

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

Well, I stopped all day to pick wild flowers
Down by the banks where the blackberry grows.
All in the shadows of the late autumn hours –
All in the brambles of the late bloomin' rose.
Well, I picked all the white ones, I picked all the blues
For those are the ones that would go with the dress.
And I'll dance tonight, wear holes in my shoes
Till I am the one that she loves the best.

CHORUS:

So dally down where the river runs, where the forest bathes the senses clean.
And dally down where the fiery sun and the rhythm moon makes a faery dream.
And you might think that my heart would lie – many a girl has caught my eye.
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