

# Red wine

(1947)

di Woody Guthrie

Periodo: La ricostruzione e il boom economico (1946-1966)

Lingua: inglese

Tags: anarchici

Indirizzo: <https://www.ildeposito.org/canti/red-wine>

Oh, pour me a drink of Italian red wine;  
And let me taste it and call back to mind  
Once more in my thoughts, and once more in my  
soul,  
This story as great, if not greater, than  
all.

The AP news on June 24th  
Told about a patrolman named Earl J. Vaugh.  
He stepped on a Main Street trolley car  
And arrested Sacco and Vanzetti there.

The article tells how Earl J. Vaugh  
Is now retiring as an officer of law;  
This cop goes down in my history  
For arresting Sacco and Vanzetti that day.

It was 1920, the 5th of May,  
The cop and some buddies took these men away,  
Off of the car and out and down,  
And down to the jail in Brockton town.

"There's been a killing and a robbery  
At the Slater Morrill shoe factory;  
You two gents are carryin' guns,  
And you dodged the draft when the war did  
come."

"Yes, 'tis so, 'tis so, 'tis so,  
We made for the borders of Mexico.  
The rich man's war we could not fight,  
So we crossed the border to keep out of  
sight."

"You men are known as radical sons,  
You must be killers, you both carry guns."  
"I'm a night watchman, my friend peddles  
fish,  
And he carries his gun when he's got lots of  
cash."

Oh, pour me a glass of Germany's beer,  
Russia's hot vodka, so strong and clear,  
Pour me a glass of Palestine's Hock,

Or just a moonshiner's bucket of chock.

Now, let me think, and let me see  
How these two men were found guilty.  
How a hundred and sixty witnesses passed by,  
And the ones spoke for them was a hundred and  
five.  
Out of the rest, about fifty just guessed,  
Out of the five that was put to the test  
Only the story of one held true,  
After a hundred and fifty nine got through.

And on this one, uncertain and afraid,  
She saw the carload of robbers, she said.  
One year later, she remembered his face,  
After seein' his car for a second and a half.

She told of his hand, an' his gun, an' his  
ears,  
She told of his shirt, an' the cut of his  
hair.  
Remembered his eyes, an' his lips, an' his  
cheeks,  
And Eva Splaine's tale sent these men to the  
chair.

I was right there in Boston the night that  
they died,  
I never did see such sight in my life;  
I thought the crowds would pull down the  
town,  
An' I was hopin' they'd do it and change  
things around.

I hoped they'd pull Judge Thayer on down  
From off of his bench and they'd chase him  
around.  
Hoped they'd run him around this stump  
And stick him with a devil tails about ever'  
jump.

Wash this tequila down with gin  
An' a double straight shot of your black  
Virgin rum.  
My ale bubbled out an' my champagne is flat,  
I hear the man comin', I'm grabbin' my hat.