

# The Master's Touch

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Ada Rose Gibbs (1864-1905)

♩=90

1. He touched her hand and the fever left her; He touched her  
 2. Ah! many a life is one long fever—A fever of  
 3. Whatever the fever, His touch can heal it; Whatever the

hand as on-ly He can, With the wondrous skill of the Great Phy - si - cian, With the  
 anx - ious sus - pense and care; A fe - ver of get - ting, a fever of fret - ting; A  
 tem - pest, His voice can still; There is on - ly joy as we seek His plea - sure, There is

ten - der touch of the Son of Man; And the eyes, when the fe - ver -  
 fe - ver of hur - ry - ing here and there. Ah! what if the winning the  
 on - ly rest as we choose His will. And some day, after life's

- light had fad - ed, Looked up, by her grate - ful tears made dim; And she  
 praise of o - thers We miss at the last the King's "Well done!" If our  
 fit - ful fe - ver, I think we shall say, in the home on high, If the

(3)

rose and minis - tered in His house - hold, She rose and minis - tered un - to Him.  
 self sought tasks in the Mas - ter's vine - yard Yield nothing but leaves at set of sun.  
 hands that He touched but did His bid - ding, How little it matters what else went by!

Lord, touch our hands, let the fe - ver leave us; And so shall we min - is - ter un - to Thee.