

On Top of Old Smoky

C F
On top of Old Smoky,
C
All covered with snow,
G
I lost my true lover,
C
From courtin' too slow.

C F
Now courtin's a pleasure,
C
But parting is grief,
G
A false-hearted lover,
C
Is worse than a thief.

Additional verses:

A thief he will rob you,
And take what you have,
But a false hearted lover,
Will send you to the 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 the cross-ties on the railroad
Or stars in the sky.

Come all you young maidens,
And listen to me,
Never place your affection
On a green willow tree.