

Dooley

(G)Dooley was a (C)good old man.
He (G)lived below the (D)mill
(G)Dooley had two (C)daughters
and a (G)forty-(D)gallon (G)still
(G)One gal watched the (C)boiler,
the (G)other watched (D)spout
(G)Mama corked the (C)bottles and
old (G)Dooley (D)fetches 'em (G)out

CHORUS:

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

The (G)revenueurs (C)came for him
a-(G)slippin' through the (D)woods
(G)Dooley kept (C)behind them all
and (G)never (D)lost his (G)goods
(G)Dooley was a (C)trader when
(G)into town he'd (D)come
(G)Sugar by the (C)bushel and
(G)molasses (D)by the (G)drum.

CHORUS:

(G)I remember (C)very well the
(G)day old Dooley (D)died
The (G)women folk weren't (C)sorry
but the (G)men stood (D)round and (G)cried
Now (G)Dooley's on the (C)mountain
he (G)lies there all (D)alone
They (G)laid a jug (C)beside him
and a (G)barrel (D)for his (G)stone.

CHORUS: