

Art Thou Drifting?



1. Oh! my broth - er, art thou drift - ing? Drift - ing tow'rd a sea?
2. At its mouth lie rocks tre - men - dous, Black - er than de - spair,
3. Hark! the wild white waves are foam - ing, Hun - gry, fierce and bold,
4. But be - yond those rag - ing bil - lows, Lies a hap - py shore,
5. Oh! my friend, thy bark shall nev - er Reach that hap - py shore,
6. Call Him with en - treat - y ur - gent, Call Him near thy side,



From whose shore no bark re - turn - eth, 'Tis E - ter - ni - ty.
Man - y a no - ble bark, my broth - er, Has been ship - wreck'd there.
O'er the shat - tered ves - sel dash - ing, Dread - ful, i - cy, cold.
Where the saints re - deemed thru Je - sus, Dwell for ev - er - more.
Till the Lord be - comes your Pi - lot: He will guide thee o'er.
Then o'er rough - est, dark - est bil - lows, Safe - ly thou shalt glide.



Chorus



Oh! my broth - er, art thou drift - ing, Drift - ing to e - ter - ni - ty?

