

Tom Dooley

Ch. Hang down your head, Tom Dooley,

Hang down your head and cry.

Hang down your head, Tom Dooley,

Poor boy, you're bound to die.

2. Met her on the mountain.

There I took her life.

Met her on the mountain,

Stabbed her with my knife.

3. This time tomorrow,

Reckon where I'll be.

Down in some lonesome valley,

Hanging from a white oak tree.