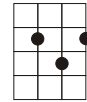


Dooley

[G] Dooley was a [C] good old boy
He [G] lived up on the [D] hill
[G] Dooley had two [C] daughters
And a [G] forty [D] gallon [G] still
One girl watched the [C] boiler
The [G] other watched the [D] spout
[G] And Mama corked the [C] bottles
When old [G] Dooley [D] fetched them [G] out

G



Chorus

[G] Dooley, slippin' through the holler
[C] Dooley, tryin' to make a dollar
[G] Dooley, gimme a swaller
And I'll pay you [D] back some [G] day
[G] Dooley, slippin' through the holler
[C] Dooley, tryin' to make a dollar
[G] Dooley, gimme a swaller
And I'll pay you [D] back some [G] day

C



[G] The revenuers came [C] for him
a [G] slippin' through the [D] woods
[G] Dooley kept be[C]hind them
And he [G] never [D] lost his [G] goods
Dooley was a [C] trader
When [G] into town he'd [D] come
[G] Sugar by the [C] barrel
and mo[G]lasses [D] by the [G] drum

D



Chorus

[G] How well that I re[C]member
the [G] day that Dooley [D] died
The [G] women all [C] looked so sad and
The [G] men folk [D] stood and [G] cried
Dooley's on the [C] mountain
he [G] lies there all [D] alone
They [G] put a jug be[C]side 'im
and a [G] barrel [D] for a [G] stone

Chorus