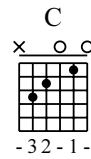
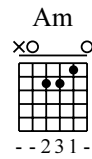
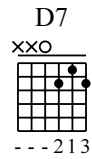
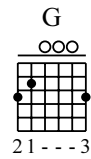


# Tom Dooley

aus den USA



1

G C G C D7

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

5

C D7 C *fine* G

Hang down your head, Tom Doo- ley, poor boy, you'rebound to die.

9

G C G C D7

I met her on the moun- tain, I swore she'd be my wife  
This time come to- mor- row, rec- kon where I'll be.

13

Am D7 C G *D.C. al Fine*

But the girl re - fused me and stabbed her with my knife.  
Down in some lone- some val- ley, han- gin' from a white oak tree.