

# Doc Watson, Tom Dooley

Hang your head, Tom Dooley,  
Hang your head and cry;  
You killed poor Laurie Foster,  
And you know you're bound to die.  
You left her by the roadside  
Where you begged to be excused;  
You left her by the roadside,  
Then you hid her clothes and shoes.

Hang your head, Tom Dooley,  
Hang your head and cry;  
You killed poor Laurie Foster,  
And you know you're bound to die.

You took her on the hillside  
For to make her your wife;  
You took her on the hillside,  
And ther you took her life.

You dug the grave four feet long  
And you dug it three feet deep;  
You rolled the cold clay over her  
And tromped it with your feet.

Hang your head, Tom Dooley,  
Hang your head and cry;  
You killed poor Laurie Foster,  
And you know you're bound to die.

"Trouble, oh it's trouble  
A-rollin' through my breast;  
As long as I'm a-livin', boys,  
They ain't a-gonna let me rest.

I know they're gonna hang me,  
Tomorrow I'll be dead,  
Though I never even harmed a hair  
On poor little Laurie's head."

Hang your head, Tom Dooley,  
Hang your head and cry;  
You killed poor Laurie Foster,  
And you know you're bound to die.

"In this world and one more  
Then reckon where I'll be;  
If is wasn't for Sheriff Grayson,  
I'd be in Tennessee.

You can take down my old violin  
And play it all you please.  
For at this time tomorrow, boys,  
It'll be of no use to me."

Hang your head, Tom Dooley,  
Hang your head and cry;  
You killed poor Laurie Foster,  
And you know you're bound to die.

"At this time tomorrow  
Where do you reckon I'll be?  
Away down yonder in the holler  
Hangin' on a white oak tree.

Hang your head, Tom Dooley,  
Hang your head and cry;  
You killed poor Laurie Foster,  
And you know you're bound to die.