

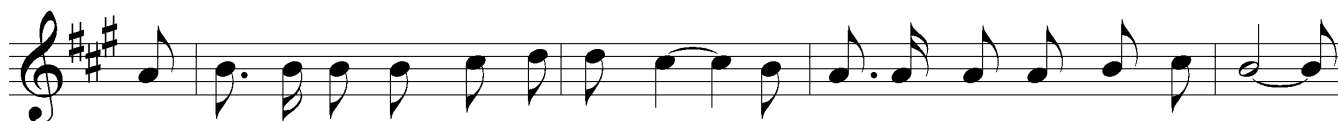
Where Is The Refuge?



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.

