



Out on ol' Smoky,
ol' Smoky so low,
I lost my true lover,
by courting too slow.

Oh courtin's a pleasure,
and partin's a grief,
A false-hearted lover
is wuss than a thief.

A thief he will rob you,
and take all yew hev,
But a false-hearted lover
will lead yew to the grave.

The grave it will take yew
and turn yew to dust;
There ain't one boy in a million
a poor girl kin trust.

They'll hug yew and kiss yew,
and tell yew more lies,
Than the spikes in a railroad,
or the stars in the skies.

They'll tell yew they love yew,
to give you heart's ease,
And then when your back's turned,
they'll court whom they please.

It's rainin', it's hailin',
it's a dark stormy night;

Your horses cain't travel,
'cause the stars give no light.

Put up your horses,
and feed them some hay;
Come set hyar beside me,
fer's long's yew kin stay.

My horses ain't hungry,
they won't eat your hay;
My wagon's all loaded,
I'll feed on my way.

Your folks, they don't like me,
they say I'm too poor,
They say I'm not worthy
To enter your door.

They say I drink whiskey;
my money is my own.
If the old folks don't like me,
they can leave me alone.

As sure as the dewdrops
fall on the green corn.
Last night he war with me,
tonight he is gone.

I'll go back to ol' Smoky,
ol' Smoky so high,
Where the wild birds and turtle doves
kin hear my sad cry.