

## Tavern in the Town



There is a tav-ern in the town, in the town, And there my true love sits him



down, Sits him down and drinks strong wine as hap- py as can be, And ne- ver ne- ver thinks of



me. Fare thee well for I must leave thee do not let the par- ting grieve thee For there



comes a time when best of friends must part, must part. A- dieu, a- dieu kind friends a-



dieu, yes a- dieu, I can no lon- ger stay with you, Stay with you, I'll



hang my harp on a wee- ping wil- low tree, And may the world go well with thee.

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