ON TOP OF OLD SMOKY
6/8  123456

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

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

C7          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.
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