

G
Hang down your head Tom Dooley,

Hang down your head and cry,

D
Killed poor Laura Foster,
G
You know you're bound to die.

You took her on the hillside
As God almighty knows,
You took her on the hillside
And there you hid her clothes.

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You took her by the roadside
Where you begged to be excused,
You took her by the roadside
Where there you hid her shoes.

You took her on the hillside
To make her your wife,
You took her on the hillside
Where there you took her life.

Take down my old violin
And play it all you please,
At this time tomorrow
It'll be no use to me.

I dug a grave four feet long,
I dug it three feet deep,
And throwed the cold clay o'er her
And tramped it with my feet.

This world and one more then
Where do you reckon I'd be,
If it hadn't been for Grayson
I'd-a-been in Tennessee.