

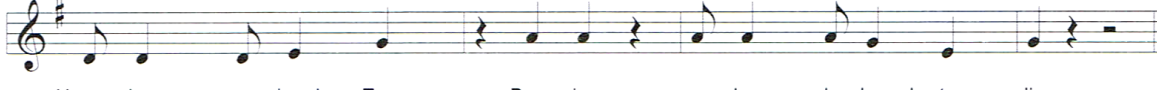
# TOM DOOLEY

G *Refrain* D7




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

G



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

G *Strophe* D7



1. Met her on the moun - tain, swore, she'd be my wife,  
2. This time come to - mor - row, re - ckon where I'll be,

G



but the gal re - fused me, so I stabbed her with my knife. *D.C.*  
in some lone - some val - ley, han - ging from a white oak tree