

## LIKE OUR FEET ARE BORNE OF WINGS

We are a little late to bring you this song for May Day, but still very pleased to offer this one up. Though he penned scores of great songs, like the one below, Jack Hardy's influence on folk and acoustic music goes far beyond the songs he wrote. He was a mentor and coach to a great many young singer-songwriters, hosting regular Monday night workshops at his flat in New York for decades. He established a musical cooperative called Fast Folk, which provided the first recording opportunity for a large number of young artists, including Lyle Lovett, Suzanne Vega, Tracy Chapman and Shawn Colvin. You can hear his song on Jack's 1978 CD, *The Nameless One*, or at this link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UyFIOLveV0>

### MAY DAY

*By Jack Hardy*

#### Chorus:

Em                      D                      Em G                      D  
It's May day and May wine and may I please come home.  
G D                      Em D                      Em D                      Em  
The briar grows before the rose, and neither grows alone.  
Em                                      D                                      Em                      G D  
We'll dance tonight 'til we faint in the light of the dawn's sweet song of spring  
G D                      Em D                      Em D                      Em  
Round the May pole like a day stole like our feet are borne of wings

Em                      D                      Em D                      Em  
It's not like Pan to play his flute for those who dance for fun.  
Em                                      D                                      Em D                      Em  
The fire flickers through poison roots where chance is on the run.  
Em                      D                                      Em D                      Em  
It's not like elves to hide their gold where fortune seekers dive.  
Em                                      D                                      Em D                      Em  
Though pirate lore and island shore yield only ransomed lives.

It's not sirens to sing their songs for sailors with cautious ears  
They lure no coward right or wrong and trade not death for fear.

It's not like kings to yield their wines for hundreds of years of war  
Though drop by drop the ancient vinepaints blood on every door.

#### Chorus

It's not like girls to give consent to men of ragged prose  
Though poets sing of nursery rhymes their cradles are filled with hope

It's not like me to give my heart in these drowsy daffodil days  
Though dreams they douse the timid spark where sleep presents its plays

#### Chorus:

It's not like saints to tell their tales of nights on windswept moors  
Where death defies the dreams of fate to close the cellar door

It's not like shepherds to lay them down when wolves are on the prowl  
Though songs they scare the waking town an ill wind has no howl.