

The touch of the Master's hand

Words by Anonymous. Music by Kevin Lee

Intro. D A7 D7 G

D A7
It was battered and scarred, and the Auctioneer,

D7 G
Thought it scarcely worth his while,

D A7 Bm G
To waste much time on the old violin, but he held it up with a smile.

D A7 D7 G
“What am I bid, good folks,” he cried. “Who’ll start the bidding for me?

D A7 A Am/C Ab+/E
A dollar, a dollar, now two only two? Two dollars, and who’ll make it three?

D A7 D7 G
Three dollars once! Three dollars twice! Going for three!” But no.

D A7 D7 G
From the room way back, a grey-haired man, came forth and picked up the bow,

D A7 Bm G
Then wiping the dust from the old violin, and tightening up all the strings,

D A7 A Am/C Ab+/E
He played a melody pure and sweet, as sweet as an Angel sings.

D A7 D7 G
The music ceased, and the Auctioneer, in a voice that’s quiet and low,

D A7 Bm G
Said, “What am I bid for the old violin?” and he held it up with the bow.

D A7 D7 G
“A thousand dollars! Who’ll make it two? Two thousand and who’ll make it three?

D A7 A Am/C Ab+/E
Three thousand once! Three thousand twice! And going and gone!” said he!

D A7 D7 G
The people cheered, but some of them cried, “We do not quite understand?

D A7 A Am/C Ab+/E
What changed its worth?” and the man replied, “The touch of the Masters hand.”

D A7 D7 G
And many a man with life out of tune, and battered and torn with sin,
D A7 Bm G
Is auctioned cheap to a thoughtless crowd, much like the old violin.
D A7 D7 G
A mess of pottage, a glass of wine, a game, and he travels on.
D A7 A Am/C Ab+/E
He's going once! And going twice! He's going and almost gone.
D A7 D7 G
Then the Master comes, and the foolish crowd, can never quite understand,
D A7
The worth of a soul, or the change that's wrought,
A Am/C D
By the touch of the Master's hand.