



Hang down your head, Tom Dooley hang down your head and cry

hang down your head, Tom Doo-ley poor boy, you're bound to die

You met her on the moun-tain and there you took her life

you met her on the moun-tain and stabbed her with your knife.

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
 You met her on the mountain
 There you took her life
 Met her on the mountain
 Stabbed her with your knife

Hang down your head, Tom Dooley ...
 You took her on the hillside,
 to make this girl your wife,
 You took her on the hillside,
 and there you took her life.

Hang down your head, Tom Dooley ...
 You took her by the roadside
 where you begged to be excused,
 You took her by the roadside
 and there you hit her shoes.

Hang down your head, Tom Dooley ...
 You dug a grave four feet long,
 you dug it three feet deep,
 and threw the cold clay o'er her
 and tramped it with your feet.

Hang down your head, Tom Dooley ...
 This time will come tomorrow
 Reckon where you'll be
 in some lonesome valley
 hanging from a white oak tree.