

## At the Tavern

A lilt and a swing,

And a ditty to sing,

Or ever the night grow old;

The wine is within,

And I'm sure 't were a sin

For a soldier to choose to be cold, my dear,

For a soldier to choose to be cold.

We're right for a spell,

But the fever is — well,

No thing to be braved, at least;

So bring me the wine;

No low fever in mine,

For a drink is more kind than a priest, my dear,

For a drink is more kind than a priest.