

On Top of Old Smoky

On top of old smokey
All covered with snow
I lost my true lover
From courting too slow

For courting's a pleasure
And parting's a grief
And a false hearted lover
Is worse than a thief

For a thief will just rob you
And take all you save
But a false hearted lover
Will lead you to the grave

And the grave will decay
You and turn you to dust
Not one girl in fifty
A poor boy can trust

They'll hug you and kiss you
And tell you more lies
Than cross lines on a railroad
Or stars in the skies

So come all your 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
You'll all be forsaken
And never know why.