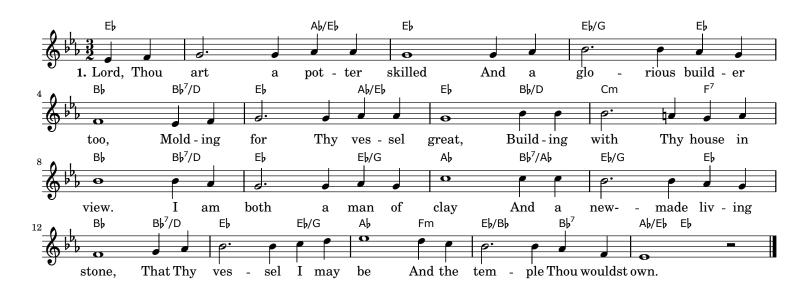
Lord, Thou art a potter skilled

The Church — Her Building



- 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.

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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.