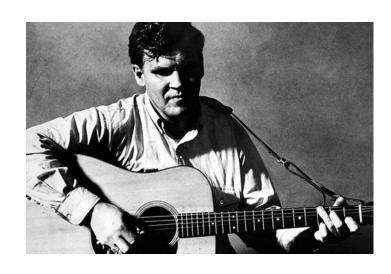
tom dooley as sung by Doc Watson

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

You left her by the roadside
where you begged to be excused
D7
you left her by the roadside
C
then you hid her clothes and shoes



You took her on the hillside for to make her your wife you took her on the hillside and there you took her life (refrain)

You dug the grave four feet long and you dug it three feet deep

Or

You rolled the cold clay over her and tromped it with your feet (refrain)

Trouble oh it's trouble, a-rollin through my breast

D7

G

C

G

G

C

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

In this world and one more then reckon where I'll be both the control of the cont

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

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