The Land Where They Never Grow Old

1. When we tread the dark shades of the vale of the years,
   Our steps slow and weary, our eyes dimmed with tears,
   Above the dark hilltops a vision appears,
   Of a land where they never grow old.

2. One by one the sweet blossoms that gladdened the day
   ‘Neath rime of life’s winter have wilted away;
   So we dream of the flow’rs that are blooming for aye
   In the land where they never grow old.

3. Tho’ the shadows grow dark as the river we near,
   With deep waters surging “no evil we’ll fear,”
   For Jesus our boat safely over will steer
   To the land where they never grow old.

Words by Philip Roberts
Music by Benjamin Franklin Butts
The Land Where They Never Grow Old

Chorus

Never grow old, never grow old, Safe in the Harbor thru ages untold; Storms beating never, anchored forever In that land where they never grow old.