

## Ole Smokey

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

For courting is pleasure,  
And parting is grief,  
But false-hearted lovers,  
Are worse than a thief.

A thief will just rob you,  
And take what you have,  
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.

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.