

Bonnie Owens, Where We'll Never Grow Old

I have heard of a land on a faraway strand this beautiful home of the soul
Built by Jesus on high there we never shall die in the land where we'll never grow old
Never grow old never grow old in the land where we'll never grow old
Never grow old never grow old in the land where we'll never grow old
[dobro]

When our work here is done and our life's crown is won
And our troubles and trials are o'er
All our sorrow will end and our voices will blend
With the loved ones who've gone on before
Never grow old never grow old...