

Come Send Round the Wine

Eleanor McEvoy

Come, send round the wine, and leave points of belief
To simpleton sages and reasoning fools;
This moment's a flower too fair and brief
To be wither'd and stain'd by the dust of the schools

Your glass may be purple, and mine may be blue
But, while they are fill'd from the same bright bowl
The fool that would quarrel for difference of hue
Deserves not the comfort they shed o'er the soul

Na na na na na na na na
Shall I ask the brave soldier, who fights by my side
In the course of mankind, if our creeds agree?
Should I give up the friend I have valued and tried
If he kneel not before the same altar with me?

From the heretic boy of my soul shall I fly?
To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?
No, perish the hearts, and the laws that try
Truth, valour, or love, by a standard like this!

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