

Grandpas old Handmade Guitar...Recitation

(G)

I walked up the little creek that day...like I'd done so many times before
There was the old man...in his favorite cain bottom chair
Sitting in front...of his little cabin door

His old guitar lay across his lap...held by hands twisted and sore
But they held a true masterpiece
Those hands had made...many years before

I was a young man back then...just learning to sing and play
I was hoping the old man...would show me one more tune
On that beautiful autumn day

Instead he said Son...I'm getting old...at times I can hardly see or stand
So I want you to have my old guitar
For I'm going soon...to the Promised Land

But I'll play you one last tune ...while I'm still here...if I can
Then this guitar will be yours to keep
Play it often son...and with a gentle hand

He played some of "The Great Speckled bird" ...and a little of "Amazing Grace"
He struggled hard on two more tunes
While tears of pain...filled the old man's face

Then he handed me this beautiful guitar...with his frail and weathered hands
Son he said...you play for me
Show me what you can

Well I must have played for an hour more...all his favorite tunes
I could listen to you play all day he said
But I have to go lay down soon

He made one last request that day...before he folded his hands to sleep
Would you play my favorite he asked
Then the old man began to weep

Play that old Stanley Brothers song..."Who'll Sing For Me"
Well, he never heard me finish his song that day
But now he will...I know
For he's playing back up guitar...right along with me
From up in heaven...on his beautiful...guitar of gold

RAY PAGE Jr.

