

Tom Dooley – Traditional Folk Song

<http://www.kanikapila.us/lyrics.html>

[F] Hang down your head, Tom Dooley, hang down your head And [C] cry.
[C7] Hang down your head, Tom Dooley, poor boy you're bound to [F] die.

[F] I met her on a mountain, there I took her [C] life,
[C7] met her on a mountain, stabbed her with my [F] knife.

[F] Hang down your head, Tom Dooley, hang down your head And [C] cry.
[C7] Hang down your head, Tom Dooley, poor boy you're bound to [F] die.

[F] This time tomorrow, reckon' where I'll [C] be,
[C7] hadn't of been for Grayson, I'da been in Tenne [F] see!

[F] Hang down your head, Tom Dooley, hang down your head And [C] cry.
[C7] Hang down your head, Tom Dooley, poor boy you're bound to [F] die.

[F] This time tomorrow, reckon' where I'll [C] be,
[C7] down in some lonesome valley, hangin' from a White Oak [F] tree!

[F] Hang down your head, Tom Dooley, hang down your head And [C] cry.
[C7] Hang down your head, Tom Dooley, poor boy you're bound to [F] die.

[C7] Poor boy you're bound to [F] die.
[C7] Poor boy you're bound to [F] die.
[C7] Poor boy you're bound to [F] die.

