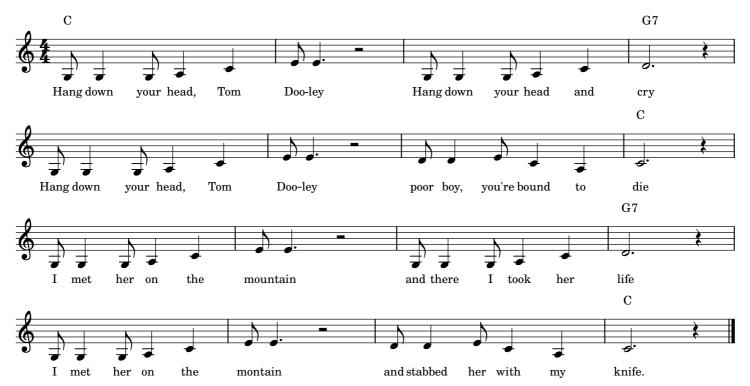
## Tom Dooley

US trad.



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 Hadn'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 yout 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 hig 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.