

**THE FIVE-STRING GUITAR** © Allan Markin All rights reserved

Christmas morning in the Kootenays

Snow to the window sills

The air is full of quiet

And all the world is still

And all the world is still

Then father brings out a cardboard box

Its contents a mystery

He sets it down at my feet

For me, for me, for me

For me, for me, for me

We open the box together

It's a big Gene Autry guitar

Father says with radiant pride

For you, it will make you a star

For you, it will make you a star

Deda says gruffly through his beard

Guitars are not the Doukhor way

The devil's music should be feared

A sin, please take it away

But father sails against the tide

Passes the guitar to me

I hold it in my little hands

And say, let's play, let's play

And say, let's play, let's play

So father starts to tune it

And suddenly a snap

A forlorn string hangs loosely

Some tears, his tears, my tears

Some tears, his tears, my tears

Then we sing all the Christmas songs

With father playing the tunes

Our voices match the joyful sounds

Of the five string guitar

Of the five string guitar

Christmas morning in the Kootenays

Snow to the window sills

Our spirits soar to the vibrant notes

Of the five-string guitar

Of the five-string guitar

Sure wish I had it now.