

The Land Where They Never Grow Old

1. When we tread the dark shades of the vale of the years,
 2. One by one the sweet blossoms that gladden the day,
 3. Tho' the shadows grow dark as the river we near,

Our steps slow and weary, our eyes dimmed with tears,
 'Neath rime of life's winter have wilted away;
 With deep waters surging "no evil we'll fear,"

A - bove the dark hill - tops a vi - sion ap - pears,
 So we dream of the flow'rs that are bloom - ing for aye
 For Je - sus our boat safe - ly o - ver will steer

Of a land where they nev - er grow old.
 In the land where they nev - er grow old.
 To the land where they nev - er grow old.

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Chorus

Nev - er grow old, nev - er grow old, Safe in the Har - bor thru

ag - es un - told; Storms beat - ing nev - er, an - chored for -

ev - er In that land where they nev - er grow old.