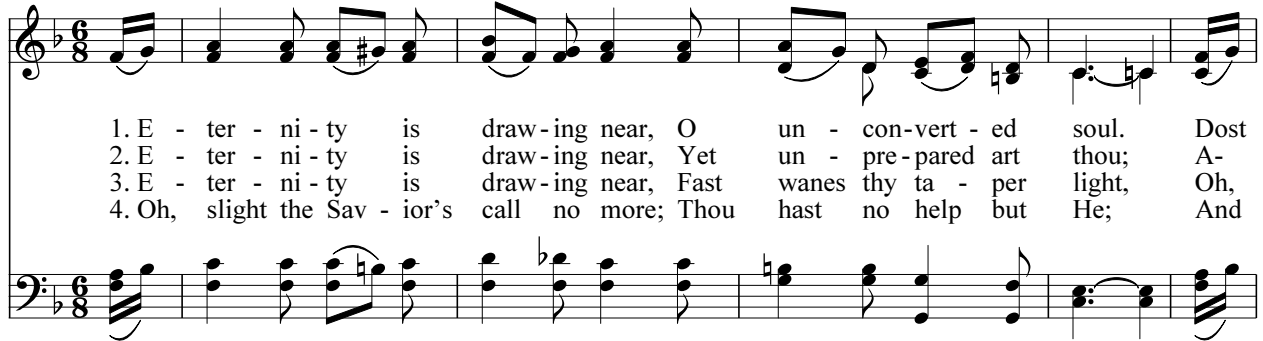


O Fly to Him


Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1890

John Robson Sweney

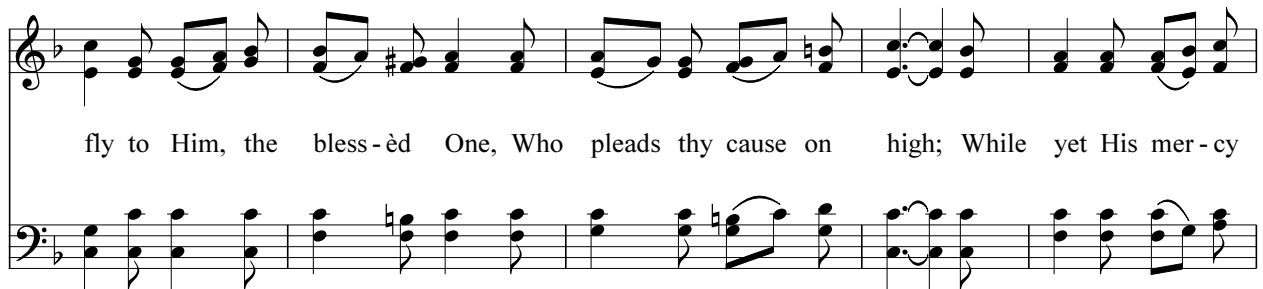
♩=100



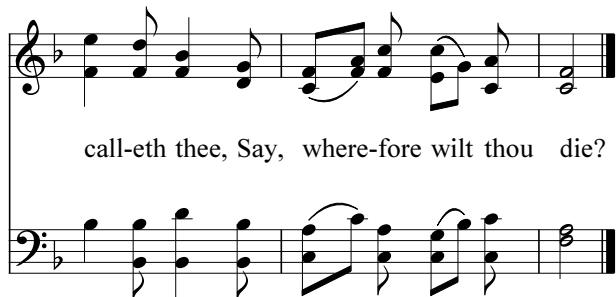
1. E - ter - ni - ty is draw - ing near, O un - con - vert - ed soul. Dost
2. E - ter - ni - ty is draw - ing near, Yet un - pre - pared art thou; A -
3. E - ter - ni - ty is draw - ing near, Fast wanes thy ta - per light, Oh,
4. Oh, slight the Sav - ior's call no more; Thou hast no help but He; And



Refrain
- thou not fear the trou - bled waves That o'er thee soon may roll?
- las, what must be - come of thee Should death o'er - take thee now?
think how soon its flick - ering spark May fade in end - less night! O
if thou still His grace re - fuse Where will thy re - fuge be?



fly to Him, the bless - ed One, Who pleads thy cause on high; While yet His mer - cy



call - eth thee, Say, where - fore wilt thou die?