

# Where Is Thy Refuge?

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1874

Silas Jones Vail

♩ = 83

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, think of thy soul, that for -  
feel that sweet rap - ture of par - don, And lay up thy trea - sure a - bove; Oh, kneel at the cross where He  
good - ness to thee is ex - tend - ed, As long as the day - beam shall last; Then slight not the warn - ing re -

- ev - er Must live on e - ter - ni - ty's shore, When thou in the dust art for - got - ten, When  
suf - fered, To ran - som thy soul from the grave, The arm of His mer - cy will hold Thee, The  
- peat - ed With all the bright mo - ments that roll, Nor say, when the har - vest is end - ed, That

*Refrain*

plea - sure can charm thee no more. 'Twill pro - fit thee no - thing, but fear - ful the cost, To gain the whole world if thy  
no one hath cared for thy soul.

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