

Touch Of The Master's Hand

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Touch Of The Masters Hand

Well it was battered and scared,
And the auctioneer felt it was hardly worth his while,
To waste much time on the old violin but he held it up with a smile,
Well it sure ain't much but its all we got left I guess we ought to sell it to,
Oh, now who'll start the bid on this old violin?
Just one more and well be through.

And then he cried one give me one dollar,
Who'll make it two only two dollars who'll make it three,
Three dollars twice now that's a good price,
Now who's gonna bid for me?
Raise up your hand now don't wait any longer the auctions about to end,
Who's got four Just one dollar more to bid on this old violin?

Well the air was hot and the people stood around as the sun was setting low,
From the back of the crowd a gray haired man,
Came forward and picked up the bow,
He wiped the dust from the old violin then he tightened up the strings,
Then he played out a melody pure and sweet, sweeter than the Angels sing,
And then the music stopped and the auctioneer,
With a voice that was quiet and low he said now what am I bid,
For this old violin and he held it up with a bow.

And then he cried out one give me one thousand,
Who'll make it two only two thousand who'll make it three,
Three thousand twice you know that's a good price,
Common who's gonna to bid for me?
And the people cried out what made the change we don't understand,
Then the auctioneer stopped and he said with a smile,
It was the touch of the Masters hand.

You know threes many a man with his life out of tune,
Battered and scared with sin and he's auctioned cheap,
To a thankless world much like that old violin,
Oh, but then the Master comes,
And that old foolish crowd they never understand,