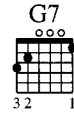
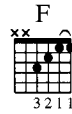
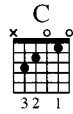


# On Top of Old Smoky

Kentucky Mountain Folksong



**Strum Pattern: 8**  
**Pick Pattern: 8**

Verse

Moderately

C                      F                                      C

*mf*  
1. On top of Old Smo - ky, \_\_\_\_\_ all cov - ered with snow, \_\_\_\_\_ I  
2. - 8. See additional lyrics

T			1		1		0	0	0
A		2	2	2	2	2	0	2	0
B	3	3	3				3		3

1. - 7.      8.

G7                                      C

lost my true lov - er, \_\_\_\_\_ by a - court - in' too slow. \_\_\_\_\_ 2. Well, a - \_\_\_\_\_

			1		0	0	0	0	0
	2	0	0	0	0	2	3	2	0
3							3		3

*Additional Lyrics*

- |  |  |  |
|--|--|--|
| <p>2. Well, a-courting's a pleasure,<br/>And parting is grief.<br/>But a false-hearted lover<br/>Is worse than a thief.</p>                      | <p>3. A thief he will rob you<br/>And take all you have,<br/>But a false-hearted lover<br/>Will send you to your grave.</p>                            | <p>4. And the grave will decay you<br/>And turn you to dust.<br/>And where is the young man<br/>A poor girl can trust?</p> |
| <p>5. They'll hug you and kiss you<br/>And tell you more lies<br/>Than the cross-ties on the railroad,<br/>Or the stars in the skies.</p>        | <p>6. They'll tell you they love you,<br/>Just to give your heart ease.<br/>But the minute your back's turned,<br/>They'll court whom they please.</p> | <p>7. So come all you young maidens<br/>And listen to me,<br/>Never place your affection<br/>On a green willow tree.</p>   |
| <p>8. For the leaves they will wither<br/>And the roots they will die.<br/>And your true love will leave you,<br/>And you'll never know why.</p> |  |  |