

NOTES
HANG
Dooley
E-G
TOM
Dooley
101111300407

(Chorus)

G
** Hang your head, Tom Dooley, → Hang your head and cry;
D
** You killed poor Laurie Foster, And you know you're bound to die.

G C
You left her by the roadside → Where you begged to be excused;
D G C
You left her by the roadside, Then you hid her clothes and shoes.

(Chorus)

G C
You took her on the hillside For to make her your wife;
D G C
You took her on the hillside, And there you took her life.
G C
You dug the grave four feet long And you dug it three feet deep;
D G C
You rolled the cold clay over her And tromped it with your feet.

(Chorus)

G C
"Trouble, oh it's trouble A-rollin' through my breast;
D G C
As long as I'm a-livin', boys, They ain't a-gonna let me rest.
G C
I know they're gonna hang me, Tomorrow I'll be dead,
D G C
Though I never even harmed a hair On poor little Laurie's head."

(Chorus)

G C
"In this world and one more Then reckon where I'll be;
D G C
If is wasn't for Sheriff Grayson, I'd be in Tennessee.
G C
You can take down my old violin And play it all you please.
D G C
For at this time tomorrow, boys, It'll be of no use to me."

(Chorus)

G C
"At this time to-morrow Where do you reckon I'll be?
D G C
Away down yonder in the holler Hangin' on a white oak tree.