Art Thou Drifting?

1. Oh! my brother, art thou drifting? Drifting tow'rd a sea?
2. At its mouth lie rocks tremendous, Blacker than despair,
3. Hark! the wild white waves are foaming, Hungry, fierce and bold,
4. But beyond those raging billows, Lies a happy shore,
5. Oh! my friend, thy bark shall never Reach that happy shore,
6. Call Him with entreaty urgent, Call Him near thy side,

From whose shore no bark returneth, 'Tis eternity.
Many a noble bark, my brother, Has been shipwreck'd there.
O'er the shattered vessel dashing, Dreadful, icy, cold.
Where the saints redeemed thru Jesus, Dwell for evermore.
Till the Lord becomes your Pilot, He will guide thee o'er.
Then o'er roughest, darkest billows, Safely thou shalt glide.

Chorus

Oh! my brother, art thou drifting, Drifting to eternity?