ON TOP OF OLD SMOKY (BAR)

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

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
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F          C
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G7          C  C7
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F          C
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G7          C  C7
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F          C
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G7          C  C7
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F          C
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G7          C  C7
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F          C
So come, all ye maidens, and listen to me

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F          C
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G7          C  F  C
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