

I saw a beautiful vineyard,
That man had rarely seen.
There were obstacles 'to retard',
But my desire had been keen.
Two monsters it's gates guarded,
One was sound asleep.
The fierce battle started,
I killed the lazy creep.
The other creature stronger
Than I by twenty men,
To succumb took longer,
But he died, as you ken.
The elusive gate gaped wide,
The object of my mind,
At first leary of inside,
I finally courage did find.

Scenes of natural beauty
First thrilled my jubilant mind.
Grapes the color of ruby,
The red esculent kind.
I plundered the vines of their fruit
Much more than I could eat.
I stored them as robbers loot,
'They're for a future treat'.
But the vines didn't vaporize,
The vineyard didn't flee,
Then I raised some plaintive cries
That I was foolish as could be.
If the garden would always grow,
And the vines would always twine,
No use for grapes to stow,
I could pick them any time.
Knowing that I'd always view,
And have the grapes at will,
I nevermore picked more than few,
And these few were my fill.

about
Knox

Yes