

# tom dooley as sung by Doc Watson

<sup>G</sup> Hang your head <sup>C</sup> Tom Dooley,  
<sup>C</sup> oh hang your head and cry  
<sup>D7</sup> you killed little Laurie <sup>G</sup> Foster,  
and you <sup>C</sup> know you're bound to <sup>G</sup> die

<sup>G</sup> You left her by the roadside  
where you <sup>C</sup> begged to be <sup>G</sup> excused  
<sup>D7</sup> you left her by the roadside  
then you hid her clothes and shoes

<sup>G</sup> You took her on the <sup>C</sup> hillside for to make her your wife  
<sup>D7</sup> you took her on the <sup>G</sup> hillside and there you took her <sup>C</sup> life (refrain)

<sup>G</sup> You dug the grave four feet long and you dug it three feet deep  
<sup>D7</sup> you rolled the cold clay over her and <sup>G</sup> tromped it with your feet (refrain)

<sup>G</sup> Trouble oh it's trouble, a-rollin through my breast  
<sup>D7</sup> as long as I'm a-livin boys they ain't a-gonna let me <sup>G</sup> rest

<sup>G</sup> I know they're gonna <sup>C</sup> hang me tomorrow I'll be <sup>G</sup> dead  
though I <sup>D7</sup> never even harmed a hair on <sup>G</sup> poor little Laurie's head

<sup>G</sup> In this world and one more then <sup>C</sup> reckon where I'll be  
<sup>D7</sup> if it wasn't for Sheriff <sup>G</sup> Grayson, I'd be in <sup>C</sup> Tennessee (refrain)

<sup>G</sup> You can take down my old violin and play it all you please  
<sup>D7</sup> for at this time tomorrow boys it'll be of no use to me

<sup>G</sup> At this time tomorrow where do you reckon I'll be  
<sup>D7</sup> away down yonder in the holler <sup>C</sup> hangin from a white oak <sup>G</sup> tree (refrain)

