



## Death Is Only A Dream

[A voice from the tomb, sweetly whispers in bloom

Death is only a dream.

The grave has no pain, that forever can chain

The soul in its mortal extreme.

Beautiful valley of Eden!

Sweet is thy noon-tide air.

Fair is the blossoms that bloom in thy garden.

Softly we rest in thee there.

Chorus:

Death is only a dream.

Why should the toilers care?

Smooth is the pillow, that's wet with the billow,

Softly we rest in thee there.

Heavily laden with sorrow and care,

Why should the toilers not rest?

Why should we seek for a home that is better?

Why not in Eden be blest?

Beautiful valley of Eden!

Sweet is thy noon-tide air.

Fair is the blossoms that bloom in thy garden.

Softly we rest in thee there.

Chorus:

Death is only a dream.

Why should the toilers care?

Smooth is the pillow, that's wet with the billow,

Softly we rest in thee there.]

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