Pretty Polly
Ralph Stanley version

Oh Polly, Pretty Polly, would you take me unkind
Polly, Pretty Polly, would you take me unkind
Let me set beside you and tell you my mind
Well my mind is to marry and never to part
My mind is to marry and never to part
The first time I saw you it wounded my heart
Oh Polly Pretty Polly come go along with me
Polly Pretty Polly come go along with me
Before we get married some pleasures to see
Oh he led her over mountains and valleys so deep
He led her over hills and valleys so deep
Pretty Polly mistrusted and then began to weep
Oh Willie, Little Willie, I'm afraid to of your ways
Willie, Little Willie, I'm afraid of your ways
The way you've been rambling you'll lead me astray
Oh Polly, Pretty Polly, your guess is about right
Polly, Pretty Polly, your guess is about right
I dug on your grave the biggest part of last night
Oh she knelt down before him a pleading for her life
She knelt down before him a pleading for her life
Let me be a single girl if I can't be your wife
Oh Polly, Pretty Polly that never can be
Polly, Pretty Polly that never can be
Your past recitation's been trouble to me [also transcribed as past reputation]
Oh went down to the jailhouse and what did he say
He went down to the jailhouse and what did he say
I've killed Pretty Polly and trying to get away

Ralph Stanley and Patty Loveless
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3XV7mxfIlr0
Little Sadie
Doc Watson and Clarence Ashley version

Went out one night for to make a little round
I met little Sadie and I shot her down
Went back home and I got in my bed
Forty four pistol under my head
Wake up next morning 'bout a half past nine
The hacks and the buggies all standing in line
Gents and the gamblers standing all round
Taking little Sadie to her burying ground
Then I begin to think what a deed I'd done
I grabbed my hat and away I run
Made a good run but a little too slow
They overtook me in Jericho
I was standing on the corner, reading the bill
When up stepped the sheriff from Thomasville
He said, young man, ain't your name Brown?
Remember the night you shot Sadie down?
I said, yes, sir, my name is Lee
I murdered little Sadie in the first degree
And first degree and the second degree
If you got any papers, won't you read 'em to me?
They took me downtown and dressed me in black
Put me on the train and started me back
They crammed me back in that Thomasville jail
And I had no money for to go my bail
That judge and the jury, they took their stand
The judge had the papers in his right hand
Forty one days and forty one nights
Forty one years to wear the ball and the stripes

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Doc Watson
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ffQMQ7qHfqQ
Tom Dooley
Kingston Trio version

Throughout history there have been many songs
Written about the eternal triangle
This next one tells the story of a Mr. Grayson,
A beautiful woman, and a condemned man named Tom Dooley
When the sun rises tomorrow, Tom Dooley must hang
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
Hang down your head, Tom Dooley
Hang down your head and cry (ah-uh-eye)
Hang down your head, Tom Dooley
Poor boy, you're bound to die
This time tomorrow reckon where I'll be
Hadn't-a been for Grayson, I'd-a been in Tennessee (well now, boy)
Hang down (your head) your head (Dooley) and cry
Hang down your head and cry (ah poor boy ah well-ah)
Hang down (your head) your head (Dooley) and cry
Poor boy, you're bound to die (ah well now boy)
Hang down (your head) your head (Dooley) and cry
Hang down your head and cry (ah poor boy ah well-ah)
Hang down (your head) your head (Dooley) and cry
Poor boy, you're bound to die (ah well now boy)
This time tomorrow reckon where I'll be
Down in some lonesome valley hangin’ from a white oak tree

Tom Dooley by Kingston Trio
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8jqO1fKqrWs