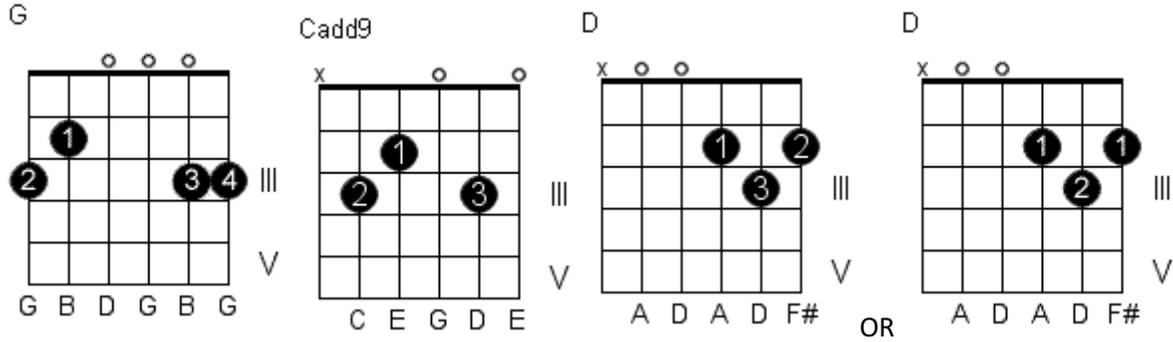


Tom Dooley

Strumming Pattern: DD, DUDU

Capo on fret 3

Chords Used:



Chorus

G Cadd9 G
 Hang your head, Tom Dooley, hang your head and cry;
 D G Cadd9 G
 You killed poor Laurie Foster, and now you're bound to die.

Verse

(G) Cadd9 G
 You left her by the roadside, where you begged to be excused;
 D G Cadd9 G
 You left her by the roadside, then you hid her clothes and shoes.

(Chorus)

Verse

(G) Cadd9 G
 You took her on the hillside, for to make her your wife;
 D G Cadd9 G
 You took her on the hillside, and there you took her life.
 (G) Cadd9 G
 You dug the grave four feet long, and you dug it three feet deep;
 D G Cadd9 G
 You rolled the cold clay over her and tromped it with your feet.

(Chorus)

Verse

(G) Cadd9 G
 "Trouble, oh it's trouble, a-rollin' through my breast;
 D G Cadd9 G
 As long as I'm a-livin', boys, they ain't a-gonna let me rest.
 (G) Cadd9 G
 I know they're gonna hang me, tomorrow I'll be dead,
 D G Cadd9 G
 Though I never even harmed a hair on poor little Laurie's head."

(Chorus)

Verse

(G) Cadd9 G
"In this world and one more then reckon where I'll be;
D G Cadd9 G
If it wasn't for Sheriff Grayson, I'd be in Tennessee.
(G) Cadd9 G
You can take down my old violin and play it all you please.
D G Cadd9 G
For at this time tomorrow, boys, it'll be of no use to me."

(Chorus)

Verse

(G) Cadd9 G
"At this time tomorrow, where do you reckon I'll be?
D G Cadd9 G
Away down yonder in the holler, hangin' on a white oak tree.

(Chorus)