

# Where Is Thy Refuge?

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1874

Silas Jones Vail

$\text{♩} = 90$

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

toil for the wealth that will per - ish, The trea - sures that rust and de - cay? Oh,  
feel that sweet rap - ture of par - don, And lay up thy trea - sure a - bove; Oh,  
good - ness to thee is ex - tend - ed, As long as the day - beam shall last; Then

think of thy soul, that for - ev - er Must live on e - ter - ni - ty's shore, When  
kneel at the cross where He suf - fered, To ran - som thy soul from the grave, The  
slight not the warn - ing re - peat - ed With all the bright mo - ments that roll, Nor

*Refrain*  
thou in the dust art for - got - ten, When plea - sure can charm thee no more.  
arm of His mer - cy will hold Thee, The arm that is might - y to save. 'Twill  
say, when the har - vest is end - ed, That no one hath cared for thy soul.

pro - fit thee no - thing, but fear - ful the cost, To gain the whole world if thy soul should be lost! To

gain the whole world if thy soul should be lost!