On Top of Old Smokey (1951, The Weavers, Pete Seeger, lyrics, 3/4 time)

FCOn top of Old Smokey, All covered with snowG7CI lost my true lover for courtin' so slow

FCFor courting's a pleasure, but parting is griefG7CFCAnd the false hearted lover is worse than a thief

FCA thief will just rob you, and take what you haveG7CFCBut a false hearted lover will lead you to the grave

FCAnd the grave will decay you and turn you to dustG7CFCNot one boy in a hundred, a poor girl can trust

FCThey'll hug you and kiss you and tell you more liesG7CFCThan cross ties on a railroad, or stars in the sky

FCSo, come all you maidens, and listen to meG7CFCNever place your affection, on a green willow tree

FCThe leaves, they will wither, the roots they will dieG7CFCYou'll all be forsaken, and never know why





