

The Street Preacher

On the street there stood a man.

He held a bible in his hand.

I didn't want to judge him, but he did seem rather odd,

I mean, right there on the corner, preaching the word of God.

But maybe bums or vagrants, needed to hear him talk,

So, I just looked the other way, as I passed him on the walk.

I thought I'd just pass quickly, and keep my mouth shut,

'Cause I could tell by looking, he must have been some kind of nut.

But I heard him say, "Excuse me ma'am," as toward me he came.

Now I thought he could tell by looking, but he asked me just the same.

I'll never forget, 'til I go to my grave,

When the Street Preacher asked me, "Ma'am, are you saved?"

I stopped dead in my tracks and looked him straight in the eye.

With fire in my voice, this was my reply:

"You asked me a question and answer I will.

I go to that big church up on the hill.

The big brick one, with the big, tall steeple,

Last Sunday's attendance was five hundred people.

The right, reverend, pastor preaches on TV.

He has a long robe, and a doctor's degree.

My mother went to church there, and my grandmother too.

Her name's on a plaque, on the very first pew.

Of all the members, I'm the most devout.

Went there all of my life, voted twelve preachers out.

I've led opening prayer and said the last amen.

I've been on the board since I can't remember when.

I'll never forget 'til I go to my grave.

When a Street Preacher asked me, ma'am, are you saved?

I was baptized as a baby, learned the golden rule.
Had perfect attendance, every week in Sunday School.
Went to Mini-Squaw-Waw Christian camp when I was just a girl.
Won a red-letter bible, with my name in pearl.
I memorized 13 bible verses all by myself.
Got 36 Sunday School ribbons and a trophy on my shelf.
I'll never forget, 'til I go to my grave.
A Street Preacher asking me, "ma'am, are you saved?"

I play the organ and sing in the choir.
I helped build the new kitchen when the old one caught fire.
I hand sew quilts for the church bazaar.
In last year's Christmas pageant, I was the star.
When volunteers are needed, I never fail.
I baked 18 dozen brownies for the ladies bake sale.
At the chili supper, I'm the cook.
When it comes to church socials, honey, I wrote the book.
Every week I pay my tithe.
When the bus driver's sick, they ask me to drive.
I've cleaned the toilets and polished the pews.
I write three articles for the monthly church news.
When they collected for the poor, I gave three full hampers.
I was leading prayer meeting when you were in pampers.
I'll never forget, 'til I go to my grave,
When a Street Preacher asked me, "Ma'am, are you saved?"

I stomped my foot and stormed away.
I really didn't have anything else to say.
When I got home and laid down to bed,
I remembered the words, the Street Preacher had said.
I thought of all the good deeds I had done,
But I never received God's Holy Son.

I knew my works couldn't make me whole,
So, I asked Jesus to forgive me, and to save my soul.
I'll never forget, 'til I go to my grave,
When a Street Preacher asked me, "Ma'am, are you saved?"