

Lord, Thou art a potter skilled

The Church — Her Building

839

(Guitar: Capo 1)

D **A** **D**
1. Lord, Thou art a pot - ter skilled And a glo - rious build - er
A **A⁷** **D** **A** **D** **E⁷**
too, Mold - ing for Thy ves - sel great, Build - ing with Thy house in
A **A⁷** **D** **G** **D**
view. I am both a man of clay And a new - made liv - ing
A **A⁷** **D** **A** **D** **G** **D** **A⁷** **D**
stone, That Thy ves - sel I may be And the tem - ple Thou wouldst own.

2. Though of clay Thou madest us,
Thou wouldst have us be transformed;
With Thy life as purest gold,
Unto precious stones conformed.
We shall, through Thy building work,
Then become Thy loving Bride,
In one Body joined to Thee,
That Thy heart be satisfied.

3. What Thy heart desires and loves
Are not precious stones alone,
But together these to build
For Thy glory, for Thy home.
Thou, the all-inclusive Christ,
Dost a builded Church require,
That Thy glorious riches may
Radiate their light entire.

4. Not the person spiritual
In an individual way,
But the corporate life expressed
Will Thy heart's desire display.
Members separate and detached
Ne'er express Thee perfectly,
But Thy Body tempered, built,
Ever shall Thy fulness be.

5. Build me, Lord, with other saints,
Independence ne'er allow,
But according to Thy plan
Fitly frame and join me now.
In experience not my boast,
Nor in gifts would be my pride;
For Thy building I give all,
That Thou may be glorified.