

TOM DOOLEY

	<u>D</u>			A ⁷
D	0	2	1	3
A	0	3	0	2
D	2	4	3	4

CHORUS

D **A7**
 Hang down your head, Tom Dooley. Hang down your head and cry.
A7 **D**
 Hang down your head Tom Dooley. Poor boy you're bound to die.

Verse 1

D **A7**
 Met her on the moun-tain, and there I took her life.
A7 **D**
 Met her on the moun-tain. Stabbed her with my knife.

CHORUS

Verse 2

D **A7**
 This time to-mor-row reck-on where I'll be
A7 **D**
 Hadn't been for Gray-son—I'd be in Ten-ne-see

CHORUS

Verse 3

D **A7**
 This time to-mor-row, reck-on where I'll be
A7 **D**
 Down in some lone-some valley hang-ing from a white oak tree.

CHORUS