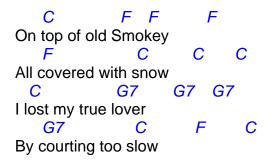
On Top of Old Smokey traditional



Courting is a pleasure, but parting is a grief An' a false hearted lover is worst than a thief

For a thief will rob you, an' take what you give But a false hearted lover will lead you to your grave

The grave will decay you, an' turn you to dust Show me a boy, that a poor girl can trust

For, they'll hug an' they'll kiss you. an' tell you more lies That th crossties on a railroad or the stars in the sky

> Come all you young girls, an' listen to me Don't place your reflection on a green willow tree

For, the leaves they will wither an' the roots will decay An' a false hearted lover will soon fade away