

### ADORNMENT

When we were children of the night,  
To please ourselves was our delight;  
But now, as children of the day,  
What God has said we should obey.

He tells us how we should adorn:  
And, even though we suffer scorn,  
Gold and pearls and costly array  
Are not for children of the day.

In modesty we're told to dress,  
Not like the world which is excess:  
They spend and dress to suit their pride,  
Because in darkness they abide.

Men's clothing now their women wear,  
And mince along with broided hair;  
With faces painted, trimmed with red,  
They care not what the Lord has said.

Can we, as children of the day,  
Be led by Satan in that way?  
To some extent it can be so,  
To spend our blessings for a show.

No testimony can we be,  
While trifling with such vanity;  
And when it's to our loss and shame,  
We honor not our Saviour's name.

May our adornment, bright and fair,  
Which Christ has given us to wear,  
Shine outward from the heart within,  
And hindered not by pride and sin.



### SELF CONCEIT

If we are filled with self and pride,  
In self and pride we'll revel;  
And with our minds thus occupied,  
Our state is quite unlevel.

In knowledge, too, we'll find conceit,  
Where wisdom makes one humble;  
And with a knowledge incomplete,  
We're prone to fall or stumble.

### HEAVEN OR HELL?

The time will come and soon be past  
When you and I must go;  
It's either Heav'n or Hell at last,  
God's Word declares it so.

We'll have two dates to live within,  
Which will be carved in stone;  
Except we're here and born again  
When Christ comes for His own.

The dead-in-Christ shall first arise,  
The living ones just changed  
And caught up to Him in the skies,  
As God has so arranged.

The wicked dead shall there remain,  
Their souls in Hell cast low—  
A thousand years to writhe in pain,  
Then raised to endless woe.

But all who make the wretched choice,  
Since Christ for us has died,  
And disregard His pleading voice,  
Their judgment must abide.



### SALVATION

Was it for me in all my sin  
That Jesus came to die?  
It was for me, my soul to win  
And take me home on high.

He left the glory there above,  
To meet the sinner's need;  
And proved it here that God is love,  
When He for all did bleed.

Yes, all our sin and shame He bore,  
And died nailed to the tree.  
Since justice here can ask no more,  
To all, salvation's free.

So this is why I seek to tell  
The good news far and near,  
That many may be saved from Hell;  
If they will only hear.