

Though you may commit many sins,
An unbeliever you will never be more !

But, like the poor devils your mates,
You will believe, though you tremble for fear ;
But, oh, the heart-rending thought,
If you pleased—you had never been there.

Oh ! take the advice of a friend,
And of your creed take a full view ;
For what will become of your souls,
If the Christian religion be true ?

And that it is true, they all know
Who for their sins sadly did weep ;
And many can say, to his praise,
His religion is pleasant and sweet.

But should it prove true that you say,
That the soul with the body must die ;
That instead of going to hell,
In the dust you for ever must lie.

And, as I have said once before,
Should your dismal doctrine be true,
The christian will rest in his grave,
As quiet and securely as you.

But should our religion be true,
In which thousands of souls put their trust,
Oh, think on the difference, when
You both shall be laid in the dust.

The one will ascend up on high,
For ever with Jesus to reign ;
And then he will see with delight,
'The Great God that for sinners was slain.

The other, oh terrible to think !
Must descend down to sorrow and pain,
But oh, if you would but repent,
You would never seek pardon in vain.

Oh, seek for the spirit of faith,
Lest it be for ever too late ;
For we can declare of our God,
That He is as good as He's great.