

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