





On Top of Old Smokey

Traditional

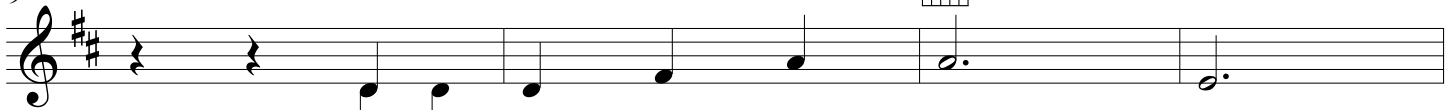
D  G 




1. On top of Old Smo - key
 2. For court - ing's a plea - sure,
 3. A thief will just rob you

5 

all cov - ered with snow. _____
 but part - ing is grief. _____
 and take what you have.... _____

9 

I lost my true lov - er
 A false heart - ed lov - er
 But a false heart - ed love - er

13 

a court - ing too slow. _____
 is worse than a thief. _____
 will lead to the grave. _____



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

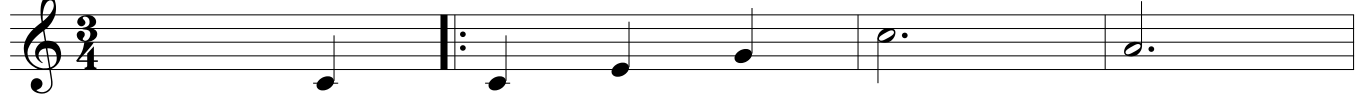
Come all you young maidens
 And listen to me
 Never place your affections
 On a green willow tree

For the leaves they will wither
 The roots will die
 You'll all be forsaken
 And never know why


On Top of Old Smokey


Traditional

C  F 





1. On top of Old Smokey
 2. For court-ing's a pleasure,
 3. A thief will just rob you

5 







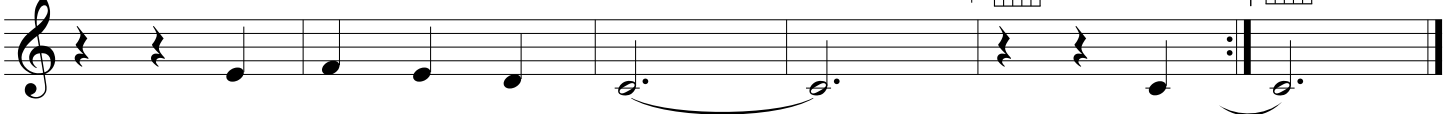
all covered with snow.
 but part-ing is grief.
 and take what you have....

9 



I lost my true lover
 A false heart-ed lover
 But a false heart-ed love

13   1, 2.   3.



a court-ing too slow.
 is worse than a thief.
 will lead to the grave.



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

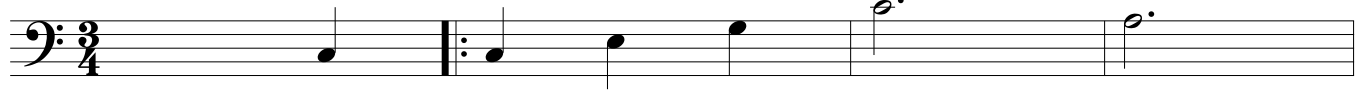
Come all you young maidens
 And listen to me
 Never place your affections
 On a green willow tree

For the leaves they will wither
 The roots will die
 You'll all be forsaken
 And never know why


On Top of Old Smokey


Traditional

C  F 





1. On top of Old Smokey
 2. For court-ing's a pleasure,
 3. A thief will just rob you

5 

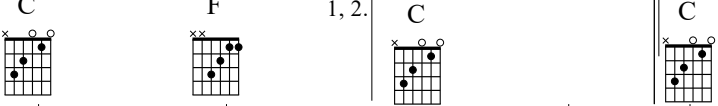


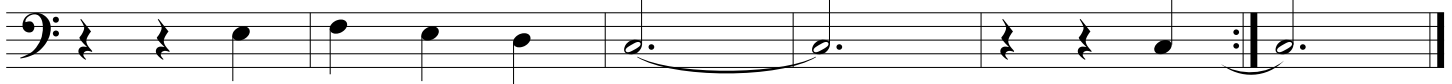
all covered with snow.
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9 



