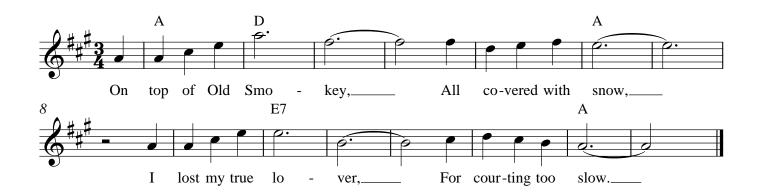
On Top of Old Smokey

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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.