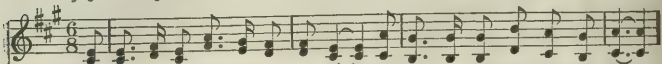
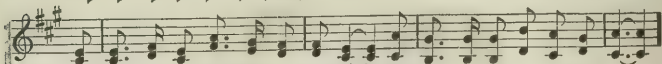
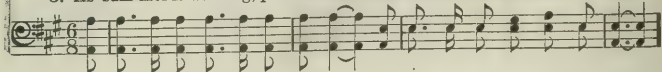


Fanny J. Crosby.

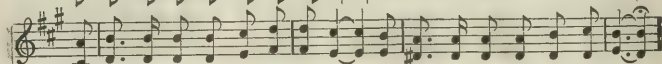
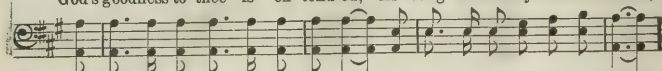
Silas J. Vail.



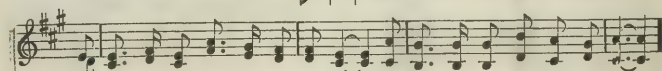
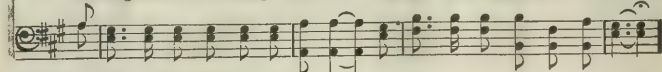
1. Say, where is thy ref-uge, poor sin-ner, And what is thy prospect to - day?
2. The Mas-ter is call-ing thee, sin-ner, In tones of com-pas-sion and love,
3. As sum-mer is wan-ing, poor sin-ner, Re-pent, ere the sea-son is past;



Why toil for the wealth that will per-ish, The treasures that rust and de-cay?  
 To feel that sweet rapture of par-don, And lay up thy treasure a - bove:  
 God's goodness to thee is ex-tend-ed, As long as the day-beam shall last;



Oh! think of thy soul, that for-ev-er Must live on e-ter-ni-ty's shore,  
 Oh! kneel at the cross where He suffered, To ran-som thy soul from the grave;  
 Then slight not the warning re-peat-ed With all the bright moments that roll,



When thou, in the dust art for-got-ten, When pleasure can charm thee no more.  
 The arm of His mer-cy will hold thee, The arm that is might-y to save.  
 Nor say, when the harvest is end-ed, That no one hath cared for thy soul.



CHORUS.



'Twill prof-it thee nothing, but fearful the cost, To gain the whole world if thy



## Where is Thy Refuge?

