

Tom Dooley

Words & Music:
Traditional American

*Tom Dula ("Tom Dooley") was, in fact, not guilty of the murder of Laura Grayson in 1866.
But, he was apparently an accomplice in covering up the crime.*

CHORUS:

C G7
Hang down your head, Tom Dooley, hang down your head and cry.
G7 F C
Hang down your head, Tom Dooley, poor boy you're bound to die.

C G7
I met her on the mountain, and there I took her life,
G7 F C
I met her on the mountain, stabbed her with my knife.

CHORUS:

Hand me down my banjo, I'll pick it on my knee,
This time tomorrow, it'll be no use to me.

CHORUS:

This time tomorrow, reckon where I'll be?
If it hadn't a-been for Grayson, I'd a-been in Tennessee.

CHORUS:

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

CHORUS:

Tom Dooley Original Lyrics

Hang your head, Tom Dooley, hang your head and cry;
You killed poor Laurie Foster and you know you're bound to die.

You left her by the roadside where you begged to be excused;

You left her by the roadside, then you hid her clothes and shoes.

Hang your head, Tom Dooley, hang your head and cry;
You killed poor Laurie Foster and you know you're bound to die.

You took her on the hillside for to make her your wife;
You took her on the hillside and therd you took her life.

You dug the grave four feet long and you dug it three feet deep;
You rolled the cold clay over her and tromped it with your feet.

Hang your head, Tom Dooley, hang your head and cry;
You killed poor Laurie Foster and you know you're bound to die.

"Trouble, oh it's trouble a-rollin' through my breast;
As long as I'm a-livin', boys, they ain't a-gonna let me rest.

I know they're gonna hang me; tomorrow I'll be dead,
Though I never even harmed a hair on poor little Laurie's head."

Hang your head, Tom Dooley, hang your head and cry;
You killed poor Laurie Foster and you know you're bound to die.

"In this world and one more, then reckon where I'll be;
If is wasn't for Sheriff Grayson, I'd be in Tennessee.

You can take down my old violin and play it all you please.
For at this time tomorrow, boys, it'll be of no use to me."

Hang your head, Tom Dooley, hang your head and cry;
You killed poor Laurie Foster and you know you're bound to die.

"At this time tomorrow, where do you reckon I'll be?
Away down yonder in the holler, hangin' on a white oak tree.

Hang your head, Tom Dooley, hang your head and cry;
You killed poor Laurie Foster and you know you're bound to die.