

Touch of the Master's Hand

The Booth Brothers

Well it was battered and scarred and the auctionier felt
It was hardly worth his while
To waste much time on the old violin
But he held it up with a smile
He said it sure ain't much but it's all we've got left
I guess we oughta sell it too
Oh, now who'll start the bid on this old violin
Just one more and we'll 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
Who's gonna bid for me
Raise up your hand now, don't wait any longer
The auction's about to end
Who's got for 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
And 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
And 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 auctionier
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
Then he cried
One, give me one thousand, who'll make it two
Only two thousand, who'll make it three
Three thousand twice now that's a good price
Come on, who's gonna bid for me
And the people cried out, what made the change
We don't understand
Then the auctionier stopped and he said with a smile
It was the touch of the Master's hand You know, there's many a man with his life out of tune
Battered and scarred with sin
And he's auctioned cheap to a thankless world
Much like that old violin

Then the Master comes and the old, foolish crowd
They never understand the worth of a soul
And the change that is wrought just by one touch
Of the Master's hand(oh) 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 now that's a good price
Come on, who's gonna bid for me
And the people cried out, what made the change
We don't understand
Then the auctionier stopped and he said with a smile
It was the touch
(ooo) It was the touch
of the Master's hand

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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