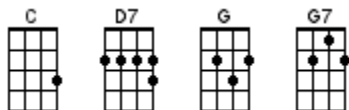


# There Is A Tavern In The Town

Word and music by F. J. Adams

(as published in the 1883 edition of William H. Hill's *Student Songs*)



**INTRO:** / 1 2 3 4 / [G] / [G]

There [G] is a tavern in the town (**in the town**)  
And [G] there, my dear love sits him [D7] down (**sits him down**)  
And [G] drinks his [G7] wine `mid [C] laughter free  
And [D7] never, never thinks of [G] me

## CHORUS:

Fare thee [D7] well, for I must leave thee  
Do not [G] let the parting grieve thee  
And re-[D7]member that the best of friends must [G] part, must part

A-[G]dieu, adieu kind friends, adieu, adieu, adieu  
I [G] can no longer stay with [D7] you, stay with you  
I'll [G] hang my [G7] harp on a [C] weeping willow tree  
And [D7] may the world go well with [G] thee

He [G] left me for a damsel dark (**damsel dark**)  
Each [G] Friday night they used to [D7] spark (**used to spark**)  
And [G] now my [G7] love once [C] true to me  
Takes [D7] that dark damsel on his [G] knee

## CHORUS:

Fare thee [D7] well, for I must leave thee  
Do not [G] let the parting grieve thee  
And re-[D7]member that the best of friends must [G] part, must part

A-[G]dieu, adieu kind friends, adieu, adieu, adieu  
I [G] can no longer stay with [D7] you, stay with you  
I'll [G] hang my [G7] harp on a [C] weeping willow tree  
And [D7] may the world go well with [G] thee

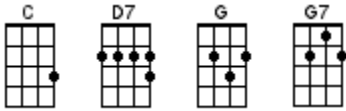
<OPTIONAL VERSE – SEE \*\*\*>

Oh [G] dig my grave both wide and deep (**wide and deep**)  
Put [G] tombstones at my head and [D7] feet (**head and feet**)  
And [G] on my [G7] breast carve a [C] turtle dove  
To [D7] signify I died of [G] love

## CHORUS:

Fare thee [D7] well, for I must leave thee  
Do not [G] let the parting grieve thee  
And re-[D7]member that the best of friends must [G] part, must part

A-[G]dieu, adieu kind friends, adieu, adieu, adieu  
I [G] can no longer stay with [D7] you, stay with you  
I'll [G] hang my [G7] harp on a [C] weeping willow tree  
And [D7] may the world go well with [G] thee [G]↓



**Note: The asterisked verse below does not appear in the oldest published version.**

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And [G] now I see him nevermore (**nevermore**)  
He [G] never knocks upon my [D7] door (**on my door**)  
Oh [G] woe is [G7] me he [C] pinned a little note  
And [D7] these were all the words he [G] wrote [G]

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