

Clay In His Hands

Jenny Jordan Frogley

There are times we all feel unimportant
There are times we feel we've nothing there to give
That our lives are like the waves upon the ocean
Tossing to and fro, no compass from within

But our Lord, our Father,
We are the clay, He is the Potter
We are the work of His hand

(Chorus)
We are clay in His hands,
Centered on the wheel
As the wheel spins, the potter rolls,
creating something beautiful
We are clay in His hands
All we can become
Is shaped by the master,
That's where his finest work is done

At times along the way there'll be refining
As flaws appear that weaken from within
If we are pliable and trust in the Master's hand
They can disappear as though they'd never been

Because our Lord, our Father,
We are the clay, He is the Potter
We are the work of His hand

(Chorus)

Holding strong even through fire (repeat)
All our strength it will require (repeat)
But as God's vessel we emerge (repeat)
And lasting beauty will endure (repeat)

(Chorus)

We are clay in His hands (repeat x3)

Lyrics submitted by Darcie Hill.

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