Drifting Toward The Golden Shore

1. I am drifting down the stream of time, Yes, drifting t'ward the golden shore, But I do not heed the billows, For the golden gate, I am nearer to that eternal out each day, But I do not dread the voyage, For my

Savior guides my oar, As I'm drifting t'ward the golden shore. Where my lov'd ones wait, As I'm drifting t'ward the golden gate. Savior guides my way, As I'm drifting farther out each day.

Chorus

I am drifting, Yes, drifting, I am drifting, Yes, drifting, I am
Drifting Toward The Golden Shore

Drifting t'ward the golden shore, But I do not heed the billows,

For the Savior guides my oar, As I'm drifting t'ward the golden shore.