

Who can afford to lose his soul,
That immortal part of priceless worth ?
Its value never can be told,
By Angels above or Saints on earth.

If you possess'd ten thousand worlds ;
If death should stare you in the face,—
You then would freely give them all,
Could you flee from death's cold embrace

God will not guiltless hold that man
Who takes his holy name in vain ;
Then do you think, as you are now,
That you with Christ will ever reign ?

Swearer, how often in one day
Do you that sacred name profane ?
O now confess your sins to God,
And pray that pardon you obtain.

Christ offers pardon free to all
Who deeply feel their sins are great,—
Who with repentance look to Him,
He never did nor will forsake.

The greatest sinners now may come,
Altho' they never came before ;
Then hasten now—make no delay—
To-morrow death may shut the door.

O, be entreated by a friend
To plead for pardon through Christ's blood
That your immortal soul be saved ;
That you at last may reign with God.

But if you wilfully persist
In offering the Swearer's Prayer,
Then lost, O wretched man, thou art,
And thou the Swearer's doom must bear

