

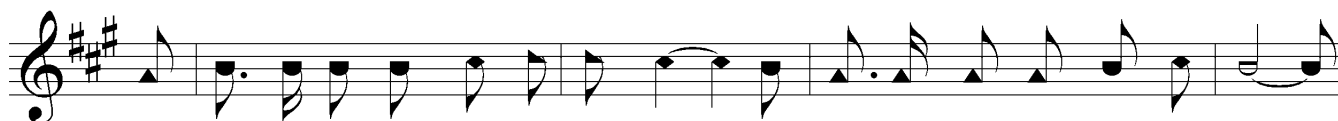
# Where Is The Refuge?



1. Say, where is thy ref-uge, poor sin-ner, And what is thy pros-pect 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 treas-ures that rust and de-cay?  
To feel that sweet rap-ture of par-don, And lay up thy treas-ure a-bove:  
God's good-ness 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 suf-fered, To ran-som thy soul from the grave;  
Then slight not the warn-ing re-peat-ed With all the bright mo-ments that roll,



When thou, in the dust art for-got-ten, When pleas-ure 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 har-vest is end-ed, That no one hath cared for thy soul.

## Chorus



'Twill prof-it thee noth-ing, 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.

