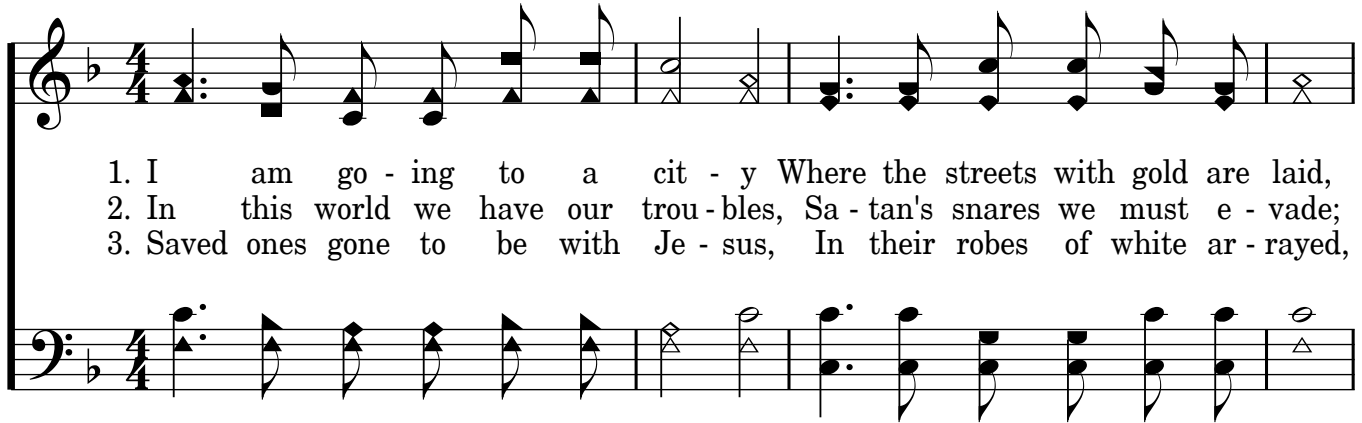


Where the Roses Never Fade

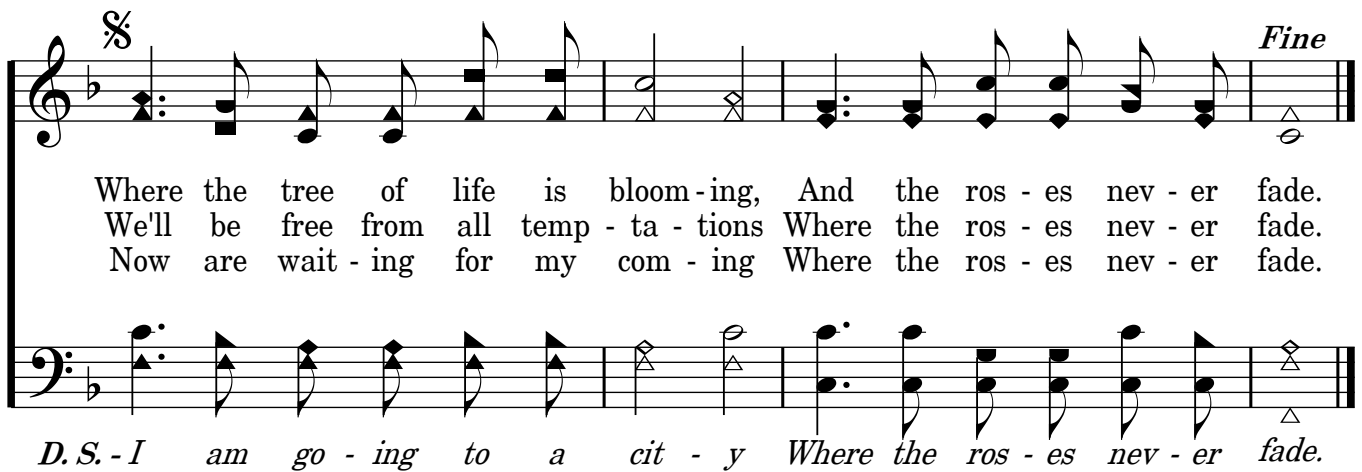
199

The tree of life . . . yielded her fruit every month; and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations. Revelation 22:2

F - 4 MI↑



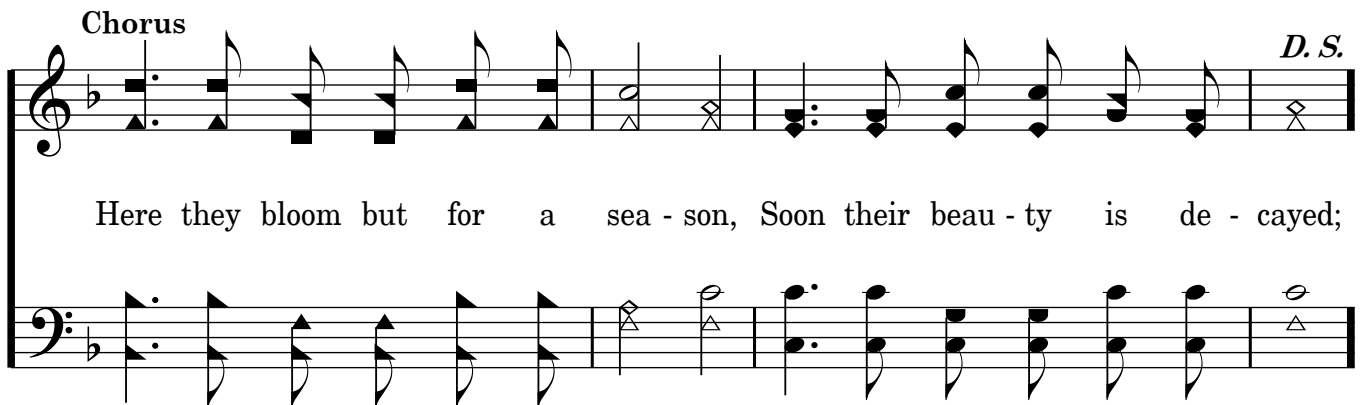
1. I am go - ing to a cit - y Where the streets with gold are laid,
2. In this world we have our trou - bles, Sa - tan's snares we must e - vade;
3. Saved ones gone to be with Je - sus, In their robes of white ar - rayed,



Where the tree of life is bloom - ing, And the ros - es nev - er fade.
We'll be free from all temp - ta - tions Where the ros - es nev - er fade.
Now are wait - ing for my com - ing Where the ros - es nev - er fade.

Fine

D. S. - I am go - ing to a cit - y Where the ros - es nev - er fade.



Here they bloom but for a sea - son, Soon their beau - ty is de - cayed;

D. S.

Elsie & Jack Osborn © Copyright 1942. Renewal 1970 by Stamps-Baxter Music.
Jim Miller All Rights Reserved.

Elsie & Jack Osborn
Jim Miller