TOM DOOLEY

Moderate

G

1. Met her on the mountain,
swore she'd be my wife,

But the gal refused me,

So I stabbed her with my knife.

CHORUS:

Hang down your head, Tom Dooly,

Hang down your head and cry.

Hang down your head, Tom Dooly,

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)