

There Is a Tavern in the Town traditional

^C There is a tavern in the town, in the town
^C And there my true love sits him down, sits him down
^C And he drinks his wine 'mid laughter free
^{G7} And never, never thinks of me, thinks of me

^{G7} Fare thee well for I must leave you , do not let this parting grieve you
^{G7} But remember that the best of friends must part—must part

^C Adieu, adieu, kind friends, adieu, adieu, adieu
^C I can no longer stay with you, stay with you

^C I'll hang my harp on the weeping willow tree
^{G7} And may the world go well with thee, well with thee

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