On Top Of Old Smoky

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   C          F
On top of old Smoky
                C
All covered with snow,
               G7
I lost my true lover,
                 C
From courting too slow
                F
Now courting is pleasure
               C
And parting is grief,
                    G7
And a false hearted lover,
                C
Is worse than a thief.
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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.