

Jeremiah's Banjo...Recitation

(G)

**Jeremiah was a small boy...he stood about four feet tall
But when he played the banjo...it drove his mama up the wall
His Grandpa gave it to him...when the boy was only three
He got his very first lesson at four...sitting on Grandpa's knee**

**Every Saturday morning...he would walk the short dirt road
Down to the country grocery store...carrying his old banjo
Folks gathered 'round him...coming early and staying late
Tossing pennies in his ball-cap...just to hear the little boy play**

**The old country store is gone now...replaced by a big super store
Where music is bought off the shelf...nothing like it was before
But if you look on isle number twelve...it's there for all to see
Jeremiah with his new 5 string...in a picture where it should be**

**The copper pennies have turned to silver...the silver just went gold
But Jeremiah still plays for his Grandpa...up in the Heavenly fold
As he travels the road doing shows...his banjo has a spot of its own
It rides in a diesel pusher...while Jeremiah sleeps in a private room**

**They have a show date tomorrow...they'll have to be their best...
For they know Grandpa is watching...so it's time for needed rest
And as the big bus rolls through the night...listen and you will hear
The sweet sound of Jeremiah's banjo...softly filling the mid-night air**

RAY PAGE Jr.