Drifting With The Tide

1. Whither art thou drifting 'Neath life's cloudless sky
   Whither art thou drifting? Swift the moments fly.

2. Whither art thou drifting? Time ebbs swift away;
   Soon the dimming twilight shall conclude the day.

3. One hath come to guide thee, One who never fails;
   One whose pow'r concludes Times and tides, and gales.

Who shall be thy guide? Storms may sore beset thee, Whither wilt thou hide?
With its fading light? Whither cast thy anchor For the coming night?
Trust His mighty hand; He will be thy Pilot To the better land.

Chorus

Drifting with the tide, Turn thy bark aside;
Danger lurks before thee,

Surely shall betide, Life is not mere drifting, 'Tis struggling 'gainst the tide.

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