

The Vineyard

Augie March

The golden sun is ever gentle in the valley of making
Where it's the middle of the autumn when it isn't high spring
There are men of many colours and women of all races
Wearing white, white linen
And smiles on their faces

Blue rose

There are roses round the edges of the grand property
The words "Labor, Ardor, Langdor" are its lovely trinity
And when you see just how they dress and how they speak and act too
Well all you'll want to do is dress up in their white linen too

Blue rose and drew the curtain back on the morning

And you said holly-hey, and with a teary tilt
For you were rudely made, and shoddy built
Between the thumb and the forefinger
Barefoot pressed, he hoists his trouser leg
She lifts her dress

O these men of many colors in their creamy white suits
With their different colored hands dig in the soil for their roots
Of the dreamy conversation that the slender women make
As they sip from slender glasses by the vineyard lake

Blue rose and drew the curtain back on the morning
Blue rose and every little thing was guilt and suffering no more
If you could see the people laughing and not hear the sound it makes
Then you could keep the good opinion that the tone of voice takes
If you could see the people laughing and not here the sound it makes
it go

There's a woman there among them who with red, red eyes
Says you haven't been working hard enough on your lies
The golden sun is ever gentle and one lie follows another in
The only way to get there is by singing brother, singing
There are women of all races, men in white, white linen
And the only way to get there is to sing sister, sing sister, sing

And draw the curtain back on the morning
Blue rose and every little thing was guilt and suffering no more
Blue rose and drew the curtain back on the morning

Where the wars were not for wearing
The ghettoes never got
To each lonely, lonely person their own shovel, their own plot
Have you ever heard a rattle way on down when people sigh
Way on down the silly rattle says you're happy when you die