

Tavern In The Town

(trad. - FF Version)

There is a ta - vern in the town, in the town. And there my
 He___ left me for a dam-sel dark, dam-sel dark. Each Fri - day
 And___ now I see him ne - ver-more, ne - ver-more. He ne - ver
 Oh,___ dig my grave both wide and deep, wide and deep; Put tombstones

6 true love sits him down, sits him down, And drinks his wine as
 night they used to spark, Used to spark, And now my love who
 knocks u - pon my door, on my door; Oh, woe is me; he
 at my head and feet, head and feet. And on my breast you

11 mer - ry as can be, And ne - ver, ne-ver thinks of me. Fare thee
 once was true to me, takes this dark damsel on his knee.
 pinned a lit-tle note, and these were all the words he wrote:
 may carve a tur-tle dove, to sig - ni - fy I died of love.

17 well, for I must leave thee, Do not let this part-ing grieve thee, And re -

21 member that the best of friends Must part, must part. A-dieu, a - dieu kind

27 friends, yes, a-dieu I can no longer stay with you, stay with you, I'll hang my

34 harp on the weeping willow tree, And may the world go well with thee._____

There Is A Tavern In The Town

1. There is a tavern in the town, in the town
And there my true love sits him down, sits him down,
And drinks his wine as merry as can be,
And never, never thinks of me.

Chorus: Fare thee well, for I must leave thee,
Do not let this parting grieve thee,
And remember that the best of friends must part, must part.
Adieu, adieu kind friends, yes, adieu
I can no longer stay with you, stay with you,
I'll hang my harp on the weeping willow tree,
And may the world go well with thee.

2. Adieu, adieu kind friends, yes, adieu.
I can no longer stay with you, stay with you,
I'll hang my harp on the weeping willow tree,
And may the world go well with thee.
3. He left me for a damsel dark, damsel dark,
Each Friday night they used to spark, used to spark,
And now my love who once was true to me,
Takes this dark damsel on his knee.
4. And now I see him nevermore, nevermore;
He never knocks upon my door, on my door;
Oh, woe is me; he pinned a little note,
And these were all the words he wrote:
5. 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 you may carve a turtle dove,
To signify I died of love.