

YOU'LL ALL BE FORSAKEN, AND NEVER KNOW WHY

I literally grew up listening to this recording by Terry Gilkyson and *The Weavers* of *On Top of Old Smoky*.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=kjRMcfEIYZc&list=RDkjRMcfEIYZc&start_radio=1 I knew all the words when I was about seven years old. This song reached #2 on the Hit Parade in 1951. This was before Pete and his colleagues were blacklisted by the entertainment industry as a result of Senator Joseph McCarthy's allegations in 1953. The folk song *On Top of Old Smoky* was first collected by the English folklorist Cecil Sharpe in 1916 in the Appalachian mountains. You will also find this article and the recording on the HFMS Audio Archive page at:

<https://www.houstonfolkmusic.org/AudioArchives>

ON TOP OF OLD SMOKY

Traditional

A Capo II (To sing along with the record)

A **D** **A**
On top of Old Smoky, all covered with snow

A **E** **A**
I lost my true lover, for courting too slow.

Now courting is 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 the 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 cross ties on a railroad, or stars in the skies.

Come all you young maidens and listen to me
Never hang your affections on a green willow tree.

The leaves they will wither, the roots they will die
You'll all be forsaken, and never know why.