

# THE TOUCH OF THE MASTER'S HAND

An Inspirational Poem

by  
Myrna Brooks Welch



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'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 bid, 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.

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