

Fly to Thy Refuge

W. W. Pinson, 1901

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♩=90

1. Why build on the sand - y foun - da - tion, Where tor - rents and tem - pests beat high? Why
2. Too long you have tar - ried al - rea - dy, The morn - ing of life has passed by; The
3. O, sweet is the plead - ing of Je - sus, And great is the love of His heart, But

hide thy poor soul in the stub - ble When storms ga - ther fast in the sky? The
sea - son of mer - cy is wan - ing, The sea - son of wrath draw - eth nigh. No
soon from the throne of His judg - ment His jus - tice will bid you de - part. Then

sun will not al - ways be shin - ing, The skies will not al - ways be fair, And
long - er seek rich - es or plea - sure, But think of how fear - ful the cost, If
hark to the voice of His mer - cy, While now at the do - or He stands, And

Refrain
when the blast falls in its fu - ry, No time then for pur - pose or prayer.
all of earth's sto - res you ga - ther, And then be e - ter - nal - ly lost. Then, quick to thy ref - uge, to
weeps for your sin and your fol - ly, And knocks with His nail - pierc - ed hands.

Cal - va - ry fly; The soul that ne - glects it for - ev - er shall die, The soul that ne - glects it for - ev - er shall die.