THE TOUCH OF THE MASTER'S HAND

INTRO
D               A                G                D
Dsus

VERSE 1
D               A                       G                D
Well, it was battered and scarred, and the auctioneer felt it was hardly worth his while
A                G                  A
To waste much time on the old violin, but he held it up with a smile
D               A                G            Em
It sure ain't much but its all we got left, I guess we ought to sell it too
D                A
Now who'll start the bid on this old violin?
G               D
Just one more and we'll be through, and then he cried out

CHORUS 1
D               A                G                Em
One, give me one dollar who'll make it two, only two dollars who'll make it three
A                G                D
Three dollars twice now that's a good price, but who's got a bid for me
D                A
Raise up your hand, and don't wait any longer
G               Em           A
The auction's about to end, who's got four just one dollar more
G  D    Dsus  D  D2  D
To bid on this old violin

VERSE 2
D               A                G                D
Well the air was hot and the people stood around as the sun was setting low
A                G                A
From the back of the crowd a gray haired man came forward picked up the bow
D                A                G            Em
He wiped the dust off the old violin, and tightened up the strings
D                A                G                D    Dsus
Then he played out a melody pure and sweet. Sweeter than the angels sing
A                G            Em
And then the music stopped and the auctioneer with a voice that was quiet and low
A                G                      A    Asus   A
He said what am I bid for this old violin. Then he held it up with a bow
And then he cried

CHORUS 2
D               A                      G                   Em
One. Give me one thousand, who'll make it two, only two thousand who'll make it three
A          D
Three thousand twice you know that's a good price, come on who's gonna bid for me
A
The people cried out what made the change? We don't understand
G
Then the auctioneer stopped and he said with a smile
Em          A          D          Dsus          D          D2          D
It was the touch of the Master's hand

VERSE 3

D          A          G          D
You know there's many a man with his life out of tune, battered and scarred with sin
A          G          A
And he's auctioned cheap to a thankless world, much like that old violin
D          A          G          Em
Oh. But then the Master comes and the foolish crowd, they never understand
D          A
Oh. The worth of a soul and the change that is wrought
G          A          D
Just by one touch of the Master's hand, and then he cried out

CHORUS 3

D          A          G          Em
One. Give me one thousand, who'll make it two, only two thousand who'll make it three
A          G          D
Three thousand twice you know that's a good price, come on who's gonna bid for me
A
The people cried out what made the change? We don't understand
G
Then the auctioneer stopped and he said with a smile
Em          A          D
It was the touch of the Master's hand
Em          A          D          Dsus          D          D2          D
It was the touch of the Master's hand