Death Is Only a Dream

Words: C. W. Ray
Music: A. J. Buchanan

1. Sadly we sing and with tremendous 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.

2. 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.

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

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

On - ly a dream, on - ly a dream

Of glo - ry be - yond the dark stream,

How peace - ful the slum - ber, how hap - py the wak - ing,

For death is on - ly a dream.