

Edward Taylor  
(1645-1729)

## THY HUMAN FRAME, MY GLORIOUS LORD, I SPY

Thy human frame, my glorious Lord, I spy,

A golden still with heavenly choice drugs filled:

Thy holy love, the glowing heat whereby

The spirit of grace is graciously distilled.

Thy mouth the neck through which these spirits still;

My soul thy vial make, and therewith fill.

Thy speech the liquor in thy vessel stands,

Well tinged with grace, a blessed tincture, lo,

Thy words distilled grace in thy lips poured, and

Give grace's tincture in them where they go.

Thy words in grace's tincture still, Lord, may

The tincture of thy grace in me convey.

That golden mint of words thy mouth divine

Doth tip these words, which by my fall were spoiled;

And dub with gold dug out of grace's mine,

That they thine image might have in them foiled.

Grace in thy lips poured out's as liquid gold:

Thy bottle make my soul, Lord, it to hold.