

# Tom Dooley - Doc Watson

Bluegrass Classic, Key of **A** My Key: \_\_\_\_

**INTRO: 2X** ( **1 4** , **4 1** , **5 1** , **4 1** )

**1** Hang your head Tom **4** Dooley, hang your head and **1** cry  
You **5** killed poor Laurie **1** Foster, and you **4** know you're bound to **1** die  
You **1** left her by the **4** roadside, where-you-begged to be ex- **1** cused  
You **5** left her by the **1** roadside, then you **4** hid her clothes and **1** shoes

**CHORUS:** **1** Hang your head, Tom **4** Dooley, hang your head and **1** cry  
You **5** killed poor Laurie **1** Foster  
And you **4** know you're bound to **1** die

**INSTRUMENTAL:** **1 4** , **4 1** , **5 1** , **4 1**

You **1** took her on the **4** hillside, for to make her your **1** wife  
You **5** took her on the **1** hillside, and **4** there you took her **1** life  
You **1** dug the grave, **4** four feet long, and you dug it three feet **1** deep  
You **5** rolled the cold clay **1** over her, and **4** tromped it with your **1** feet

**CHORUS / INSTRUMENTAL 2X**

**1** Trouble, oh it's **4** trouble, a-rollin' through my **1** breast  
As **5** long as I'm a- **1** livin', boys, they **4** ain't a-gonna let me **1** rest  
I **1** know they're gonna **4** hang me, tomorrow I'll be **1** dead  
Though I **5** never even **1** harmed a hair, on **4** poor little Laurie's **1** head

**CHORUS / INSTRUMENTAL 2X**

**1** In this world and **4** one more, then reckon where I'll **1** be  
If it **5** wasn't for Sheriff **1** Grayson, I'd **4** be in Tennes- **1** see  
You can **1** take down my old **4** violin, and play it all you **1** please  
For **5** at this time to- **1** morrow boys, it'll **4** be-of-no use to **1** me

**CHORUS / INSTRUMENTAL 2X**

**1** At this time tomorrow, **4** where do you reckon I'll **1** be  
A- **5** way down yonder in the **1** holler, **4** hangin' on a white oak **1** tree

**CHORUS / INSTRUMENTAL**

1 = A
4 = D
5 = E