

Death Is Only a Dream

The Stanley Brothers

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

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