

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

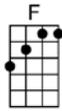
 
For courtin's a pleasure, and parting is grief,

  
But a false-hearted lover is worse than a thief

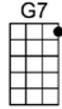
 
A thief will just rob you, and take what you have,

  
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,



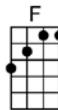
Not one boy in a hundred, a poor girl can trust



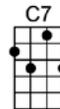
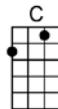
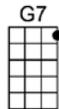
They'll hug you and kiss you, and tell you more lies



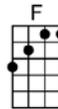
Than cross-ties on a railroad, or stars in the sky



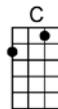
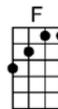
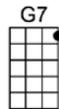
So come, all ye maidens, and listen to me



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.

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Intro: | G7 | | C F | C |

 F C
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 G7 C C7
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 F C
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 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,

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

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

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