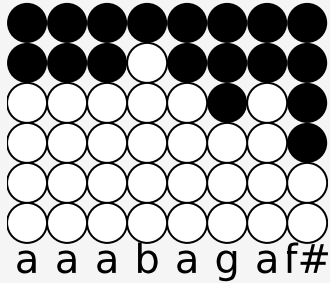


Tin whistle tabs for: There is a Tavern in the Town

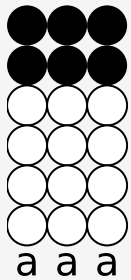
Genre: folk

Author/Performer: William H. Hills

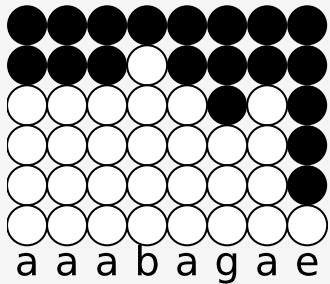
Verse



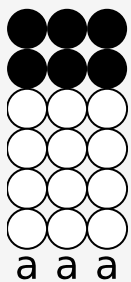
There is a tavern in the town



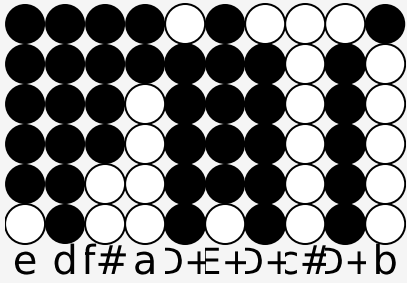
In the town



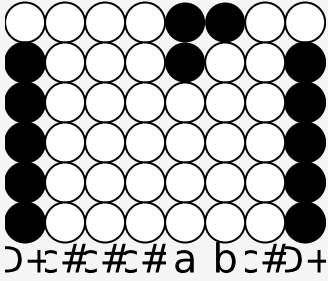
And there my true love sits him down



Sits him down

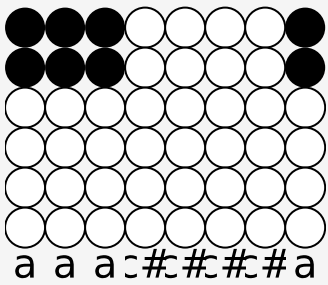


And drinks his wine mid laughter gay and free

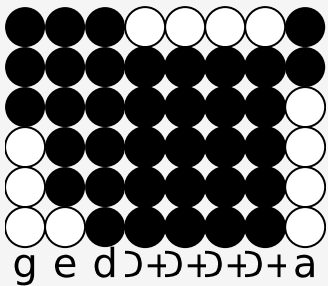


But never, never thinks of me

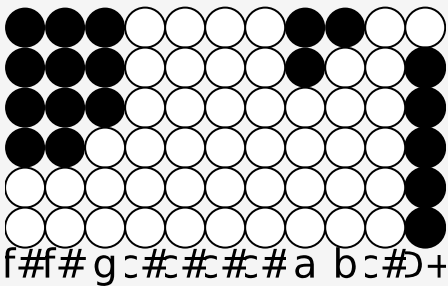
Chorus:



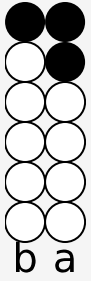
Fare thee well for I must leave thee



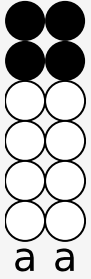
Do not let the parting grieve thee



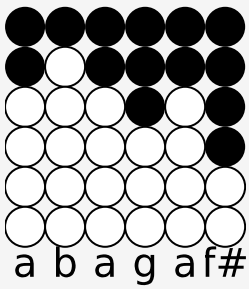
And remember that the best of friends must part



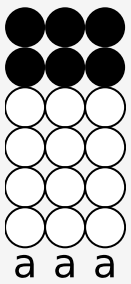
Must part



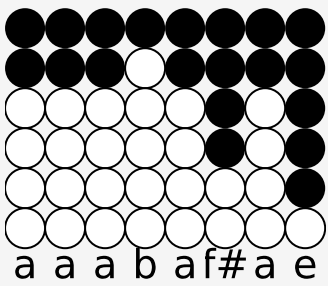
A - dieu



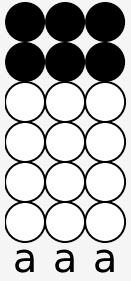
A - dieu kinds friends a - dieu



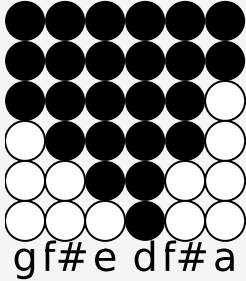
Yes, a - dieu



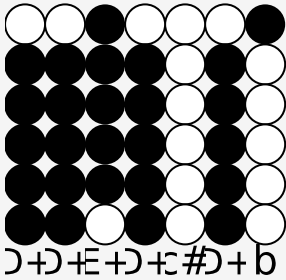
I can no longer stay with you



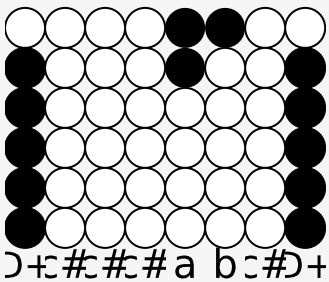
Stay with you



And I will hang my harp



On a weeping willow tree



And may the world go well with thee

Verse

He left me for a damsel dark, damsel dark,
Each Friday night they used to spark,
Used to spark,
And now my love who once was true to me
Takes this dark damsel on his knee.

Chorus

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

Verse

And now I see him nevermore, nevermore;
He never knocks upon my door, on my door;
Oh, woe is me; he pinned a little note,
And these were all the words he wrote:

Chorus

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

Verse

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 you may carve a turtle dove,
To signify I died of love.

Chorus

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