

Tavern

Audra McDonald

I'll keep a little tavern
Below the high hill's crest,
Wherein all grey-eyed people
May set them down and rest. There shall be plates a-plenty,
And mugs to melt the chill
Of all the grey-eyed people
Who happen up the hill. There sound will sleep the traveller,
And dream his journey's end,
But I will rouse at midnight
The falling fire to tend. Aye, 'tis a curious fancy
But all the good I know
Was taught me out of two grey eyes
A long time ago.
Aye, 'tis a curious fancy
But all the good I know
Was taught me out of two grey eyes
A long time ago.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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