

Trio Kingston

"Tom Dooley"

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Hang down your head, Tom Dooley
Hang down your head and cry
Killed poor Laura Foster
You know you're bound to die

You took her on the hillside, as God almighty knows
You took her on the hillside and there you hid her
clothes

You took her by the roadside where you begged to be
excused
You took her by the roadside where there you hid her
shoes

You took her on the hillside to make her your wife
You took her on the hillside where there you took her
life

Take down my old violin and play it as you please
At this time tomorrow, it'll be no use to me

I dug a grave four foot long, I dug it three feet deep
And threw the cold clay o'er her and tramped it with
my feet

This world and one more then where do you reckon I'd
be
If it hadn't been for Grayson, I'd a-been in Tennessee

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