Saint And Sinners - song lyrics

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SAINT AND SINNERS.
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Word! by Fred Britton. Music by Albert M. Mansfield.

To a grand and stately church I sauntered Sunday morn at ten,.
While the bells above were chiming out their welcome to all men,
When a poor, degraded, wretched-looking man, quite ill and worn,
Knelt beside me in that scene of luxury.
Down the aisle came straight an usher, pompous, dignified and stern,
To that poor old man whose head was rowed in prayer,
And he whispered harshly, "Go! this church is not for such as you,"
And this thought came to me as I lingered there:

Chorus.
Which was the sinner, and which was the saint?
What would your answer be?
The picture is one no beginner can paint,
But an artist with fancy free.
Is dame fortune whose smile places velvet on one,
Whose frown turns the other to tears,
Makes a saint of the sinner in splendor arrayed,
But the other's sad tale seldom hears.

Just outside the church I met the old man standing quite alone,
And I spoke a word of friendly cheer in sympathetic tone,
Then the story that he told now makes my indignation burn,
'Twas the old one of a friend's duplicity.
For in years gone by in business he'd been known successfully,
But a scheming partner won his wealth away.
Though he's under fortune's ban, his old partner was that man,
Who from church that morning ordered him away.-Chorus.