Behold the Potter and the Clay

Doh is G · 4/4 Tune: OLD HUNDREDTH

| d - - - d - t, - | l, - s, - d - r - |
Behold the potter and the

| m - - - m - - - | m - m - r - d - |
clay, He forms his vessels

| f - m - r - - - | d - - - r - m - |
as he please: Such is our

| r - d - l, - t, - | d - - - s - - - |
God, and such are we, The

| m - d - r - f - | m - r - d - - - |
subjects of his high decrees.

The other verses

2 Doth not the workman's power extend
O'er all the mass, which part to choose,
And mould it for a nobler end,
And which to leave for viler use?

3 May not the sovereign Lord on high
Dispense his favours as he will,
Choose some to life while others die,
And yet be just and gracious still?

4 What if to make his terror known
He lets his patience long endure,
Suffering vile rebels to go on
And seal their own destruction sure!

5 What if he means to shew his grace,
And his electing love employs
To mark out some of mortal race,
And form them fit for heavenly joys!

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

7 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.

8 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.

Tune OLD HUNDREDTH by Louis Bourgeois (1510–1560); words by Isaac Watts (1674–1748). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.