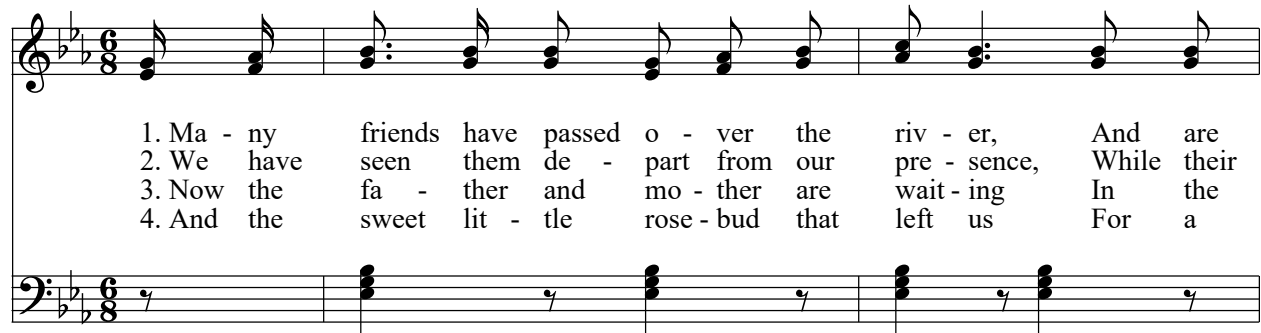


# Where They Never Grow Old

H. M. Smith, 1914

Frank Monford Graham

♩ = 80



1. Ma - ny friends have passed o - ver the riv - er, And are  
2. We have seen them de - part from our pre - sence, While their  
3. Now the fa - ther and mo - ther are wait - ing In the  
4. And the sweet lit - tle rose - bud that left us For a



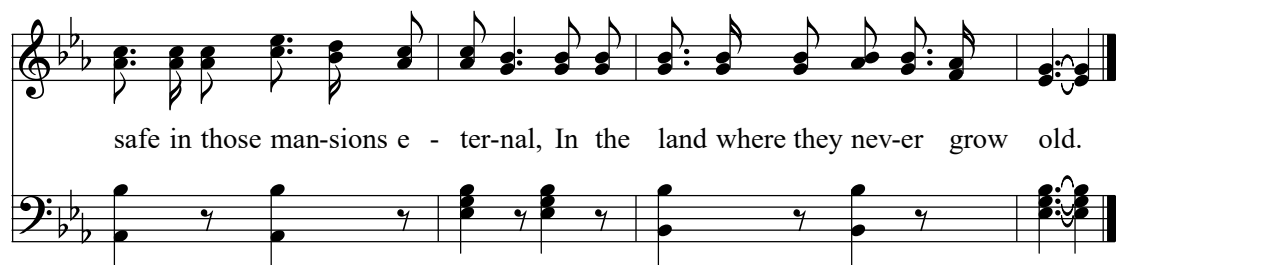
safe in the hea - ven - ly fold; They have passed from this life with its  
forms were be - fore us so cold; But we hope in the fu - ture to  
beau - ti - ful ci - ty of gold For the ga - ther - ing there of the  
home in the beau - ti - ful fold, It is call - ing the fa - ther and



*Refrain*  
sha - dows To the land where they ne - ver grow old.  
find them In the land where they ne - ver grow old. Where they ne - ver grow old, No,  
child - ren To the land where they ne - ver grow old.  
mo - ther To the land where they ne - ver grow old.



ne - ver grow old, To the land where they nev - er grow old; They are



safe in those man - sions e - ter - nal, In the land where they nev - er grow old.