

# O Fly to Him

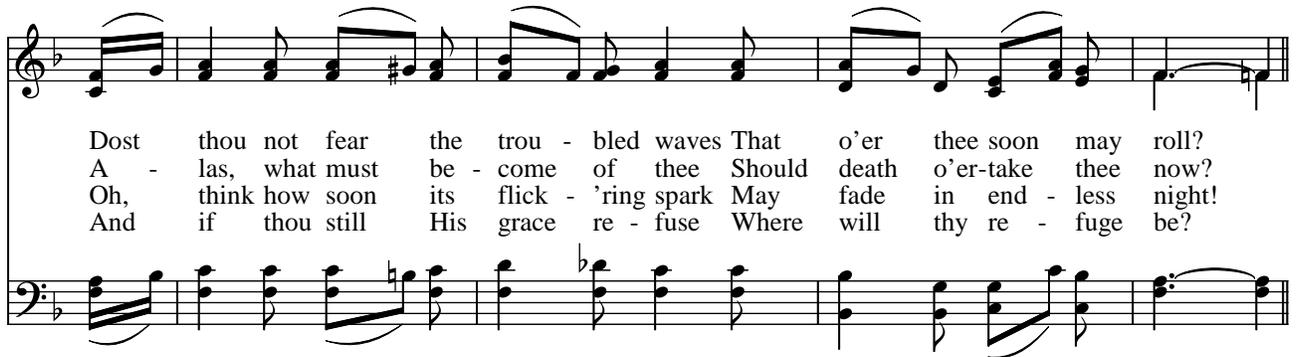
Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1890

John Robson Sweney

$\text{♩} = 100$



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



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

*Refrain*



O 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?