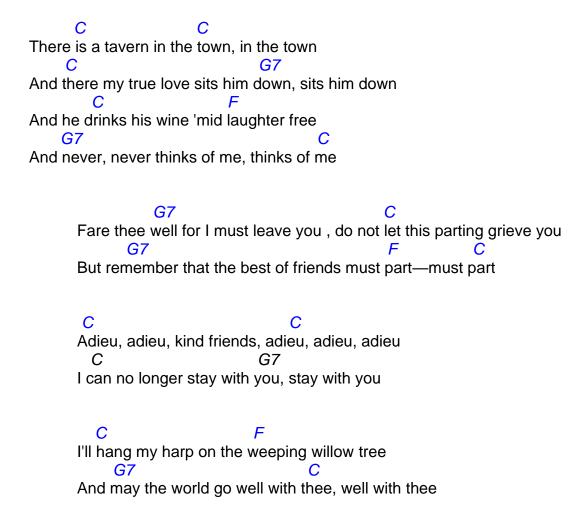
There Is a Tavern in the Town traditional



He left me for a damsel dark, damsel dark Each Friday night we used to spark, used to spark And now my love once true to me Takes that dark damsel on his knee, on his knee

Oh dig my grave both wide and deep, wide and deep Put tombstones at my head and feet, head and feet And on my breast carve a turtle-dove To signify that I died of love, of love