

Bluegrass Songs - Lyrics
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Tom Dooley

Hang down your head Tom Dooley
Hang down your head and cry
Killed poor Laura Foster
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

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 than
Where do you reckon I'd be
If it hadn't been for Grayson
I'd a been in Tennessee