

## Tasting History

Al Stewart

Stephanie's father came here from Alsace  
He bought a grey Victorian house  
Filled with colored glass  
He kept his old wine bottles  
In a cellar down below  
On Friday nights, he takes some out  
And stands them in a row  
And all that he said  
All of us there were tasting history

Those perfume-laden liquids  
Whatever they might be  
He dispensed them like a chemist  
From the sixteenth century  
Then leaned back in his armchair  
With understated glee

While we tripped upon our tongues  
To trace their ancestry  
And all that he said  
All of us there were tasting history  
And all through the night  
In glass-filtered light, tasting history

Stephanie went to Egypt  
To an excavation site  
And works beneath the Pharaoh's moon  
Deep into the night  
Her Dad still opens Chambertin  
As the candle burns away  
It was the favorite of Napoleon  
That's what he liked to say.  
And all that he said  
All of us there were tasting history  
And all through the night  
In glass-filtered light, tasting history