

Augie March, The Vineyard

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 colors 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 gilt and suffering no more...

If you could see the people laughing and not here 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 goes...

There's a woman there among them who with red, red eyes
Says you haven't been a'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 gilt and suffering no more,
Blue rose and drew the curtain back on the morning...

Where the wars were not for wearing,
the ghettos 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