

I think says another baptise means to dip,
And not from the hand-hollow water to drip,
And the baptists resolved a fragment to sever,
From the Church which Christ promised to be with for ever.
They styled themselves churches, close communion and free,
Hard shell, and soft shell, as you will soon see,
Seventh Day Baptists, who keep no Lord's day
And Ironside baptists, who meet oft to pray.
The Glory Hallelujah, who groans and who hops,
And Little Children Baptists, who on Sunday spin tops
Seven Principled Baptists, who denounce their own merit,
And Campbellite Baptists who limit the Spirit.
Particular Baptists that include all the best,
And General Baptists, who embrace all the rest ;
Mormonite Baptists, the worst of them all,
With all the new sects in the water who fall.
And as scripture declares, heap up their own teachers,
And modestly style them, their good baptist preachers :
Having cars without profit unless they be tinkled,
And denounce in plain language the infant that's sprinkled.
" We'll make our own priests," Congregationalists said,
" None but laymen lay hands on a good layman's head,
And although who ordain priests we care not a song,
Ordination by bishops of course must be wrong."
Every man for himself the grave Quaker then cried,
All creeds, sects and churches, and forms set aside,
But THEE and THOU, PLAIN COAT and BROAD BRIM, oh spare !
The church *for these great truths* in tatters I'll tear.
Cried Wesley, beginning a schism to foresee,
Who'er leaves the church is no disciple of me,
My Preachers are upstarts, should they try to ordain,
And this I inform'd them again and again.