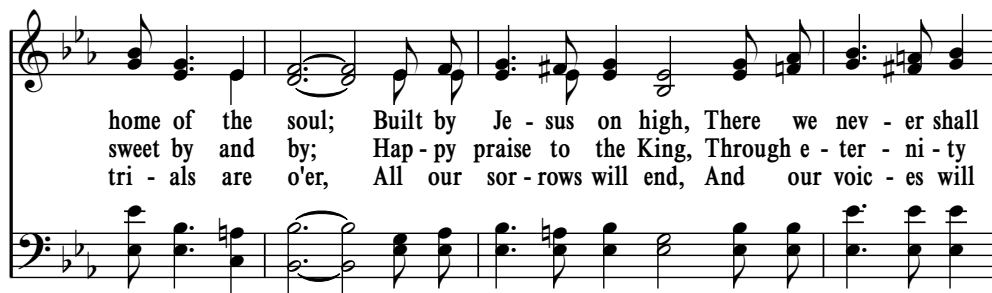


# 387. Where We'll Never Grow Old

"...and there shall be no more death..." Rev. 21:4

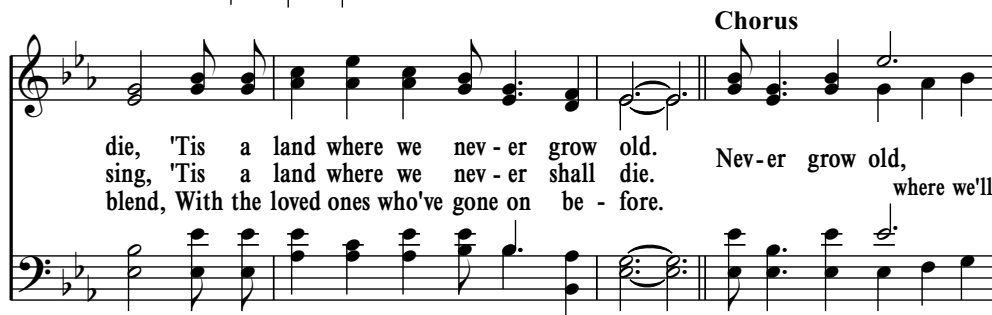


1. I have heard of a land on the far - a - way strand, 'Tis a beau - ti - ful  
 2. In that beau - ti - ful home where we'll nev - er - more roam, We shall be in the  
 3. When our work here is done and the life - crown is won, And our trou - bles and

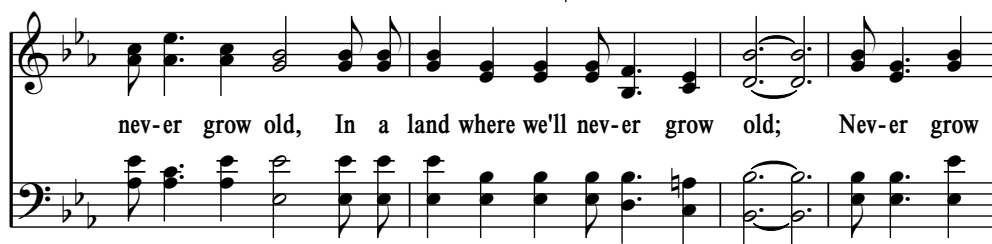


home of the soul; Built by Je - sus on high, There we nev - er shall  
 sweet by and by; Hap - py praise to the King, Through e - ter - ni - ty  
 tri - als are o'er, All our sor - rows will end, And our voic - es will

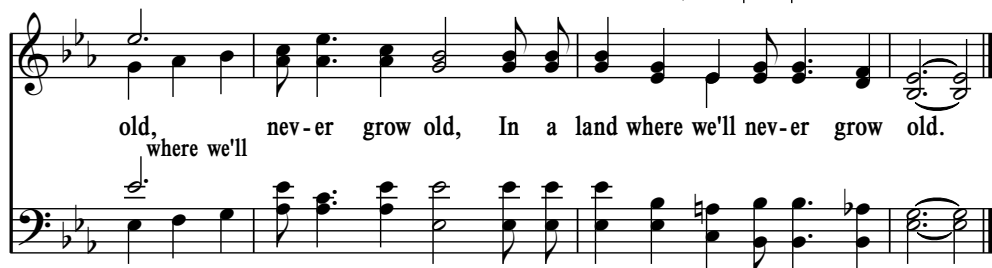
**Chorus**



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



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



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