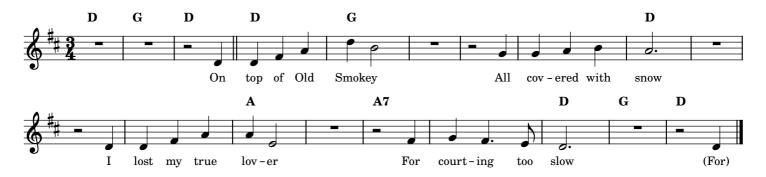
On Top Of Old Smokey

US trad.



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.