

Death Is Only a Dream

C. W. Ray, 1892.

Adoniram Buchanan.

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.

Refrain

Only a dream, only a dream,
And 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.

Refrain

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

Refrain

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.

Refrain