

Death Is Only a Dream

1. Sad - ly we sing and with trem - u - lous breath,
 2. Why should we weep when the wea - ry ones rest,
 3. Naught in the riv - er the the saints should ap - pall,
 4. O - ver the tur - bid and on - rush - ing tide

As we stand by the mys - ti - cal stream
 In the bos - om of Je - sus su - preme;
 Tho it fright - ful - ly dis - mal my seem,
 Doth the light of e - ter - ni - ty gleam,

In the val - ley and by the dark riv - er of death,
 In the man - sions of glo - ry pre - pared for the blest?
 In the arms of their Sav - ior no ill can be - fall,
 And the ran - somed the dark - ness and storm shall out - ride,

And yet 'tis no more than a dream.
 For death is no more than a dream.
 They find it no more than a dream.
 To wake with glad smiles from their dream.

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

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Chorus

On - ly a dream, on - ly a dream

Of glo - ry be - yond the dark stream,

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

For death is on - ly a dream.