

# 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