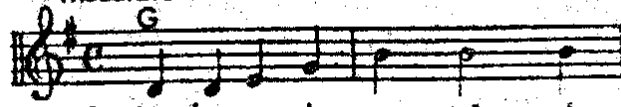
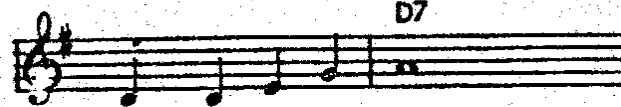


TOM DOOLEY

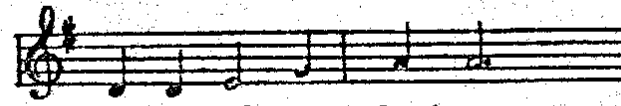
Moderate



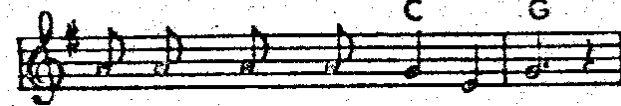
I, Met her on the moun - tain, I



swore she'd be my wife, —

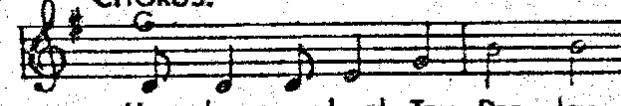


But the gal re - fused me, —

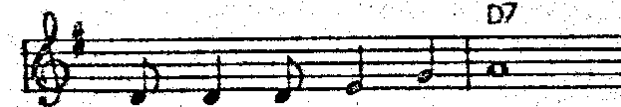


So I stabbed her with my knife. —

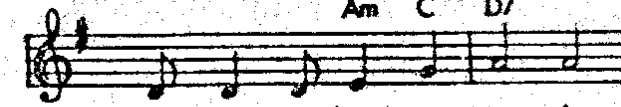
CHORUS:



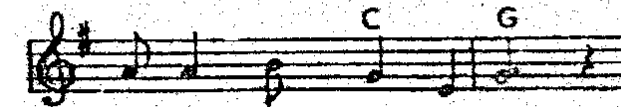
Hang down your head, Tom Doo - ley,



Hang down your head and cry. —



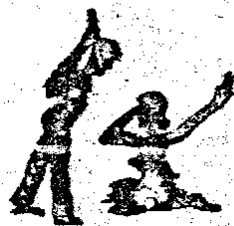
Hang down your head, Tom Doo - ley,



Poor boy, you're bound to die. —

2. She was fair and lovely,
She broke my heart in two,
She refused to love me,
What the heck was I to do? (Chorus)

3. This time come to-morrow,
I reckon where I'll be,
In some lonesome valley,
Hang-in' from a white oak tree.
(Chorus)



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