**THERE IS NO JUDGE MORE FAIR THAN TIME**

Benny Hughes tells the story that the first time Jack Hardy played at Tom Yeager’s Songbird Sanctuary, I called him up and said, “Benny, you’ve got to go hear this guy – he’s the real deal.” Jack Hardy was indeed the real deal, and when we lost Jack in 2011, we lost not only a brilliant songwriter, but a major exponent of the folk music movement. This is one of Jack’s many “Celtic” tunes, and a personal favorite. You can hear this tune and play along with it at the link below.

**BLACKBERRY PIE** *-- Jack Hardy*

**C G C G**

Well, I stopped all day to pick wild flowers

**G C G D**

Down by the banks where the blackberry grows.

**C G C G**

All in the shadows of the late autumn hours –

**G C D G**

All in the brambles of the late bloomin’ rose.

**C G C G**

Well, I picked all the white ones, I picked all the blues

**G C G D**

For those are the ones that would go with the dress.

**C G C G**

And I’ll dance tonight, wear holes in my shoes

**G C D G**

Till I am the one that she loves the best.

**CHORUS:**

**C G C G C G D**

So dally down where the river runs, where the forest bathes the senses clean.

**C G C G C D G**

And dally down where the fiery sun and the rhythm moon makes a faery dream.

**C G C G C G D**

And you might think that my heart would lie – many a girl has caught my eye.

**G C G C G D G**

But my heart all along belongs to the girl – who bakes me a blackberry pie.

Though I’ve stayed single all of these years,

And the twisting rope and the wounding wind.

I never stayed long enough to see the spring,

Where I have seen the harvest in.

And I don’t give a tinker’s damn for the coin

Though many they say I’m bound to roam.

And I just might be the last one in,

Though I will be comin’ home.

**CHORUS**

And many a glass I’ll drink tonight

Where the wine-red hand is from work or fight.

There is no judge more fair than time,

But there is no one to change his mind.

And each time I look in the parting glass

For years that look both ways to know.

I’ll sing the last song of my youth, but

I’ll sing it again tomorrow.

**CHORUS**