Tom Dooley

Trad, Arranged by Elijah K. Wilbury

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Hang your head, Tom Dooley,
G7
Hang your head and cry;
You killed poor Laurie Foster,
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And you know you're bound to die.

You left her by the roadside
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 gonna to die.

You took her on the hillside
And swore she'd be your wife;
You took her on the hillside,
And there you took her life.

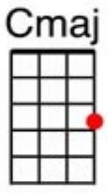
You dug the grave four feet long
And you dug it three feet deep;
You rolled the cold clay over her
And tromped it with your feet.

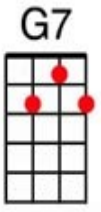
Hang your head, Tom Dooley,
Hang your head and cry;
You killed poor Laurie Foster,
And you know you're bound to die.

"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 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 banjo
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?
Down in a lonesome valley
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.

And now my life is over
I'm sure you want to hear
All the gory details
You can have em for one last beer

I met her on the hillside
I swore she'd be my wife
But the bitch refused me
So I stabbed her with my knife

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