

# There is a Tavern in the Town

1883 by William H. Hills

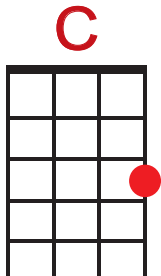


There is a tavern in the town, ...in the town,

And there my dear love sits him down ...sits him down

And drinks his wine 'mid laughter gay and free,

And never, never thinks of me



Fare thee well, for I must leave thee,

Do not let the parting grieve thee,

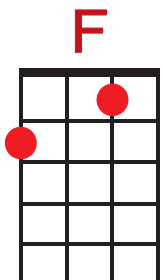
And remember that the best of friends must part, must part

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

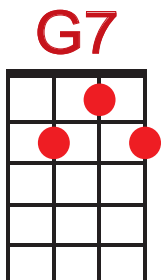


Oh! dig my grave both wide and deep, ... wide and deep,

Put tombstones at my head and feet ....head and feet

And on my breast carve a turtle dove

To signify I died of love



...and repeat the chorus