There Is A Tavern In The Town

"Fare-Thee-Well, For I Must Leave Thee"

Adapted from
an Ancient Cornish Folk-Song

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There Is A Tavern In The Town
(Fare-Thee-Well, For I Must Leave Thee)

Moderato (Moderately)

There is a tavern in the town, in the town,
And oh! dig my grave both wide and deep, wide and deep,
There my dear love sits him down, sits him down,
And drinks his wine 'mid the tombstones at my head and feet, head and feet,
Laugh - ter free, And nev - er, nev - er thinks of me.
True to me, Takes that dark dam - sel on his knee.

Friday night they used to spark, used to spark,
And now my love, once
turtle dove, To sig - ni - fy I died of love.
Chorus (Moderately)

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

member that the best of friends must part, must part. A-dieu, a-
dieu, kind friends, a-dieu, a-dieu, a-dieu, I can no lon-ger 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. He Ob! thee.
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