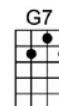
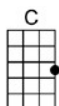
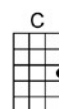
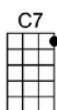
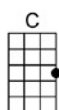


**THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN**

4/4 1...2...1234

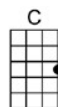
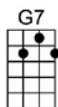


There is a tavern in the town, in the town, and there my true love sits him down, sits him down

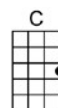
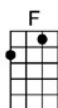
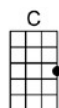
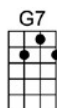


And drinks his wine as merry as can be, and never, never thinks of me.

**CHORUS:**

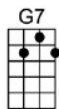


Fare thee well, for I must leave thee, do not let this parting grieve thee

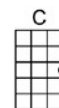
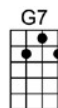
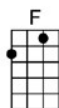
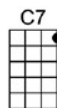
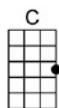


And re-member that the best of friends must part, must part.

Adieu, adieu kind friends, adieu, yes adieu

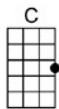


I can no longer stay with you, stay with you

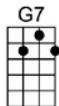


I'll hang my harp on the weeping willow tree, and may the world go well with thee.

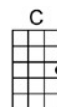
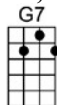
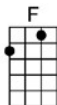
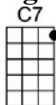
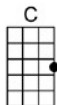
There Is A Tavern p.2



He left me for a damsel dark, damsel dark

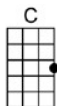


Each Friday night they used to spark, used to spark,

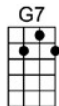


And now my love once true to me, takes that dark damsel on his knee.

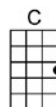
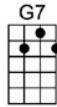
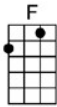
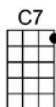
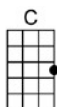
CHORUS



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 I died of love

CHORUS

## THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN

C G7  
 There is a tavern in the town, in the town, and there my true love sits him down, sits him down

C C7 F G7 C  
 And drinks his wine as merry as can be, and never, never thinks of me.

## CHORUS:

G7 C  
 Fare thee well, for I must leave thee, do not let this parting grieve thee

G7 C F C  
 And re-member that the best of friends must part, must part.

Adieu, adieu kind friends, adieu, yes adieu

G7  
 I can no longer stay with you, stay with you

C C7 F G7 C  
 I'll hang my harp on the weeping willow tree, and may the world go well with thee.

C  
 He left me for a damsel dark, damsel dark

G7  
 Each Friday night they used to spark, used to spark,

C C7 F G7 C  
 And now my love once true to me, takes that dark damsel on his knee.

## CHORUS

C  
 Oh, dig my grave both wide and deep, wide and deep.

G7  
 Put tombstones at my head and feet, head and feet.

C C7 F G7 C  
 And on my breast carve a turtle dove, to signify I died of love

## CHORUS