

A FLASK OF ROSY WINE.

A SEMI-SCIENTIFIC SONG.

[See Music in the Appendix.]

TO make life's pulses gaily go,
 Not much too fast, nor yet too slow;
 And joy without dejection know,
 Were worth a golden mine.
 Then try with me the simple art,—
 If better views you can't impart,—
 To calm the brain and cheer the heart
 With a flask of rosy Wine.

Cognac may better suit with some,
 Or Gin and Whisky handier come;
 And Glasgow long was fond of Rum
 When merchants met to dine:
 But prudence there her part should play,
 The fire with water to allay;
 Or take instead, to wet her clay,
 A flask of rosy Wine.

The rustic loves a rousing bout
With home-brewed Ale or bottled Stout :
When these are in the sense is out,
 And wit shows little sign.
For dull and dense *his* thoughts appear
That's drinking and that's thinking beer :
There's nothing keeps the head so clear
 As a flask of rosy Wine.

The Poppy's gifts can pain control,
And waft on wings the ravished soul,
While dreamy visions round us roll,
 Where rainbow-hues combine :
But sad reaction comes at last,
And binds the helpless victim fast :
Such gloomy shadows ne'er o'er cast
 The reign of rosy Wine.

The Hemp,—with which we used to hang
Our prison pets, yon felon gang,—
In Eastern climes produces Bang,
 Esteemed a drug divine.
As Hashish dressed, its magic powers
Can lap us in Elysian bowers ;
But sweeter far our social hours
 O'er a flask of rosy Wine.

The Tartar's steeds, alive or dead,
Their master keep refreshed and fed ;
The steaks they yield, like saddles spread,
 Are cooked beneath his spine :
The milky mothers of his stud,
Outdoing those that chew the cud,
With Koumiss stir his stagnant blood,
 As if with rosy Wine.

The Indian race of famed Peru,
To mash their malt the Chica chew ;
And Tonga's tribes the same way brew
 What serves their Royal line.
The Court collects at dawn of day,
And munching sits and spits away :
The Monarch drinks ; but, sooth to say,
 It is not rosy Wine !

A Fungus, on Siberia's plain,
The toper's zeal can so sustain,
That he passes the bottle again and again,
 And gets drunk on the filtered brine.
Our liquor is not quite so strong,
And won't so well the war prolong ;
But much the fitter theme for song
 Is our flask of rosy Wine.

Folks up and down will preaching run
That Man should all such influence shun :
They might as well forbid the Sun

In heaven at noon to shine.

We needs must seek, while here below,
Some kind Nepenthé for our woe ;
And what can softer balm bestow
Than a flask of rosy Wine?

The banquet is not spread in vain,
Nor instincts given to cause us pain ;
Yet Reason's hand should hold the rein,
And Taste our joys refine :
And trust me, friends, for temperate use
Those vine-clad hills their sweets produce,
And Nature's self exalts the juice
That fills our flask with Wine.