

## 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.