

He prayed from his heart ten times every day,  
 But the prayers of the church he never would say.  
 Pious Bob told him plainly to depend on his word  
 That *his prayers* were far better than *that one* of the Lord ;  
 He prayed for the people, what more did they want,  
 What right had they all to unite in a chant.  
 The robes of his righteousness he did cast away,  
 And for those of the Saviour he always did pray ;  
 He was one of the happy elect he knew well,  
 And as such he feared not the powers of hell,  
 Once in grace *always there* was the faith of the word  
 Which he thought would secure him the smile of the Lord.  
 The same one that admitted the others on high  
 Admitted the Puritan up in the sky,  
 Because he his interest in Jesus confessed  
 He was therefore admitted to join with the blest.  
 But he found not in heaven his peculiar lays,  
 For the whole host above all united in praise ;  
 Not one *looker on* in that region was found,  
 And his Puritan worship was proved quite unsound,  
 The robes and *responses* left his sect in the lurch  
 And proved that in heaven there was nothing but church.

The Methodist, Quaker, and others less witted,  
 Through Christ the Redeemer were freely admitted ;  
 Their schisms all exposed and consumed in the fire,  
 But their souls were made pure by the blood of Messiah,  
 Their schismatic sins now appeared in true light,  
 And the Priests up in glory arrayed-all in white ;  
 No disorderly groaning, nor moaning nor ranting,  
 Nor ten thousand millions were engaged there in chanting.  
 The notes of rich music in fullness were heard,  
 And the angels responded the praise of the Lord ;