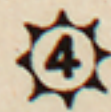


THERE IS A
RAVERN
IN THE TOWN

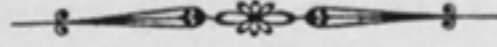
Song and Chorus

THE SEASONS SUCCESS.

NEW YORK:
Willis Woodward & Co.,
842 & 844 BROADWAY.



THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN.



Words and Music by F.J. ADAMS.

Andante. *cresc.*



mp *f* *p*

1. There is a tav-ern in the
 2. He left me for a dam-sel
 3. Oh! dig my grave both wide and

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A New Military Schottische,
SAMBO'S WEDDING-DAY.
By Benedict.

Shouted.

town, in the town, And there my dear love sits him down, sits him down, And
 dark, damsel dark, Each Fri - - day night they used to spark, used to spark, And
 deep, wide and deep, Put tomb - stones at my head and feet, head and feet, And

drinks his wine 'mid laugh - ter free, And nev - er, nev - er thinks of
 now my love once true to me, Takes that dark damsel on his
 on my breast carve a tur - tle dove, To sig - ni - fy I died of

CHORUS.

me.
 knee.
 love. Fare thee well, for I must leave thee, Do not let the parting grieve thee, And re-

-mem - ber 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 weeping wil - low tree, And

poco rit.

may the world go well with thee. thee.

1st. and 2d. *last time.*