

# William Christopher Handy Quotes

*Guitar, Song, Sound, Mind, Men, House, Sinner, Bigs, Names, Would Be,  
Appreciate, Wind, Play, Evening, Running, Stories, Hate, Positive, Use, Life*

With a guitar I would be able to express the things I felt in sounds.

~William Christopher Handy

Setting my mind on a musical instrument was like falling in love. All the world seemed bright and changed.

~William Christopher Handy

Life is like a trumpet - if you don't put anything into it, you don't get anything out of it.

~William Christopher Handy

Whenever I heard the song of a bird and the answering call of its mate, I could visualize the notes in scale, all built up within my consciousness as a natural symphony.

~William Christopher Handy

My big ears indicated a talent for music. This thrilled me.

~William Christopher Handy

If my serenade of song and story should serve as a pillow for some composer's head, as yet perhaps unborn, to dream and build on our fond melodies in his tomorrow, I have not labored in vain.

~William Christopher Handy

I knew the whistle of each of the river boats on the Tennessee.

~William Christopher Handy

You can never tell what's in a woman's mind, And if she's from Harlem, there's no use o' tryin

~William Christopher Handy

Saving was slow and painful.

~William Christopher Handy

You'll never miss the water 'til the well runs dry.

~William Christopher Handy

Sometimes I feel like nothin,' somethin' throwed away, Somethin' throwed away. And then I get my guitar, play the blues all day.

~William Christopher Handy

Nature was my kindergarten.

~William Christopher Handy

The blues - the sound of a sinner on revival day.

~William Christopher Handy

I think America concedes that true American music has sprung from the Negro.

~William Christopher Handy

You've got to appreciate the things that come from the art of the Negro and from the heart of the man farthest down.

~William Christopher Handy

I hate to see the evening sun go down.

~William Christopher Handy

Where the Tennessee River, like a silver snake, winds her way through the clay hills of Alabama, sits high on these hills, my home town, Florence.

~William Christopher Handy

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