

The Touch of the Master's Hand

Twas battered and scarred and the auctioneer
Thought it scarcely worth his while
To waste much time on the old violin
But held it up with a smile.

"What am I bidden, good folks," he cried,
"Who'll start the bidding for me?
A dollar, a dollar then two! Only two?
Two dollars and who'll make it three.

Three dollars once. Three dollars twice.
Going for three—But no
From the room, far back, a gray haired man
Came forward and pick up the bow.

Then wiping the dust from the old violin
And tightening the loosened strings
He played a melody pure and sweet
As a caroling angel sings.

The music ceased, and the auctioneer
With a voice that was quiet and low
Said, "What am I bid for the old violin?"
And he held it up with the bow.

A thousand dollars, and who'll make it two.
Two thousand and who'll make it three.
Three thousand once—three thousand twice
And going and gone," said he.

The people cheered but some of them cried
We do not quite understand.
What changed its worth? Swift came the reply
The touch of the master's hand.

And many a man with life out of tune
And battered and scarred with sin.
Is auctioned cheap to the thoughtless crowd
Much like the old violin.

A mess of pottage, a glass of wine,
A game—he travels on.
He's "going" once, and "going" twice
He's going and almost gone.

But the Master comes and the foolish crowd
Never can quite understand
The worth of a soul and change that's wrought
By the touch of the Master's hand.