












ON TOP OF OLD SMOKY_(BAR)




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

Intro: |  ||   |  |




 
On top of old Smoky, all covered with snow,

  
I lost my true lover, for courtin' too slow

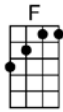
 
For courtin's a pleasure, and parting is grief,

  
But a false-hearted lover is worse than a thief

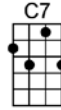
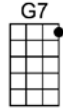
 
A thief will just rob you, and take what you have,

  
But a false-hearted lover will lead you to the grave

p.2. On Top Of Old Smoky



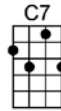
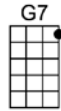
The grave will de-cay you, and turn you to dust,



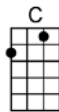
Not one boy in a hundred, a poor girl can trust



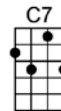
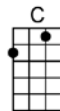
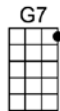
They'll hug you and kiss you, and tell you more lies



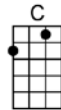
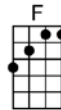
Than cross-ties on a railroad, or stars in the sky



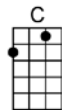
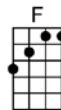
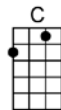
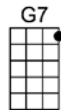
So come, all ye maidens, and listen to me



Never place your affections on a green willow tree



For the leaves they will wither, and the roots they will die



And you'll all be for-saken, and never know why.

ON TOP OF OLD SMOKY

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Intro: | G7 | | C F | C |

 F C
On top of old Smoky, all covered with snow,

 G7 C C7
I lost my true lover, for courtin' too slow

 F C
For courtin's a pleasure, and parting is grief,

 G7 C C7
But a false-hearted lover is worse than a thief

 F C
A thief will just rob you, and take what you have,

 G7 C C7
But a false-hearted lover will lead you to the grave

 F C
The grave will de-cay you, and turn you to dust,

 G7 C C7
Not one boy in a hundred, a poor girl can trust

 F C
They'll hug you and kiss you, and tell you more lies

 G7 C C7
Than cross-ties on a railroad, or stars in the sky

 F C
So come, all ye maidens, and listen to me

 G7 C C7
Never place your affections on a green willow tree

 F C
For the leaves they will wither, and the roots they will die

 G7 C F C
And you'll all be for-saken, and never know why.