

ON TOP OF OLD SMOKY (AMERICAN TRADITIONAL)

C F C
On top of old Smoky, all covered with snow,

G7 C F C
I lost my true lover, From courting too slow

F C
Now courting is pleasure, and parting is grief,

G7 C F C
And a false-hearted lover, Is worse than a thief.

Say a thief will just rob you and take what you have
But a false-hearted lover will lead you to the grave.
And the grave will decay you and turn you to dust
Not one boy in a hundred a poor girl can trust.

They'll hug you and kiss you and tell you more lies,
than the cross-ties on the railroad or the stars in the skies.
So come all you young maidens and listen to me
Never place your affection on a green willow tree.

For the leaves they will wither and the roots they will die
You'll all be forsaken And never know why.
On top of Old Smoky All covered with snow
I lost my true lover from courting too slow.