

Edward Taylor  
(1645-1729)

## THE JOY OF CHURCH FELLOWSHIP RIGHTLY ATTENDED

In heaven soaring up, I dropped an ear  
    On earth: and oh! sweet melody!  
And listening, found it was the saints who were  
    Encroached for heaven that sang for joy.  
For in Christ's coach they sweetly sing,  
    As they to glory ride therein.

Oh! joyous hearts! Enfired with holy flame!  
    Is speech thus tasseled with praise?  
Will not your inward fire of joy contain,  
    That it in open flames doth blaze?  
For in Christ's coach saints sweetly sing,  
    As they to glory ride therein.

And if a string do slip by chance, they soon  
    Do screw it up again: whereby  
They set it in a more melodious tune  
    And a diviner harmony.  
For in Christ's coach they sweetly sing,  
    As they to glory ride therein.

In all their acts, public and private, nay  
    And secret too, they praise impart.  
But in their acts divine, and worship, they  
    With hymns do offer up their heart.  
Thus in Christ's coach they sweetly sing,  
    As they to glory ride therein.

Some few not in; and some whose time and place  
    Block up this coach's way, do go  
As travelers afoot; and so do trace  
    The road that gives them right thereto;  
While in this coach these sweetly sing,  
    As they to glory ride therein.