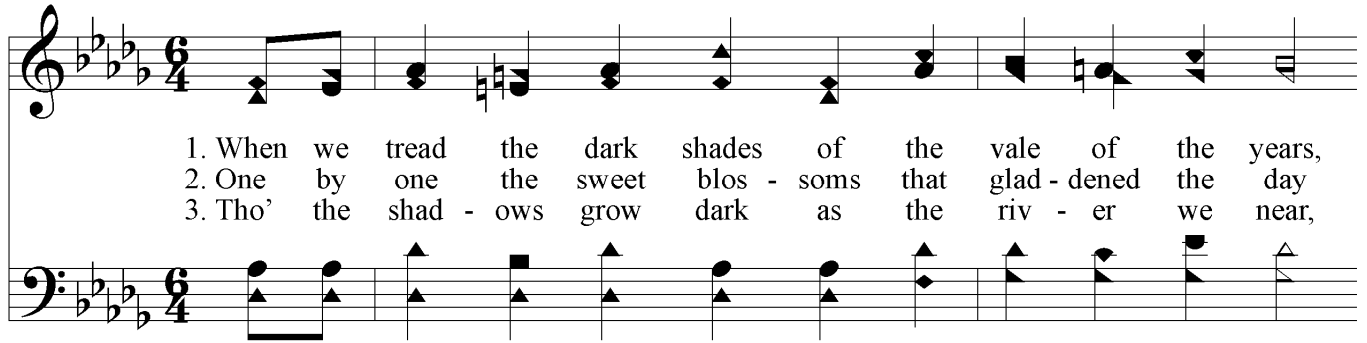
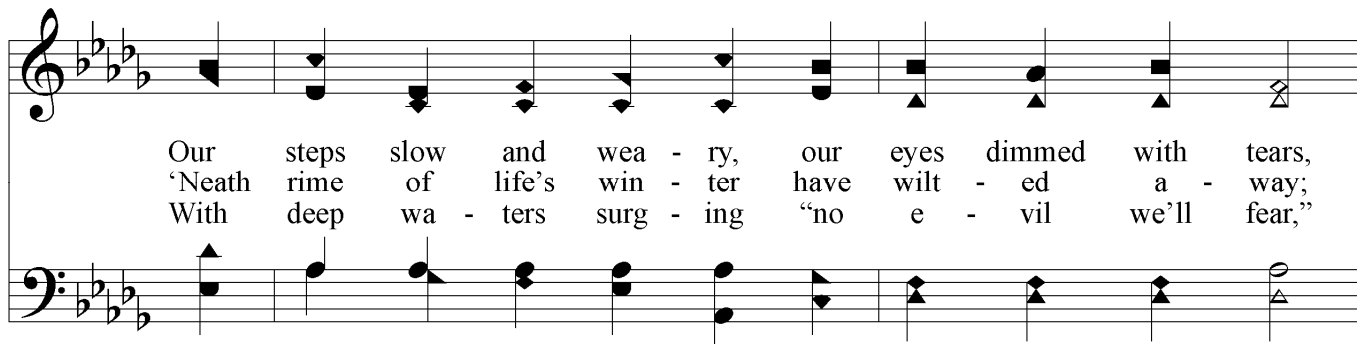


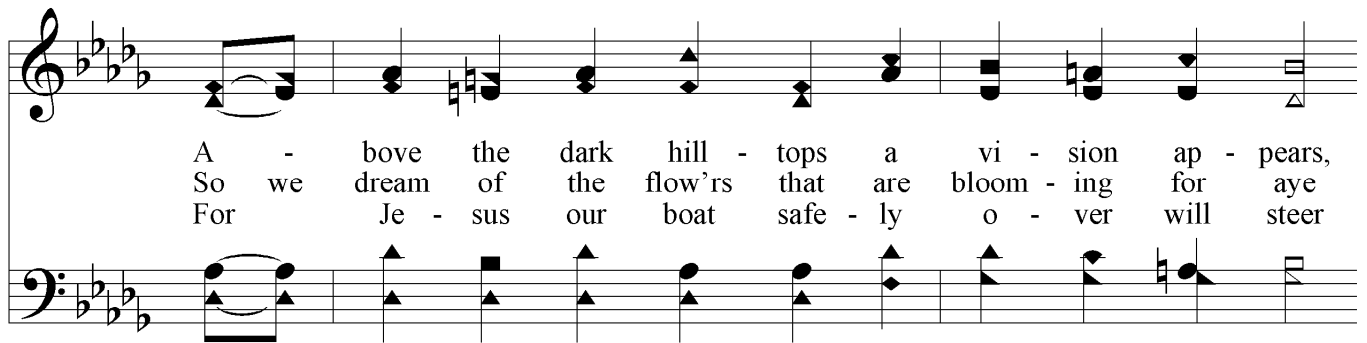
The Land Where They Never Grow Old



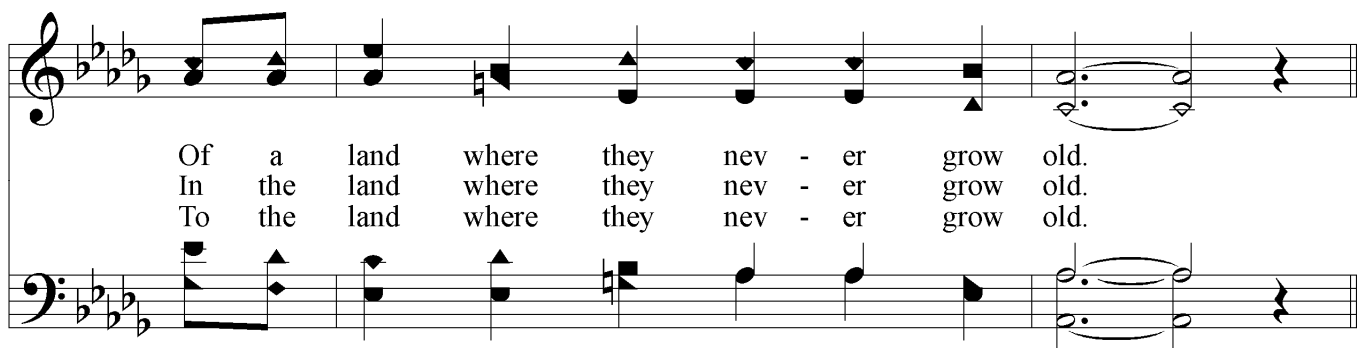
1. When we tread the dark shades of the vale of the years,
2. One by one the sweet blossoms that gladden the day,
3. Tho' the shadows grow dark as the river we near,



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,"



Above the dark hill-tops a vision appears,
So we dream of the flow'rs that are blooming for aye
For Jesus our boat safely o'er will steer



Of a land where they never grow old.
In the land where they never grow old.
To the land where they never grow old.

The Land Where They Never Grow Old

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.