

Barred From the Tavern

János Katona

The musical score is written in G major and 4/4 time. It consists of four staves of music with lyrics underneath. The first staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The second staff has a key signature of one sharp and a 4/4 time signature. The third staff is labeled 'Chorus' and has a key signature of one sharp and a 4/4 time signature. The fourth staff has a key signature of one sharp and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are: In Lan - ca - shire were wea - ry we from tra - vel through the day. We found a like - ly ta - vern and we came in - side to stay. Seu - mas* was first to com - pli - ment her form He la - vished her with praise but in turn he got ig - nored. The com - mon room was buz - zing with a live - ly hap - py crowd And a ser - ving wench so bu - xom called the or - ders out a - loud. Per - haps she could not hear him so he cried it loud and clear How was he sup - posed to know... that she was the ma - yor's dear? Chorus Now we are barred from that ta - vern for life Barred from that ta - vern 'cause they say we caused them strife! The place was much too crowd - ed and their drink fell short as well. We'll take our bus - ness else - where and they all can go to hell!

In Lancashire were weary we from travel through the day.
We found a likely tavern and we came inside to stay.
The common room was buzzing with a lively happy crowd
And a serving wench so buxom called the orders out aloud.
Seumas* was first to compliment her form
He lavished her with praise but in turn he got ignored.
Perhaps she could not hear him so he cried it loud and clear
How was he supposed to know... that she was the mayor's dear?

*Now we are barred from that tavern for life
Barred from that tavern 'cause they say we caused them strife!
The place was much too crowded & their drink fell short as well.
We'll take our business elsewhere and they all can go to hell!*

In Dublin town we had a thirst from fighting through the day.
We found an Irish tavern and had silver coins to pay.
We asked for something stronger; they were happy to comply.
They brought it out in tankards brewed from honey & from rye.
William* struck up dialogue with an Irish local there
The talk soon turned to drink and became a taunting dare.
Before too long a contest spawned with William* in the lead
And William won the vic'try.. 'cause the inn ran out of mead!

Chorus

In Colchester we took a leave from practices and war.
We took a boat out fishing and we spar-red with the oars.
Weary from our outing we rowed back to the town
We found their largest tavern, went in and settled down.
Mikal* was the first to try the local brew.
He gagged upon his first deep quaff, then turned his head &
spewed.
"What is this swill", he cried. "With what brewed ye this batch?"
The locals shouted back, "Ye swine -- that is today's best catch!"

Chorus

In London town did we arrive with thirst we sought to quench.
We needed ale and whiskey and perhaps a lively wench.
The town was filled with taverns, each with their own crowd.
With smoke & sweat that lingered near the ceiling in a cloud.
Nonetheless we tried one and spoke our honest mind.
With civil tone we offered aid to right what we did find.
The locals welcomed not our words & challenged us to fight.
What fault bear we that in the end... we alone could stand upright?

Chorus

* For added fun, substitute two-syllable names of people in the audience.