

Tom Dooley

US trad.

C

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

C

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

G7

I met her on the mountain and there I took her life

C

I met her on the montain and stabbed her with my knife.

Hang down your head, Tom Dooley
Hang down your head and cry
Hang down your head, Tom Dooley
Poor boy, you're bound to die

I met her on the mountain
There I took her life
Met her on the mountain
Stabbed her with my knife

This time tomorrow
Reckon where I'll be
Hadh't a-been for Grayson
I'd a-been in Tennessee

This time tomorrow
Reckon where I'll be
Down in some lonesome valley
Hangin' from a white oak tree

Hiába sírsz, Tom Dooley,
Hiába minden már!
Hiába sírsz, Tom Dooley,
Már rád a halál vár!

Ott fenn a hegyen
jött énfelém,
Ott fenn a hegyen
szívébe döftem a kést.
Hiába sírsz, ...

Ha nem lett volna mindez
most nem ülnék láncban itt,
És holnap, ha felkel a nap
meglátnám szép Tennessee-t.
Hiába sírsz, ..

Hang down your head, Tom Dooley
Hang down your head and cry
Hang down your head, Tom Dooley
Poor boy, you're bound to die

You met her on the mountain
There you took her life
Met her on the mountain
Stabbed her with your knife

Hang down your head, Tom Dooley ...

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

Hang down your head, Tom Dooley ...

You took her on the hillside,
to make this girl your wife,
You took her on the hillside,
and there you took her life.

Hang down your head, Tom Dooley ...

You dug a grave four feet long,
you dug it three feet deep,
and threw the cold clay o'er her
and tramped it with your feet.

Hang down your head, Tom Dooley ...

This time will come tomorrow
Reckon where you'll be
in some lonesome valley
hanging from a white oak tree.