The Potters

The tune, and first two lines, come from the Oxford Book of Carols, No.1, second tune. Please feel free to sing it, with proper attribution (i.e. tell people who wrote it).

1. The Lord at first did Adam make
Out of the dust and clay,
And in his nostrils breathèd life
E'en as the scriptures say,
So when you meet potters proud of their craft
You should not think it odd:
We are prenticed to the greatest Master of all
For the very first potter was God.

Ch: For from the beginning of history
Wherever humankind
Makes things of beauty and of use
The potters there you'll find.

2. How could you ever break your fast,
How could you dine or sup,
Or drink your coffee or your tea
Without a plate or cup?
And when at a banquet or a feast
On the table flowers blaze,
A gardener grew the blossoms fair
But a potter made the vase. (Ch.)

3. In China and in ancient Greece,
In Yucután as well,
Scribes and artists worked on clay,
Their nations tales to tell.

Now the archaeologist deciphers much
Of long-ago people's lives
From shards of broken pottery
When nothing else survives. (Ch.)

4. Of clay we make our kitchen sinks,
Of clay our bathroom tiles,
Of clay we make our soup tureens
In many colours and styles,
And let's not forget the toilet bowl,
Indeed, I must say this:
I hope you'll never be too poor to have
A pot in which to piss. (Ch.)

5. Of porcelain in former days
The best false teeth were made
With porcelain dolls dressed in finest silk
ur great-grandmothers played.
Now rockets use ceramic cones
To come safely back to earth,
And who knows to how many other things
Our noble craft will give birth. (Ch.)