

# 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

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