On Top Of Old Smoky

DAD

1) On Top of Old Smo-ky, all cov-ered with snow, I
   lost my true lov-er, by a-court-in’ too slow.

2) Well, a-court-ing’s a pleasure,
   And parting is grief.
   But a false-hearted lover
   Is worse than a thief.

3) A thief he will rob you
   And take all you have.
   But a false-hearted lover
   Will send you to your grave.

4) And the grave will decay you
   And turn you to dust.
   And where is the young man
   A poor girl can trust.

5) They’ll hug you and kiss you
   And tell you more lies.
   Than the cross-ties on the railroad
   Or the stars in the skies.

6) They’ll tell you they love you
   Just to give your heart ease.
   But the minute your back’s turned
   They’ll court whom they please.

7) So come all you young maidens
   And listen to me.
   Never place your affection
   On a green willow tree.

8) For the leaves they will wither
   And the roots they will die.
   And your true love will leave you.
   And you’ll never know why.