

# Tom Dooley

## Doc Watson

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 there 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 it 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

Songwriters

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