

Tom Dooley

The Smothers Brothers

(Alan Lomax/Frank M. Warner)

(Dialogue by Tom & Dick Smothers)

(TOM) We'd like to do at this time a song that my brother wrote.

This is--this is an original song my brother wrote--

(DICK) All kidding aside.

(TOM) --five years ago, my brother wrote this song in a fit of creative, passionate genius. My brother wrote this song.

And it was--we only performed it--my brother and myself--only, three times.

We've performed this song three times and it was immediately stoled from us by this other commercial crass--

(DICK) It was stolen???

(TOM) It was stolen from us by this other commercial crass group.

They stole the song. They never acknowledged--

(DICK) Now Tommy, don't go into that--

(TOM) They just stole the song from my brother.

(DICK) Tom, don't go into that, it's--it's just embarrassing to say those accusations--

(TOM) They're--they're adults. They're entitled to know.

(DICK) Ohhhh!

(TOM) They stole the song from my brother--

(DICK) Along with my luggage.

(TOM) Along with his luggage.

(DICK) Right.

(TOM) And they--they put it on one of the major record companies and they never once ack--they had sold over three million records. My brother's song that he wrote, and they never acknowledged it, as a result it sold over three million records and it was his own--pay attention --as a result, every time we perform my own brothers' song, that he wrote in his creative effort and genius re--responsible. Every time we perform this--his own song, we've been . . . ridiculed.

(DICK) And persecuted.

(TOM) And persecuted. We've been ridiculed and persecuted every time we perform this song that people will come up and say "I heard your show and ya--you stole that song from that other commercial crass group. We just stole that song . . . so we gotta ridicule you--prosecute you."

(DICK) "Persecute" you.

(TOM) Persecute you.

So I'd like to take the this time to set the record straight . . . as my brothers been deprived--depraved of the one--

(DICK) You were right the first time.

(TOM) He was depraved of this opportunity of having--for posterity to understand and enjoy--He's been--I'd like to publicly dedicate the performance of this song to my younger brother for his creative effort and genius in writing this song.

(DICK) No--no, you don't have to do that.

(TOM) I'm going to Dickie.

(DICK) Ohh.

(TOM) I'D LIKE TO PUBLICLY DEDICATE TO YOU, DICKIE SMOTHERS, THE--THE CREATIVE EFFORT AND GENIUS RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS SONG. I'D LIKE TO PUBLICLY DEDICATE TO YOU AT THIS TIME!

(DICK) Thanks.

(TOM) Swell!

(DICK) Thanks a lot!

(TOM) Heh! --You're welcome!

(DICK) We'd like to perform it for you now and I'm sure you've--you've all heard the song many times before. But we'd like to do it for you . . . in the original first time . . . the first time way . . . the original--

(DICK) No, no, you mean the virgin edition.

(TOM) The what?

(DICK) I said, "You mean the virgin edition."

We'll sing it in the virgin edition.

(TOM) Uh . . . I dunno what that means . . . hehe!

(DICK) Oh, come on!

(TOM) "Edition" . . . I dunno what it means.

(DICK) Edition--

(TOM) We'd like to do it in it's original version.

(DICK) No, sing . . . sing it.

Ready?

(TOM) I'm ready.

(TOM) I knew we'd be ridiculed. . . heh!

[INSTRUMENTAL INTRO]

(TOM SINGING LEAD, DICKIE ON BACKUP VOCALS)

(DICK) Oooh--ooh, ooh-ooh-oooh

(TOM) Throughout historyâ€” . . .

There's been the story of the internal triangle--eternal triangleâ€”This particular eternal triangle concerned a condemned man . . . named Tom Crudely

A man named Jason, and another man named Sally Jean Johnson

(DICK INTERRUPTING) Hey now--cut that out!â€”Oh hang down your head, Tom Dooleyâ€”Poor boy--hang down your head and cry . . . aha-ha!â€”Hang down your head, Tom Dooleyâ€”Poor boy, you're . . . hung!â€”I met her on a mountainâ€”Oh, there I took her . . . several times â€”I met her on a mountainâ€”Stabbed her with my knife Hang your head down . . . (Dooley)â€”Hang your head down . . . (Dooley)â€”Hang down your head, Tom Dooley (Poor boy)

Hang down your head and cry . . . ha, ha-ha

Hang down your hang John Bunyanâ€”Poor boy, you're . . . hung!

[LAUGHTER & APPLAUSE TO FADE]

Lyrics submitted by Doug Hoyer.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>