

Where Is Thy Refuge?

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1874

Silas Jones Vail

$\text{♩} = 100$

1. Say, where is thy ref - uge, my bro - ther, And what is thy pros - pect to -
 2. The Mas - ter is call - ing thee, bro - ther, In tones of com - pas - sion and
 3. The sum - mer is wan - ing, my bro - ther, Re - pent, ere the sea - son is

- day? Why toil for the wealth that will per - ish, The trea - sures that rust and de -
 love, To feel that sweet rap - ture of par - don, And lay up thy trea - sure a -
 past; God's good - ness to thee is ex - tend - ed, As long as the day - beam shall

- cay? Oh, think of thy soul, that for - ev - er Must live on e - ter - ni - ty's
 - bove; Oh, kneel at the cross where He suf - fered, To ran - som thy soul from the
 last; Then slight not the warn - ing re - peat - ed With all the bright mo - ments that

shore, When thou in the dust art for - got - ten, When plea - sure can charm thee no
 grave, The arm of His mer - cy will hold Thee, The arm that is might - y to
 roll, Nor say, when the har - vest is end - ed, That no one hath cared for thy

Refrain

more.
 save. 'Twill pro - fit thee no - thing, but fear - ful the cost, To gain the whole world if thy
 soul.

soul should be lost! To gain the whole world if thy soul should be lost!