

Dooley

G C G D
 Dooley was a good old man, he lived below the mill.
 G C G D G
 Dooley had two daughters and a 40 gallon still.
 G C G D
 One gal watched the boiler, the other watched the spout,
 G C G D G
 and mama corked the bottles when old Dooley fetched them out.

Chorus:

G C
 Dooley, slippin' up the holler, Dooley, tryin' to make a dollar,
 G D G
 Dooley, gimme a swaller and I'll pay you back someday.

The revenueurs came for him, a-slippin' thru the woods,
 Dooley kept behind them all and never lost his goods.
 Dooley was a trader when into town he come,
 Sugar by the bushel and molasses by the ton.

Chorus

I remember very well the day old Dooley died,
 the women folk looked sorry and the men stood 'round and cried.
 Now Dooley's on the mountain, he lies there all alone,
 they put a jug beside him and a barrel for a stone.

Chorus