On Top Of Old Smokey

Words & Music:
Traditional American

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On top of Old Smokey, all covered with snow,
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I lost my true lover for courting too slow.
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Now, courting's a pleasure and parting is grief,
And a false-hearted lover is worse than a thief.

A thief will just rob you and take what you have, *[alt: "all you save"]*
But a false-hearted lover will lead you to the grave.

And the grave will decay you and turn you to dust;
Not one girl in a hundred a poor boy can trust.
[alt: Not one boy in a hundred a poor girl can trust.]

They'll hug you and kiss you and tell you more lies
[alt: They'll swear that they love you and tell you more lies]
Than crossties on a railroad or stars in the sky.

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 Smokey all covered with snow,
I lost my true lover for courting too slow.