

**Behold the Potter and the Clay**

Words: Isaac Watts, 1707.

Music: George Elvey, 1862.

Behold the potter and the clay,  
He forms his vessels as he please;  
Such is our God, and such are we,  
The subjects of His high decrees.

Doth not the workmans power extend  
Oer all the mass, which part to choose  
And mold it for a nobler end,  
And which to leave for viler use?

May not the sovereign Lord on high  
Dispense His favors as He will,  
Choose some to life, while others die,  
And yet be just and gracious still?

What if, to make His terror known,  
He lets His patience long endure,  
Suffring vile rebels to go on,  
And seal their own destruction sure?

What if He means to show His grace,  
And His electing love employs  
To make out some of mortal race,  
And form them fit for heavnly joys?

Shall man reply against the Lord,  
And call his makers ways unjust,  
The thunder of whose dreadful word  
Can crush a thousand worlds to dust?

But, O my soul! if truths so bright  
Should dazzle and confound thy sight,  
Yet still His written will obey,  
And wait the great decisive day.

Then shall He make His justice known,  
And the whole world before His throne  
With joy or terror shall confess  
The glory of His righteousness.