

“The Potter’s Song”-Mary Pat Lenahan, SCL (Prayer Song)

The potter worked with his clay all the day.

He mixed, he molded and he formed that clay.

He had a dream to free that earth.

His tender touch will bring it birth.

I am that earthen vessel, oh Lord. (Chorus)

Broken, cracked, and in your hands.

Gently mold me and heal me, oh Lord.

Gift me, creating me again.

Kneading so gently the clay in his hand.

The potter could feel the warmth from the land.

Shaping and knowing the care which he had.

He could both rejoice and feel sad.

(Chorus)

He patiently worked to reshape that jar.

Tenderly, holding it, his vision stretched far.

Painfully, he let go of it so it would bake.

He mourned as he felt that it could break.

(Chorus)

You know well all the plans you have for me.

You promise me a future and hopeful seed.

It will blossom as the beauty of a rose.

For you are near to all you chose.

(Chorus)