On Top Of Old Smoky

1) On top of Old Smoky, all covered with snow,
   I lost my true lover, by a thief.
2) Well, a court-in's a pleasure, and parting is worse
   than a thief's grave.
3) For a thief he will rob you, and take what you own,
   you poor girl, can you trust?
4) And the thief will decay you, and turn you to dust.
   you court in the poor girl who they please.
5) They'll hug you and kiss you, and tell you more lies.
   they court whom they low green will know why.
6) They'll tell you they love you, just to give your heart ease.
   And your true love will leave you, and you'll know why.
7) So come all you young maidens, and listen to the story,
   and the roots they will take care of old Smoky.
8) For the leaves they will wither, and the roots they will grow.
   And your true love will leave you, and you'll know why.

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