

# Song for Duke

## Judy Collins

I didn't even know the man  
I didn't know the man himself  
Even though his music filled my life  
As it has so many othersI knew that he had died that week  
After fighting death a year or more  
But I had, had a rule before  
That funerals were a waste of flowersBut something said, I had to go  
To be a witness to his gift of love  
A man who never once gave up on life  
Until death took him in his tracksThe people stood around the church  
Ten thousand people there, they say, or more  
Black and white, rich and poor  
Together they were there to say farewellIn New York city it had rained that day  
The streets were silver and the sky was grey  
But in the church the music soared and sang  
And seemed to fill the air with shining sunThe man was a hero  
He played the music of our souls  
He knew that we all have in us  
A place where beauty always growsOutside in the streets again  
The people wandered through the falling rain  
They waved their hands and dried their tears  
And turned to go about their lives againBut none of us will be the same  
If we hear the things his music says  
That loving is the gift of life  
And making music was his way of loveThe man was a hero  
He played the music of our souls  
He knew that we all have in us  
A place where beauty always grows

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