

Ole Smokey

The Brothers Four

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

For courting's a pleasure,
and parting is grief,
but 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 the grave.
The grave it.

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

Come on you true lovers
and listen to me
Never your affection
On a green willow tree

The leaves they will wither,
The roots they will die,
will forsaken,
And never know why.

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I lost my true lover,
For courting too slow.