

# Tom Dooley

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A  
B

4/4

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T  
A  
B

4/4

1 2 + 3 4

Aus den U  
E7

A

Hang down your head, Tom Doo-ley, hang down your head and cry,

A

hang down your head, Tom Doo-ley, poor boy, you're bound to die.

A  
2. I met her on the mountain,  
E7  
I swore she'd be my wife,  
but the gal refused me,  
A  
so I stabbed her with my knife.

A  
3. This time come tomorrow,  
E7  
reckon where I'll be,  
in some lonesome valley  
A  
hangin' from a white oak tree.