

Where We'll Never Grow Old

I have heard of a place
Of unsearchable grace.
Tis a beautiful home of the soul, of the soul;
There with Jesus on high,
Where we never shall die,
Tis a place where we never grow old.
Never grow old, Where we'll never grow old,
In a place where we'll never grow old;
Never grow old, Where we'll never grow old,
In a place where we'll never grow old.

What a glorious tune
That we'll sing to him soon,
Making melody there to the Lord, to the Lord;
Through eternity sing,
Death, Oh, where is thy sting?
It's a song that will never grow old.
Never grow old, Where we'll never grow old,
In a place where we'll never grow old;
Never grow old, Where we'll never grow old,
In a place where we'll never grow old.

When our work here is done,
And we're gathered in one,

Knowing troubles and trials no more, no more;

All our sorrows will end,

And our voices will blend

With the loved ones who've gone on before.

Never grow old, Where we'll never grow old,

In a place where we'll never grow old;

Never grow old, Where we'll never grow old,

In a place where we'll never grow old.