

DOOLEY

D G D A7
Dooley was a good old man he lived below the mill
D G D A7 D
Dooley had two daughters and a 40 gallon still
G D A7
One gal watched the boiler the other watched the spout
D G D A7 D
And mamma corked the bottles and old Dooley fetched them out

D G
Dooley slipping up the holler, Dooley trying to make a dollar
D A7 D
Dooley gimme a swaller and I'll pay you back someday

D G D A7
The revenueurs came for him a-slipping through the woods
D G D A7 D
Dooley kept behind them all and never lost his goods
G D A7
Dooley was a trader when into town he come
D G D A7 D
Sugar by the bushel and molasses by the ton

chorus

D G D A7
I remember very well the day old Dooley died
D G D A7 D
The women folk felt sorry and the men stood round and cried
G D A7
Now Dooley's on the mountain he lies there all alone
D G D A7 D
They put a jug beside him and a barrel for a stone

chorus