

Wayne Watson "Touch Of The Master's Hand"

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Â“Touch Of The MasterÂ’s HandÂ”

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 ainÂ’t much but its all we got left I guess we
ought to sell it to,
Oh, now whoÂ’ll start the bid on this old violin?
Just one more and weÂ’ll be through.

And then he cried one give me one dollar,
WhoÂ’ll make it two only two dollars whoÂ’ll make it
three,
Three dollars twice now thatÂ’s a good price,
Now whoÂ’s gonna bid for me?
Raise up your hand now donÂ’t wait any longer the
auctions about to end,
WhoÂ’s 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,
WhoÂ’ll make it two only two thousand whoÂ’ll make it
three,
Three thousand twice you know thatÂ’s a good price,
Common whoÂ’s gonna to bid for me?
And the people cried out what made the change we
donÂ’t understand,
Then the auctioneer 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 scared with sin and he's 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 wrought,
Just by one touch of the Masters hand.

And 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 you know that's a good price,
Common who's gonna bid for me?
And the people cried out what made the change we
don't understand,
Then the auctioneer stopped and he said with a smile,
It was the touch, that's all it was; it was the touch of
the Master's hand,
It was the touch of the Master's hand; oh, it was the
touch of the Master's hand.

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