

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 folk?" he cried,
"Who'll start the bidding for me?
"A dollar- a dollar- then two, only two-
"Two dollars, and who'll make if three?
"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 the loosened strings,
He played a melody pure and sweet
As a caroling angel sings.
The music ceased, and the auctioneer,
With a voice that was quiet and low,
Said, "NOW 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- three thousand twice
"And going- and gone," cried he.
The people cheered, but some of them cried,
"We do not understand,
"What changed its worth?" -quick came the reply,
"The touch of the Master's hand."
And many a man with life out of tune,
And battered and scarred 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 is going once- and going twice
He's going and almost gone!
But the Master comes, and the foolish crowd
Never quite understands
The worth of a soul, and the change that's wrought
BY THE TOUCH OF THE MASTER'S HAND.

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