

Then when vintage is gather'd, how pure is the blood  
 Pouring from the wine-press in copious flood ;  
 A bev'rage most grateful to man mid his toil,  
 Not maddening his brain, as alcohol vile ;  
 But bedewing his parch'd lips, as nectar sweet,  
 Infusing fresh strength all his labour to meet.  
 O this is the good gift the Patriarch left,  
 To him who of the birthright Esau bereft.  
 With eyes dimm'd with years he a blessing imparts,  
 Like garment of prophet before he departs.\*  
 He smell'd his dear son, for he could not him see—  
 "This sanctified child yields a sweet scent to me,"  
 The good father cried—"Odoriferous more  
 Than breezes from Araby's gardens that pour.  
 And, O, may our covenanted Father on high  
 Shed on you choice blessings though I should now die ;  
 The heavenly gifts of wisdom and grace,  
 To guide you with me to Abraham's embrace.  
 May thy green fields be water'd with copious dew,  
 The earth yield her increase forever to you ;  
*The plenty of corn and the plenty of wine,*  
 That strengthens the frame, makes the countenance shine."  
 Now would the good father, had he meant the drug  
 In modern times that's infused in our jug—  
 That bearing the name of the red wine also,  
 But, with alc'hol drenched, can work only woe ;  
 O would he such gift have bequeath'd to his child,  
 A fiery draught, not a pure bev'rage mild.  
 Here a scanty vintage had not been the worse,  
 A plenteous supply had but deepen'd the curse.  
 Nay, frown not, dear brother, for sure I aver  
 This is not the good gift the sire doth confer ;  
 When guided by heaven, he blesses his boy  
 With blessings most precious, with enduring joy.  
 Besides, who could fancy that this burning drink,  
 In which are some forty parts alc'hol, I think—

\* Genesis xxvii. 26—28.