I lost my true lover
 A false heart-ed lover
 But a false heart-ed love

13 



a court-ing too slow.
 is worse than a thief.
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

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


Come all you young maidens
 And listen to me
 Never place your affections
 On a green willow tree

For the leaves they will wither
 The roots will die
 You'll all be forsaken
 And never know why

On Top of Old Smokey

Traditional

E  A 





1. On top of Old Smokey
 2. For court-ing's a pleasure,
 3. A thief will just rob you

5 








all covered with snow.
 but part-ing is grief.
 and take what you have....

9 



I lost my true lover
 A false heart-ed lover
 But a false heart-ed love-er

13  A  1, 2.  



a court-ing too slow.
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And the grave will decay you
 And turn you to dust
 Not one boy in a hundred
 A poor girl can trust

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 And listen to me
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For the leaves they will wither
 The roots will die
 You'll all be forsaken
 And never know why


On Top of Old Smokey

Traditional

D  G 



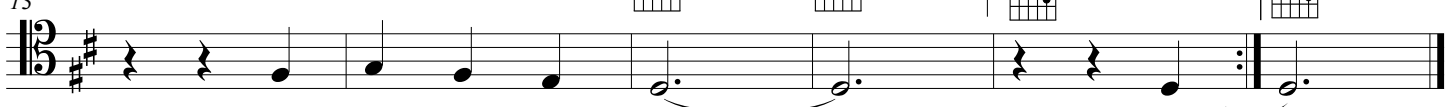
1. On top of Old Smo - key
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5 

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On Top of Old Smokey

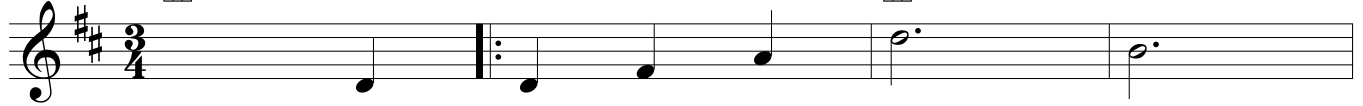
Traditional

Ukulele

D



G



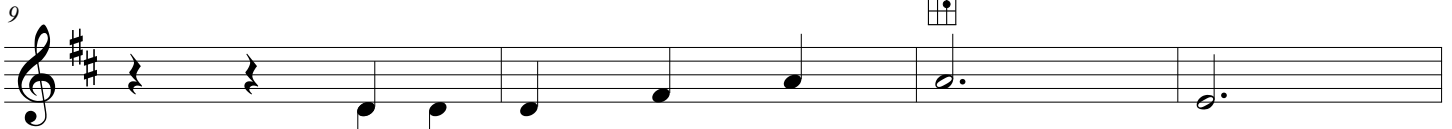
1. On top of Old Smo - key
 2. For court - ing's a plea - sure,
 3. A thief will just rob you

D



all cov - ered with snow. _____
 but part - ing is grief. _____
 and take what you have.... _____

A7



I lost my true lov - er
 A false heart - ed lov - er
 But a false heart - ed love - er

3.

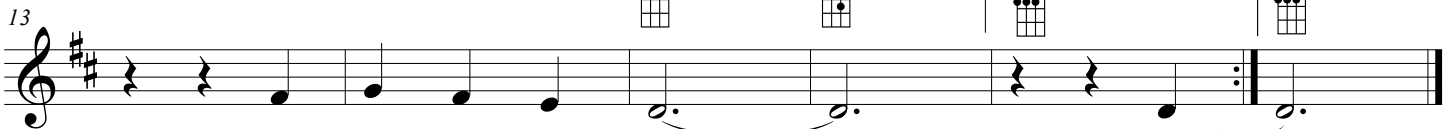
D



G



1, 2.



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