

THE TRYOUT.

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THE POWER OF WINE.

A SATIRE,

Spes donare novas largus, amaraque Curarum eluere efficax.
HORACE.

MAIL! gift of Bacchus; red, delicious Wine,
To raise the soul, and ev'ry thought refine;
What blissful transports can thy pow'r impart,
And fill us with Anacreontic Art!
Unhappy man above the beast was plac'd,
Stript of his joys, and with mere Reason grac'd:
Sweet Wine alone his blessings can restore;
Let him but quaff, and he's a beast once more!
Say, good Sileuns, how the grapes inspires
The bashful bard, and fans poetic fires.
The halting quill, inflam'd to vinous rage,
With Alcoholic fancies fills the page;
Convivial poets have no use for sense,
If they be gen'rous to their audience!
What sapient speeches fills the tavern hall
Where smoke and spirits rouse the minds of all!
Here church and state their proper functions learn,
And patriotic hearts their brightest burn.
Yon hoary sage, supported by the bar,
Shows how the Germans should conduct the war,

TRYOUT.

Whilst others near him teach with brains aglow
The only way to conquer Mexico.
Behold the singer, who with trembling notes
Upon his his home and loving parents dotes.
Benignant Wine can all his sorrow quench,
And he forgets his home is the park bench.
Another glass from teasing mem'ry saves
Of grieving parents sent to early graves.
Drink deep, thou pauper, and forget with glee
The ailing wife, and starving family!
Forget their sorrow in the hours's delight;
To kill thy reason is a vested right.
Down with thee, base Reformer! to disturb
Our happy state, and all our spirits curb.
Tyrannic fool! seek not to interfere
With pers'nal liberty, and lawful cheer.
Reflect, ye fathers, how the fluid speeds
Your sturdy sons to bold and manly deeds.
The youthful Tom, with Dionysiac might,
Waylaid and robb'd an aged Jew last night,
Whilst reeling Dick, with Bacchic ire possess'd,
Shot down his best beloved friend in jest.
How great the pow'r of Wine to beautify
The manly form, and please th' exacting eye!
What graceful steps the polish'd drunkard knows!
How sweetly he in the road repose!
The flaming face, the gentle leering stare,
Bespatter'd clothing, and disorder'd hair,
The od'rous breath, and incoherent voice,
All charm our fancy, and increase our joys.
The sparkling Wine, display'd on gentle boards,
A just example to the poor affords:
What man so destitute he cannot gain

TRYOUT.

A blissful glass to elevate his brain?
Since pride, as proverbs say, precedes a fall,
In Wine we find the greatest boon of all.
By no man let its wonder be deny'd
But here beholds the deadliest foe to pride:
The needy Prince a whining beggar turns,
To ease the thirst that all his body burns.
Come, all ye Bacchanalian train, and sing
The bliss that Wine to fever'd brains can bring.
Rehearse the pleasing form that oft appear
To him who know the grapes for many a year.
Observe, Sir Drunkard, in the growing gloom,
The nameless things that fill thy shadow'd room:
How bright those eyes with fearful lustre shine;
How smooth these coils about thy limbs entwine;
Rejoice, Silenus! for thy lengthen'd spree
Hath form'd the beauteous comrades just for thee.

Hosts of the Darkness, join our merry throng!
Satan, arise, and pass the cup along!
Laugh, bretheren, laugh! for in each flowing bowl
Our band infernal gains a human soul.
Shriek with delight, and writhe in ghoulisn mirth;
With ev'ry draugh, another sin hath birth;
Beat your black wings, and prance with cloven feet
With hideous rites the friends of Chaos greet!
Minions of Hell, your fiendish tones combine,
And chant in chorus of the Pow'r of Wine!

H. P. LOVECRAFT.