

Drifting! yes I am towards the mansion of delight,
 Where I can greet my King clad in garments white.
 Drifting to yon Home with friends awaiting "there",
 Free'd from the toils of earth, of sorrow, and of care.

And when I bid farewell to this cold deceitful world,
 Let not the words of scorn from venomous lips be hurled;
 But let me rest in peace, in this a foreign land to me,
 Four thousand miles from Home across the sea.

Oftimes an extended hand a cankerous wound would heal,
 And help the drooping heart, a debt of gratitude to feel;
 The kindly smile, oft heals the lone and wounded heart,
 And extracts the venom of the vile and poisonous dart.

Am I drifting far away from my theme,
 When I say that I am sailing upon an adverse stream,
 Against cataracts and rapids that impede my way,
 Creating gloomy night, in the place of brilliant day?

Drifting from the creed once taught at my mother's knee,
 If I in ignorance err let not the charge be laid on me.
 There is coolness in the Church that would the blood congeal
 And crush the fast expiring ray the wounded heart may feel.

Drifting as a wreck upon the storm-tossed sea
 With dangers all around that dally threaten me;
 There is One guiding Hand which has never been withheld,
 Although against its precepts oft have I rebelled

Drifting towards that great unknown which none can comprehend
 Should not our lives on earth in harmony now blend
 For who can read their destiny, the thread of Life being broke,
 And we disappear from earth like the curling rings of smoke.

Drifting to that Home where wife and children rest,
 I long to reach that bourne, where none will be oppressed.
 Could I now soar away and join that sacred throng,
 With glory in my soul, I could sing my farewell song.

