

The Stanley Brothers, 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
Where 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 blessed
For death is no more than a dream

Naught in the river the Saints should appall
Though' it frightfully dismal may seem
In the arms of our Savior no ill can befall
They find it no more than a dream

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