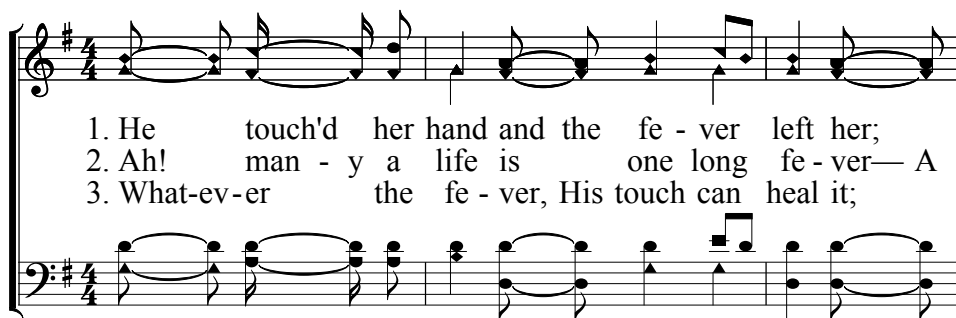


# The Master's Touch

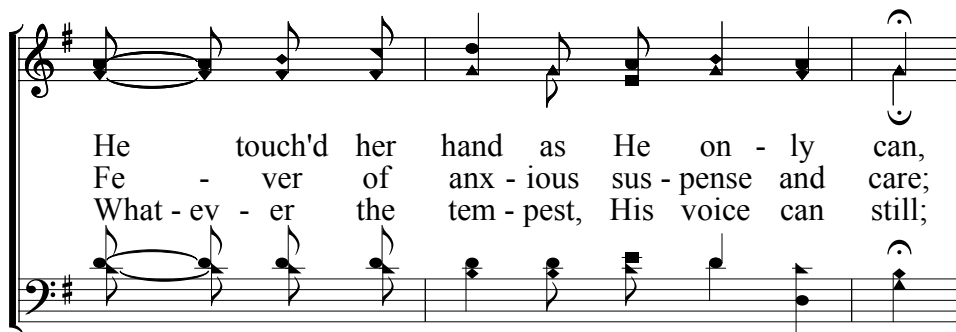
Edith Adeline Gilling Cherry c. 1894

Ada Rose Gibbs 1899

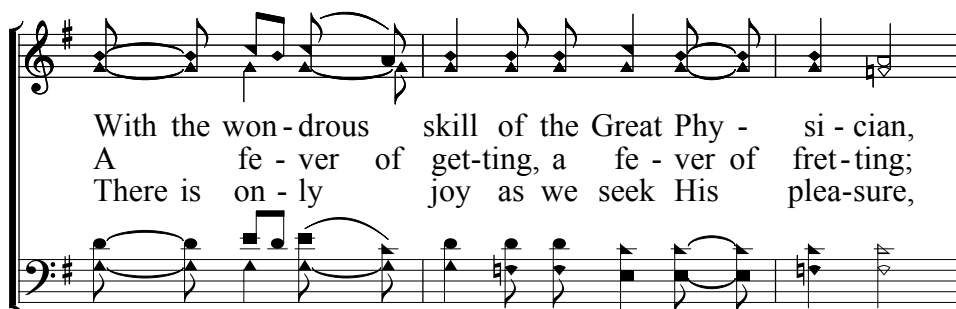
*Matthew 8:15 "And he touched her hand, and the fever left her:  
and she arose, and ministered unto them."*



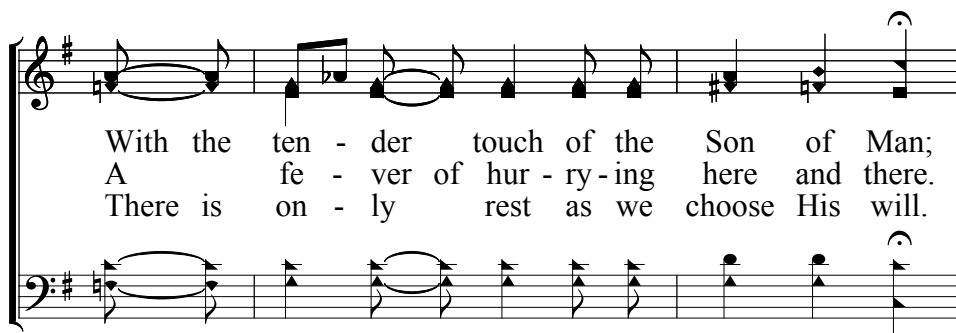
1. He touch'd her hand and the fe - ver left her;  
2. Ah! man - y a life is one long fe - ver— A  
3. What-ev - er the fe - ver, His touch can heal it;



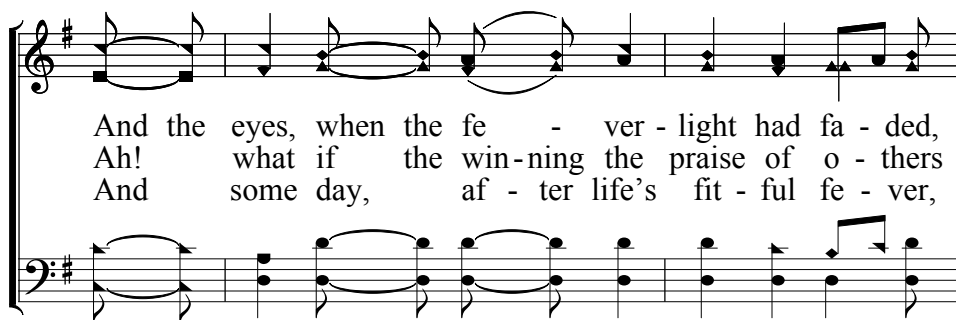
He touch'd her hand as He on - ly can,  
Fe - ver of anx - ious sus - pense and care;  
What - ev - er the tem - pest, His voice can still;



With the won - drous skill of the Great Phy - si - cian,  
A fe - ver of get - ting, a fe - ver of fret - ting;  
There is on - ly joy as we seek His plea - sure,



With the ten - der touch of the Son of Man;  
A fe - ver of hur - ry - ing here and there.  
There is on - ly rest as we choose His will.



And the eyes, when the fe - ver - light had fa - ded,  
Ah! what if the win - ning the praise of o - thers  
And some day, af - ter life's fit - ful fe - ver,

Look'd up, by her grate - ful tears made dim;  
 We miss at the last the King's "Well done!"  
 I think we shall say, in the home on high,

And she rose and min - is - tered in His house - hold,  
 If our self - sought tasks in the Mas - ter's vine - yard  
 If the hands that He touch'd but did His bid - ding,

She rose and min - is - tered un - to Him.  
 Yield noth - ing but leaves at set of sun.  
 How lit - tle it mat - ters what else went by!

*Coda*

Lord, touch our hands, let the fe - ver leave us;

And so shall we min - is - ter un - to Thee.