

## The Touch of the Master's Hand

'Twas battered and scarred,  
And the auctioneer thought it  
hardly worth his while  
To waste his time on the old violin,  
but he held it up with a smile.

"What am I bid, good folks", he cried,  
"Who'll start the bidding for me?"  
"A dollar, a dollar, now two, only two?"  
"Two dollars, 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 picked up the bow,  
Then wiping the dust from the old violin  
And tightening up all its strings,  
He played a melody, pure and sweet  
As sweet as the angel sings.

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

"A thousand, a thousand, and who'll make it two?"  
"Two thousand, and who'll make it three?"  
"Three thousand once, three thousand twice,  
Going and gone", said he.

The people cheered,  
But some of them cried,  
"We just don't understand."  
"What changed its' worth?"  
Swift came the reply.  
"The Touch of the Masters Hand."

And many a man with life out of tune  
All battered and torn with sin  
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 is going once, he is going twice,  
He is going and almost gone.

But the Master comes,  
And the foolish crowd never can quite understand,  
The worth of a soul and the change that's wrought  
By the Touch of the Masters' Hand.

Myra Brooks Welch