

## **On Top Of Old Smokey**

Early 1900's

A traditional folk song and a well-known ballad of the United States. Old Smoky may be a high mountain somewhere in the Ozarks or the central Appalachians. Possibilities include Clingman's Dome, named "Smoky Dome" by local Scots-Irish inhabitants, but exactly which mountain it is may be lost to antiquity.

### **LYRICS**

On top of Old Smokey,  
All covered with snow,  
I lost my true lover,  
For courting too slow.

For courting's a pleasure,  
But parting is grief,  
And a false-hearted lover,  
Is worse than a thief.

A thief will just rob you,  
And take what you have,  
But a false-hearted lover,  
Will lead you to your grave.

The grave will decay you,  
And turn you to dust,  
Not one boy in a hundred  
A poor girl can trust.

They'll hug you and kiss you,  
And tell you more lies,  
Than crossties on a railroad,  
Or stars in the sky.

So come ye young maidens,  
And listen to me,  
Never place your affection  
In a green willow tree.

For the leaves they will wither,  
The roots they will die,  
And you'll be forsaken,  
And never know why.

### **Related Research Topics**

Piano

Appalachian Mountains

Ozark Mountains