

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Music's the Very Best Thing

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When I was a young lad just barely thirteen  
The 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

cho: And I'll never forget in my longest of years  
The feeling that music could 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!

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

But for each who departs, there's another arrived  
Who receives all the gifts handed down  
From young men and old, and the good ladies too  
In city 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!

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