

Where Is Thy Refuge  
Fanny Crosby, 1874.  
Silas Vail.

Say, where is thy refuge, my brother,  
And what is thy prospect today?  
Why toil for the wealth that will perish,  
The treasures that rust and decay?  
Oh, think of thy soul, that forever  
Must live on eternity's shore,  
When thou in the dust art forgotten,  
When pleasure can charm thee no more.

Refrain

'Twill profit thee nothing, but fearful the cost,  
To gain the whole world if thy soul should be lost!  
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The Master is calling thee, brother,  
In tones of compassion and love,  
To feel that sweet rapture of pardon,  
And lay up thy treasure above;  
Oh, kneel at the cross where He suffered,  
To ransom thy soul from the grave,  
The arm of His mercy will hold Thee,  
The arm that is mighty to save.

Refrain

The summer is waning, my brother,  
Repent, ere the season is past;  
God's goodness to thee is extended,  
As long as the day-beam shall last;  
Then slight not the warning repeated  
With all the bright moments that roll,  
Nor say, when the harvest is ended,  
That no one hath cared for thy soul.

Refrain