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Death is Only A Dream.

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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

CHORUS:

Only a dream, only a dream
And glory beyond the dark stream;
How peaceful their slumbers
How happy their waking;
For death is only a dream

Mother and father, sister and brother,
Have crossed the dark valley and gone
In the mansions of glory prepared for the blest,
For death is no more than a dream.

Cho: Only a dream, &c.

Why should we weep when the wearied ones rest
In the bosom of Jesus supreme?
Their toils are ended—their sorrows are passed.
For death is no more than a dream.

Cho: Only a dream, &c.

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

Cho: Only a dream, &c.

Over the furbid and on rushing tide
Both the light of eternity gleam;
And the ransomed, the darkness, the storm shall outride
To wake with glad smiles from their dream.

Cho: Only a dream, &c.

To be sung when my life's work is ended at the Fu-
neral service my mortality,

HYMN

By Sarah Townsend

CHORUS—I am glad I heard Jesus,
When He called me;
I did not chose my way to hell,
When He called me.

1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down,
Thy head upon my breast.
(CHORUS)

2 I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad;
I found in Him a resting place,
And He has made me glad.
(CHORUS)

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Behold I freely give;
The Living Water, thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink and live.
(CHORUS)

4 I came to Jesus and I drink,
Of that Life Giving Stream;
My thirst quenched my soul revived
And now I live in Him.
(CHORUS)

5 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
I am this dark world's light;
Look unto me thy morn' shall rise,
And all thy days be bright.
(CHORUS)