WAYNE WATSON, Touch Of The Master's Hand

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 aint much but its all we got left I guess we aught to sell it to,
Oh, now wholl start the bid on this old violin?
Just one more and well be through.
And then he cried one give me one dollar,
Wholl make it two only two dollars wholl make it three,
Three dollars twice now thats a good price,
Now whos gonna bid for me?
Raise up your hand now dont wait any longer the auctions about to end,
Whos 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,
Wholl make it two only two thousand wholl make it three,
Three thousand twice you know thats a good price,
Common whos gonna to bid for me?
And the people cried out what made the change we dont 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 hes 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,
The worth of a soul and the change that is rought,
Just by one touch of the Masters hand.
And then he cried out one give me one thousand,
Wholl make it two only two thousand wholl make it three,
Three thousand twice you know thats a good price,
Common whos gonna bid for me?
And the people cried out what made the change we dont understand,
Then the auctioneer stopped and he said with a smile,
It was the touch, thats all it was; it was the touch of the Masters hand,
It was the touch of the Masters hand; oh, it was the touch of the Masters hand.