Tom Dooley

Traditionell

G
Hang down your head Tom Dooley,
D
hang down your head an cry.

Hang down your head Tom Dooley,
G
Poor boy, you `re bound to die.

G
1. Met her on a mountain,
D
Swore, she be my wife.

But the gale refused me,
G
So I stabbed her with my knife.

G
Hang down your head Tom Dooley,
D
hang down your head an cry.

Hang down your head Tom Dooley,
G
Poor boy, you `re bound to die.

G
2. This time come tomorrow
D
Reckon where I`ll be.

In some lonesome valley
G
hanging from a white oak tree.