

Touch Of The Masters Hand
Wayne Watson

Capo 2

Am Em Em7 Am Em Em7 C D G

G

Well, it was battered and scarred

D

An the auctioneer felt

C

G

It was hardly worth his while

D

To waste much time on the old violin

C

Am7

D

But he held it up with a smile

G

It sure ain t much

D

But it s all we got left

C

Am

I guess we ought to sell it too

G

D

Now who ll start the bid on this old violin

C

Am7

G

Just one more and we ll be through

G

And then he cried

One, give me one dollar

Who ll make it two

Am

Only two dollars

Who ll make it three

Am7

Three dollars twice

D

Now that s a good price

C

G

But who s got a bid for me

Raise up your hand

And don t wait any longer

Am

Am7

The auction s about to end

D

Who s got four

Just one dollar more

C **D** **G**

To bid on this old violin

G

Well the air was hot

D

And the people stood around

C **G**

As the sun was setting low

D

From the back of the crowd a gray-haired man

C **Am** **D**

Came forward, picked up the bow

G **D**

He wiped the dust from the old violin

C **Am**

And tightened up the strings

G **D**

Then he played out a melody pure and sweet

C **G**

sweeter than the angels sing

D

And then the music stopped

Am **C** **G**

And the auctioneer with a voice that was quiet and low

Em **C**

He said What am I bid for this old violin

G **D**

Then he held it up with a bow

G

And then he cried out one give me one thousand,

Am

Whoâ€™ll make it two only two thousand whoâ€™ll make it three,

Am7 **D**

Three thousand twice you know thatâ€™s a good price,

C **G**

Common whoâ€™s gonna bid for me?

Am

Am7

And the people cried out what made the change we donâ€™t understand,

D

Then the auctioneer stopped and he said with a smile,

C **D** **G**

It was the touch of the Masterâ€™s hand

G

Now you know

D

Many a man with a life out of tune

C **G**

Is battered and scarred with sin

D

And he s auctioned cheap to a thankless world

C **Am** **D**

Much like that old violin

G **D**

Then the master comes and the foolish crowd

C **G** **Am**

They never understand

G

The worth of a soul

D

And the change that is wrought

C **D** **G**

Just by one touch of the Master s hand