

The Master's Touch

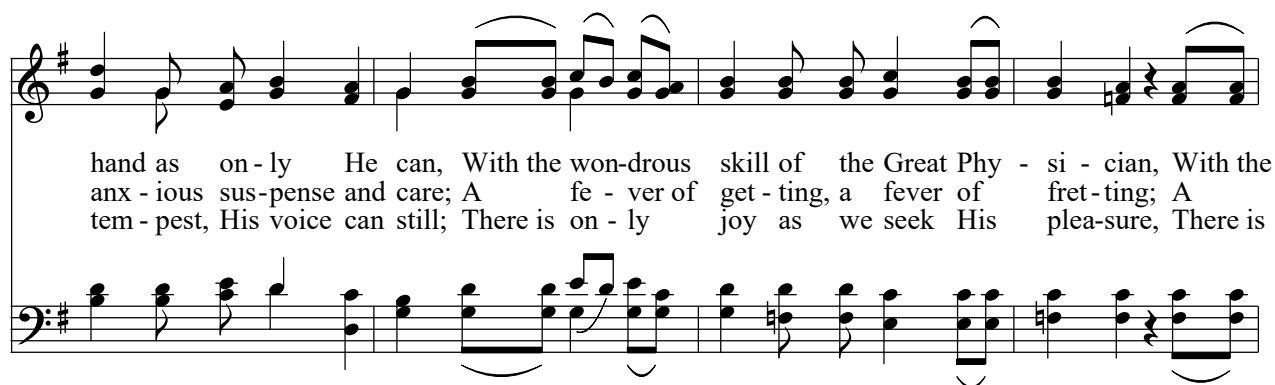
Edith Adeline Gilling Cherry (1872–1897)

Ada Rose Gibbs (1864–1905)

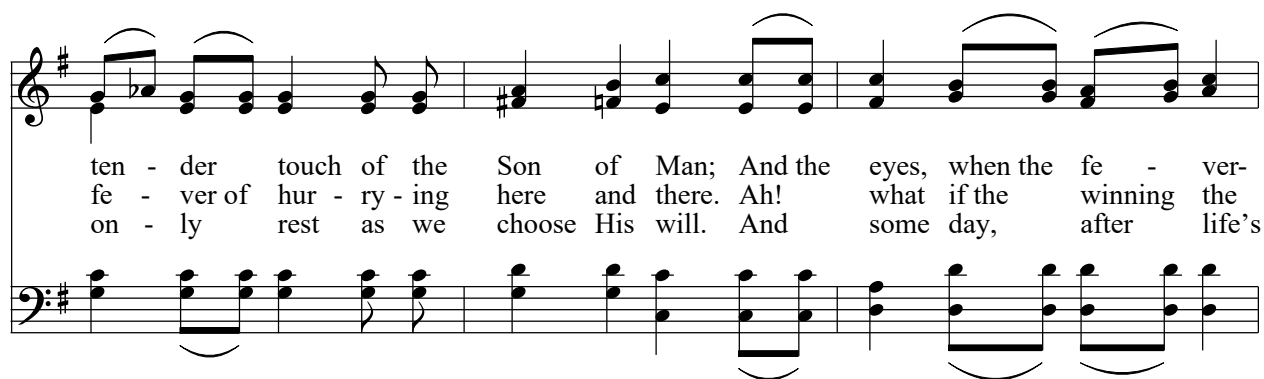
♩=90



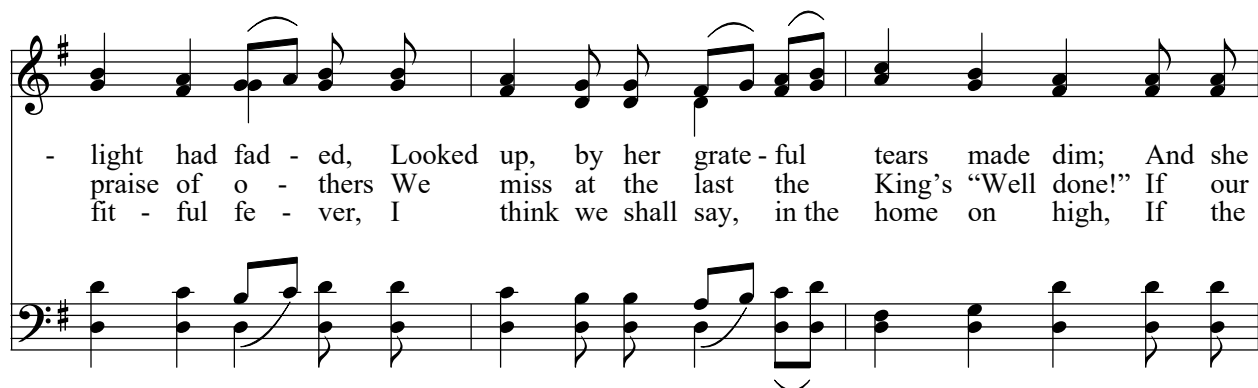
1. He touched her hand and the fever left her; He touched her
2. Ah! many a life is one long fever—A fever of
3. Whatever the fever, His touch can heal it; Whatever the



hand as on - ly He can, With the won - drous skill of the Great Phy - si - cian, With the
anx - ious sus - pense and care; A fever 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 fever -
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 fever, I think we shall say, in the home on high, If the

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

(3)
 Him.
 sun. Lord, touch our hands, let the fe - ver leave us; And so shall we min - is - ter un - to
 by!

Thee.