

# 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

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