

# Death Is Only A Dream

Sadly we sing and with tremulous breath,  
As we stand by the mystical stream  
In the valley and by the  
Dark river of death,  
And yet 'tis no more than a dream.

Only a dream, only a dream  
Of glory beyond the dark stream,  
How peaceful the slumber,  
How happy the waking,  
For death is only a dream.

Why should we weep when the weary ones rest,  
In the bosom of Jesus supreme;  
In the mansions of glory  
Prepared for the blest?  
For death is no more than a dream.

Only a dream, only a dream  
Of glory beyond the dark stream,  
How peaceful the slumber,  
How happy the waking,  
For death is only a dream.

Naught in the river the saints should appall,  
Tho it frightfully dismal my seem,  
In the arms of their Savior  
No ill can befall,  
They find it no more than a dream.

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Only a dream, only a dream  
Of glory beyond the dark stream,  
How peaceful the slumber,  
How happy the waking,  
For death is only a dream.

Over the turbid and onrushing tide  
Doth the light of eternity gleam,  
And the ransomed the darkness  
And storm shall outide,  
To wake with glad smiles from their dream.

Only a dream, only a dream  
Of glory beyond the dark stream,  
How peaceful the slumber,  
How happy the waking,  
For death is only a dream.

by C. W. Ray