



The Touch of the Master's Hand

'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.

“What am I bidden, good folks?” he cried “Who'll start the bidding for me?

A dollar, a dollar - now two, only two - Two dollars. and who'll make it three?

Three dollars once, three dollars twice, 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 up all the strings,

He played a melody pure and sweet; as sweet as an angel sings.

The music ceased, and the auctioneer, with a voice that was quiet and low,

Said: “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 and three thousand twice - And going and gone!” said he.

The people cheered, but some of them cried, “We do not quite understand -

What changed its worth?” The man replied: “The touch of the master's hand!”

And many a man with life out of tune and battered and torn 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's 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!



“... if any man *be* in Christ, *he is* a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new.”

2 Corinthians 5:17

“Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life.” **John 5:24**