# THE TOUCH OF THE MASTER'S HAND

*Author unknown*

'Twas Battered and scarred, 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.
"When am I bidden, good folk?" he cried,
"Who'll start the bidding for me?
"A dollar -- a dollar -- then two, only two --
"Two dollars, and who'll make it three?
"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 the loosened strings,
He played a melody pure and sweet
As a caroling angel sings.

The music ceased, and the auctioneer,
With a voice that was quiet and low,
Said, "NOW what am I bid for the old violin?"
And he held it up with the bow.
"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", cried he.
The people cheered, but some of them cried,
"We do not understand.
"What changed its worth?" -- Quick came the reply,
The touch of the Master's hand."

And many a man with life out of tune,
And battered and scarred 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 -- 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.