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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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 outride,
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

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