

Tom Dooley.....Traditional

G D7
Hand me down my banjo, I'll pick it on my knee.
D7 G
This time tomorrow night it'll be no use to me.
G D7
I met her on the mountain, I swore she'd be my wife,
D7 G
I met her on the mountain, and I stabbed her with my knife.

Chorus:

G D7
Hang down your head, Tom Dooley, hang down your head and cry,
D7 G
Hang down your head, Tom Dooley, poor boy, you're bound to die.

G D7
This time tomorrow, reckon where I'll be,
D7 G
Down in some lonesome valley hangin' from a white-oak tree.
G D7
I had my trial at Wilksboro', and what'd you reckon they done?
D7 G
They bound me over to Statesville and that's where I'll be hung.

Chorus

G D7
The limb bein' oak, boys, the rope bein' strong,
D7 G
Bow down your head, Tom Dooley, you know you're gonna be hung.
G D7
Mammy, O Mammy, don't you weep or cry,
D7 G
I've killed poor Laurie Foster and you know I'm bound to die.

Chorus

G D7
Pappy, O Pappy, what shall I do?
D7 G
I lost all my money and kille poor Laurie, too.
G D7
O what my Mammy told me, is about to come to pass,
D7 G
Red whisky and pretty women, would be my ruin at last.

Chorus