

On Top Of Old Smokey

US trad.

D G D D G D

On top of Old Smokey All cov-ered with snow

A A7 D G D

I lost my true lov-er For court-ing too slow (For)

On top of Old Smokey,
All covered in snow,
I lost my true lover
From courtin' too slow.

For meetin' is pleasure
And partin' is grief,
And a false-hearted true-love
Is worse than a thief.

A thief he'll but rob you
And take what you have,
But a false-hearted true love
Will send you to your grave.

Your grave will decay you
And turn you to dust,
Not one boy in fifty
That a poor girl can trust.

They'll hug you and kiss you,
They'll tell you more lies,
Than crossties on a railroad
Or stars in the skies.

Just as sure as the dew falls
All on the green corn,
Last night he was with me,
This mornin' he's gone.