

The Masterpiece

Johnny Cash

There was an old stone-
cutter who lived in a cabin on the mountain side
And the old stone-cutter knew it won't be long before he died
And all around his cabin were statues the man had made
Statues that the buyers said were all of a mediocre grade
With his calloused hands he lit a lamp and laid down his head o
n his handmade table
And he softly whispered Lord I'm old and shaky and I'm hardly a
ble
But give me strenght and wisdom and give me a week at least
And I'll climb up to the top of this mountain and chisel out a
masterpiece
The very next morning he felt new strenght
And he took his brand new hammer and the sharpest chisel
He began to climb the mountain his old feet slipping in the fre
ezing dizzle
When he finally reached the top he shouted to a world that didn
't hear
I'll carve my masterpiece out of this marble boulder here
So the hammer beat the chisel and he hammered till an image gre
w
Then he stopped to look it over to appraise his work when he wa
s through
It was a boy carrying a crippled boy and the old man said it is
n't my masterpiece
I'll call it charity and then a masterpiece of mine will be
So the hammer beat the chisel til another immage in a marbel gr
ew
Then the wind began to blowing and he sat and rested when he wa
s through
It was the image of a mother holding her child
He said this is love as the world would know
But it isn't my masterpiece and he began again as it began to s
now
The hammer beat the chisel as the snow fell harder and the wind
grew and grew
He fell to his knees holding a stone and he threw down his hamm
er and his chisel too
He lay frozen face down in the snow but one hand was held for t
he world to see
Cut in the marble was his masterpice three neatly carved letter
s GOD