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THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN.

There is a tavern in the town, in the town,  
And there my dear love sits him down, sits him down,  
And drinks his wine mid laughter free,  
And never, never thinks of me.

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.

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.

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