

On Top of Old Smokey

Traditional

1) On top of old smokey sure
 and covered with snow
 and par-ting's a grief
 I lost my true lo- - ver
 and false hear- - ted lo- - ver
 for cour- - ting too slow
 is worse than a slow
 2) For cour- - ting's a thief

3) For a thief will just rob you and take all you save
 but a false hearted lover will lead you to the grave

4) And the grave will decay you and turn you to dust
 not one girl in a hundred a poor boy can trust

5) They'll hug you and kiss you and tell you more lies
 than cross lines on a railroad or stars in the skies

6) So come all your maidens and listen to me
 never place your affections on a green willow tree

7) For the leaves they will wither and the roots they will die
 you'll all be forsaken and never know why.