

Jayne's Pinot Song – performed 20 January 2019

By JP Rossouw

Circling and swirling
A-howlin' and a-breezin'
The winds of Bot River
Come whistling down the passes

Turning sideways the trees,
The vines and the sheep,
They howl at the lovelies
And sing to the lonely

They tell you, they dare you
They raise you and snare you,
And sideways you rise,
With effort you thrive

Circling and swirling
Whispering and singing
The winds of Bot River
Take us back to the seventies
That's way back – no pleasantries!

To this farm, then-forgotten place,
A blank canvas and a space
To fill with dreams and hopes
Plant vines to climb these slopes

Against the wind, with sun on their side
Jayne and Raoul, they filled it with pride
They filled it with time,
With life and with dreams

And trees that took root,
Grew leaves and grew fruit
And wine that turned red,
White and fortified
And a family grew older,
Stayed white, and multiplied...

Pinot Noir
The red that's not red
The dream that's not dead

Then Raoul and Jayne
They dream of another
A red like no other, but
Searched these slopes in vain

Meanwhile, time claims a prize
And now the winds of Bot River
No longer dodge the size
Of the man, myth and life-giver

Ten years ago, Raoul ever-free,
Departed on that last journey,
Harley, BSA, Honda, wie is jy -
The bike that he now rides?

The wider reaches of the Overberg
Jayne now searches, beyond Compagnes Drift,
Past Houw Hoek and on to Elgin
And finds her first at Shannon

Then another at Goedvertrouw,
On a road that time's forgot,
A farm built on trust and care,
Another strong woman solo there

Then finds a home at Anysbos
Bushes of licorice and liquor,
And grapes of a most becoming hue
Call them red if you will, most do...

Pinot Noir
The red that's not red
The dream that's not dead

So back to the vineyard, the tank
And the barrel, goes Jayne
With miles left to travel...
Before long she's lost in a dream:

A dream of wine, of wines, of
Editions of wines, of wines with song,
Of wines with art, of wines that **are**
Art, and she begins to draw.

Sebastian with alarm sees large
Spaces astocked with wine not chenin,
Not shiraz, and certainly not pino-tage
He wonders what's what with mom's plot

But Jayne waits in the manner we know
She waits until the feeling is a-flow
Nine years she waited,
Mounting bills, yet elated

To bring you this wine, right now
In this place, this space,
The very centre of dreams that circle,
That swirl, that whirl and race

So here's to the winds of Bot River
That howl at the lovelies
That sing to the lonely
They tell you, they dare you
They raise you and snare you
They love you but never leave

And here's to the grapes
That rise to the wind
With innocent pride,
With **sun** on their side,
And here's to Jayne
For a dream taken flight
For a wine to lift and delight
And the wind that reminds us
That life like wine
Is guided by forces
As firm and as fleeting
As a red that's not red
And all dreams never dead!

Pinot Noir
The red that's not red
The dream that's not dead