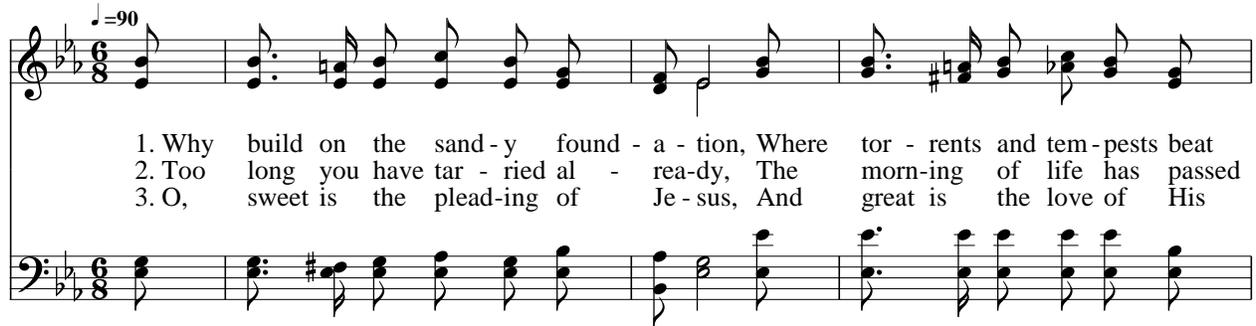


# Fly to Thy Refuge

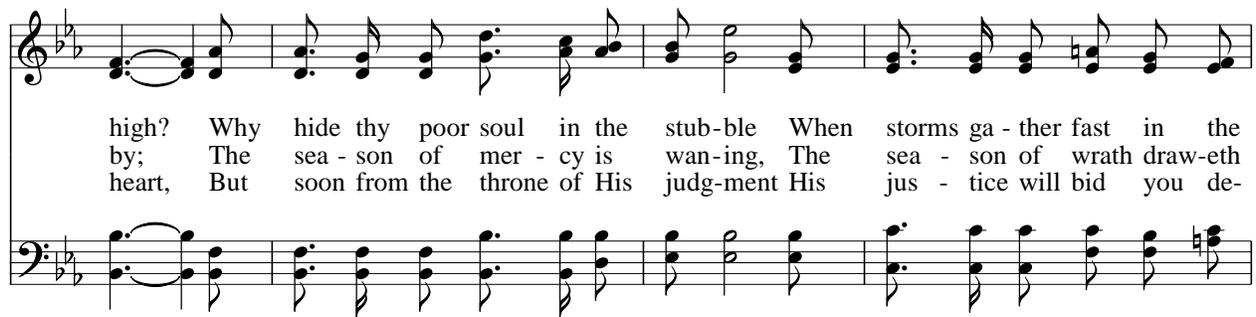
W. W. Pinson, 1901

Ernest Orlando Sellers

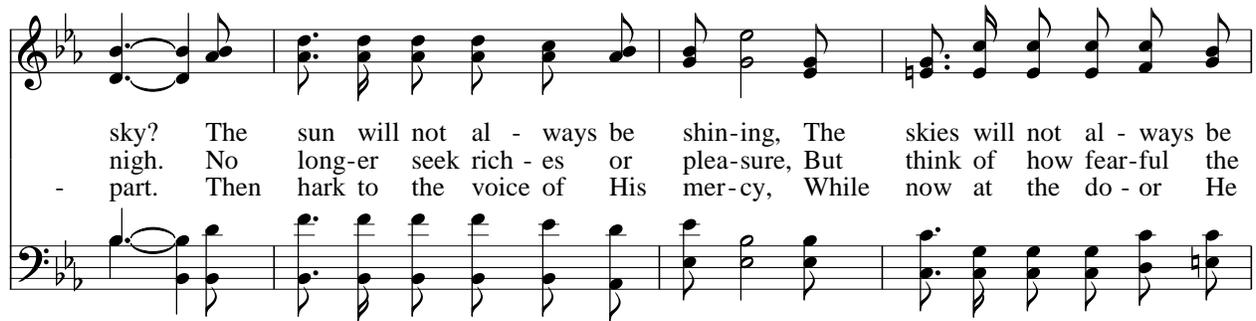
$\text{♩} = 90$



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



high? Why hide thy poor soul in the stub - ble When storms ga - ther fast in the  
by; The sea - son of mer - cy is wan - ing, The sea - son of wrath draw - eth  
heart, But soon from the throne of His judg - ment His jus - tice will bid you de -



sky? The sun will not al - ways be shin - ing, The skies will not al - ways be  
- nigh. No long - er seek rich - es or plea - sure, But think of how fear - ful the  
part. Then hark to the voice of His mer - cy, While now at the do - or He



fair, And when the blast falls in its fu - ry, No time then for pur - pose or  
cost, If all of earth's sto - res you ga - ther, And then be e - ter - nal - ly  
stands, And weeps for your sin and your fol - ly, And knocks with His nail - pierc - ed

*Refrain*

prayer.  
lost. Then, quick to thy ref-uge, to Cal-va-ry fly; The soul that ne-glects it for-  
hands.

- ev-er shall die, The soul that ne-glects it for - ev-er shall die.