

# Dolly Parton, The Master's Hand

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&quot;Twas battered and scared, and the auctioneer  
Thought it scarcely worth his while  
To waste much time on the old violin,  
But he held it up with a smile.  
&quot;What am I bidden, good folks,&quot; he cried,  
&quot;Who'll start bidding for me?  
A dollar, a dollar - now who&quot;ll make it two  
Two dollars, and who&quot;ll make it three?  
&quot;Three dollars once, three dollars twice,  
Going for three&quot;. . . 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 the strings,  
He played a melody, pure and sweet,  
As sweet as an angel sings.  
The music ceased and the auctioneer  
With a voice that was quiet and low,  
Said: &quot;What am I bidden for the old violin?&quot;  
And he held it up with the bow;  
&quot;A thousand dollars - and who'll make it two?  
Two thousand - and who'll make it three?  
Three thousand once, three thousand twice  
And going - and gone,&quot; said he.  
The people cheered, but some of them cried,  
&quot;We do not quite understand -  
What changed its worth?&quot; The man replied:  
&quot;The touch of the masters hand.&quot;  
And many a man with life out of tune,  
And battered and torn with sin,  
Is auctioned cheap to a thoughtless crowd.  
Much like the old violin.  
A &quot;mess of pottage,&quot; a glass of wine,  
A game and he travels on,  
He's going once, and going twice -  
He's 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 MASTER'S hand.