

Joan Baez "Juan De La Cruz"

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(Words and Music by Joan Baez)

Once again the workers rise with the lark
There's a mass going on in the people's park
Silent and determined they set to embark
On a three day fast and a five mile march
For a man's been shot on the picket line
Sixty years of strength was young for dying
His family is here with eyes of red
His wife steps down with feet of lead

And the sun shines down upon
The old man whose days are done
For a martyr has been taken
He is old Juan de la Cruz

And a century of women pray
At the casket before them laid
And the Virgin of Guadalupe
Watches over de la Cruz

As the heat poured down on the field below
The lead came a-flying from the vineyard row
De la Cruz and his wife never ducked or ran
Union folks since the fight began
People scattered out laying low to the ground
And slowly arose as the dust died down
Birds fluttered soft in his sweet wife's breast
As the bullets sank deep in the old man's chest

The tears fell as Cesar read
The eulogy for the dead
And the Bishop broke the people's bread
Over old Juan de la Cruz

In the pitch of night a deal was made
The deck's oldest card was played
And the devil watched someone get paid
For the death of de la Cruz

Thirty years ago in the same damn spot
The people who ordered the workers shot

Fought as the poor for the same damn right
Of their children to sleep well fed at night
Oh Children of Brotherhood how you've grown
But the seeds of hate were early sown
I see that your souls have long since flown
To the river of greed where angels moan

Midst flowered veils and weathered graves
And flags where the great black eagle waves
Nosotros Venceremos plays
For old Juan de la Cruz

There's work today that must be done
Pray for the man who held the gun
And with sightless eyes shot down the one
Called old Juan de la Cruz

The rest of our story now soft and clear
How half our daily bread appears
Picked through the summer by young and old
Whose earnings must last through the winter's cold
By children who have stood with their backs bent down
To scrape the roots from the grower's ground
And mothers who have wept the night away
For a child born dead on a rainy day

Well it's true that blessed are the poor
Through an iron mist - I can't be sure -
It looks like I see heaven's door
Swinging wide for de la Cruz

The nuns, the priests and the workers sing
Through a valley of blood their voices ring
Hallelujah, he is risen, and thank you, Lord
For old Juan de la Cruz

Hallelujah, he is risen, and thank you, Lord
For old Juan de la Cruz

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