

The Father's Vineyard

~Anonymous

As round their dying father's bed
His sons attend, the peasant said:
"Children, deep hid from prying eyes,
A treasure in my vineyard lies;
When you have laid me in the grave,
Dig, search-and your reward you'll have."
"Father," cries one, "but where's the spot?"
He sighs! he sinks! he answers not.
The tedious burial service over,
Home go his sons, and straight explore
Each corner of the vineyard round,
Dig up, beat, break, and sift the ground;
Yet though to search so well inclined,
Nor gold, nor treasure could they find;
But when the autumn next drew near,
A double vintage crowned the year.
"Now," quoth the peasant's wisest son,
"Our father's legacy is known,
In yon rich purple grapes 'tis seen,
Which, but for digging, never had been.

Then let us all reflect with pleasure.
That labour is the source of treasure."

