

In bygone days a humble man,
 Now he'd got over that,
 And puffed with pride to church he went
 In frock coat and silk hat.

Deacon Green, for many years
 Had dealt in merchandise,
 The man who got the best of him
 Had got to be quite wise.
 Deacon Smart owned several mills,
 Immensely rich was he,
 But ne'er was known to give a cent
 Towards aiding charity.

Deacon Ross loaned out his gold,
 Because he had so much.
 At least that's what he told you
 Ere you were in his clutch.
 But once within the deacon's power
 He saw he got his due,
 And you became a wiser man
 When he got through with you.

That church had many members,
 With wealth some were endowed;
 It had a choir of voices
 That made the village proud.
 An "Epworth League," a "Sunday School,"
 An organ sweet and grand,
 Its Bible class could not be beat
 By any in the land.