

MUSIC'S THE VERY BEST THING

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(1)

When I was a young man just barely thirteen
An old fiddle I learned how to play
I'd bring it to sessions in houses and pubs
And the old men would soon let me stay
Even shared
A few tunes on the way

Now my fiddle had come from an uncle who'd died
It was years since the strings were all new
And the bow had the shape of a tinker's old horse
With most of the hair missing too
But it played
And the tuning was true

(Chorus)

*But I'll never forget in my longest of years
The feeling that music would bring:
God made women and whiskey and little white lambs
But music's the very best thing of them all
Yes, music's the very best thing!*

(2)

In my travelling time I learned hundreds of tunes
Maybe one out of ten with a name
My fingers were strong and the strings mostly new
But the old tinker's bow was the same
Always ready
To take all the blame

When the old men passed on, there'd be tears at the wake
Mourning too for the tunes that had died
We had learned what they let us and asked them for more
But the best ones they kept deep inside
Near the heart
Never sharing their pride

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(3)

But for each who departs, there's another arrived
To receive all the gifts handed down
By the young men and old, and the good ladies too
In village and county and town
May they live
In fame and renown!

May God keep us safe, and our music tonight
Be a prayer that he'll grant to us all
That some bright happy day we're together again
At a session in Heaven's best hall -
Lots of room for the great and the small!

Words & music by Bill Black
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