

# **“AT THE TAVERN”**

**BY**

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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.