

THE TOUCH OF THE MASTER'S HAND.



Tw'as battered and scarred, and the auctioner
Thought it was scarcely worth his while
But he held it up with a smile.
What am I bidden, good folk?, he cried
Who'll start the bidding for me?
A dollar, and a dollar; now 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 grey haired man
Came forward, and picked up the bow
Then wiping the dust from the old violin
And tightening up all of the strings
He played a melody pure and sweet
As sweet as an angel sings

The music ceased, and the auctioner
With a voice that was quiet and low
Said: "What am I bid for the old violin?"
And he held it up with a bow
"A thousand dollars? and who'll make it two?
Two thousand? and who'll make it three
Three thousand once, and three thousand twice
And going and gone!" said he

The people cheered, but some of them cried
"We do not quite understand --
What has changed it's worth?" The man replied:
"THE TOUCH OF THE MASTER'S HAND"
And many a man
With life out of tune
Is auctioned cheap to a thoughtless crowd ---
Much like the old violin

A "mess of pottage, a glass of wine
A game, and he travels on.
He's going once, he's going twice
He's going, and is almost gone!
But the Master comes, and the foolish crowd
Never can quite understand
The worth of a soul, and the change that is wrought
By the Touch of the Master's Hand.

For a reading,
try <http://rosemck1.tripod.com/touch-of-the-masters-hand.html>

You will enjoy it