

Some fear they write so bad a hand  
Their notes will be rejected ;  
But always bumble souls obtain  
Much more than they expected.

I, too, right at the door have been  
With painful doubts molested,  
Knowing if Moses keeps the bank,  
My notes must be protested.

One man rejected was, indeed,  
Who did in wealth abound,  
For in the Banker's Register  
His name could not be found.

His note was drawn, but when before  
The Banker's eye it fell,  
He saw it wanted on its face  
The name "Emmanuel."

And should you bring a forged note,  
Signed by an angel's band,  
It could not bear the searching glance  
With which it would be scanned.

The notes that are accepted there,  
With blood must all be signed ;  
And others, hear the name they may,  
Are utterly declined.

Whenever all my money's spent,  
And I'm in utter need,  
Straight to my Bank I always go,  
For generous aid to plead.

Some tradesmen find themselves compelled  
Continually to borrow ;  
But I to-day have all I need,  
And then I draw to-morrow.

I've been a thousand times before,  
And never was rejected ;  
No notes can ever be refused,  
That are by grace accepted.