

# On Top of Old Smokey

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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.

For courting's a pleasure,  
But parting is grief,  
And a false-hearted lover,  
Is worse than a thief.

A thief will just rob you,  
And take what you have,  
But a false-hearted lover,  
Will lead you to your grave.

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 cross-ties on a railroad,  
Or stars in the sky.

So come ye young maidens,  
And listen to me,  
Never place your affection  
In a green willow tree.

For the leaves they will wither,  
The roots they will die,  
And you'll be forsaken,  
And never know why.