

Tom Dooley

Intro: C ///



Hang down your head Tom Dooley, hang down your head and cry,
Hang down your head Tom Dooley, poor boy, you're bound to die.

I met her on the mountain, and there I took her life,
Met her on the mountain and stabbed her with my knife.

Hang down your head Tom Dooley, hang down your head and cry,
Hang down your head Tom Dooley, poor boy, you're bound to die.

This time tomorrow, reckon' where I'll be,
Hadn't been for Grayson, I'd a been in Tenne-ssee.

Hang down your head Tom Dooley, hang down your head and cry,
Hang down your head Tom Dooley, poor boy, you're bound to die.

This time tomorrow, reckon' where I'll be,
Down in some lonesome valley, a-hangin' from a white oak tree.

Hang down your head Tom Dooley, hang down your head and cry,
Hang down your head Tom Dooley, poor boy, you're bound to die.

So, take my ukulele, and play it all you please,
For this time tomorrow, boys, it'll be no use to me

Hang down your head Tom Dooley, hang down your head and cry,
Hang down your head Tom Dooley, poor boy, you're bound to die.

Poor boy, you're bound to die
(slower) Poor boy, you're bound to die

