

# There Is a Tavern In the Town

Track 1



1. There is a ta-vern in the town, in the town, and there my



true love sits him down, sits him down and drinks his wine as mer-ry as can



be, and nev - er nev - er thinks of me. Fare thee well for I must



leave thee do not let this part-ing grieve thee and re - mem-ber that the best of friends must part, must



part. A - dieu, a - dieu kind friends a - dieu, yes, a - dieu, I can no



long-er stay with you, stay with you I'll hang my harp on a weep-ing wil-low



tree and may the world go well with thee.