

Key: G

DOOLEY

(Traditional)

G Dooley was a good old man, he lived below the mill. **D**

G Dooley had two daughters and a 40-gallon still. **C D G**

One gal watched the boiler, the other watched the spout, **D**
G and mama corked the bottles when old Dooley fetched them out. **C D G**

Chorus

G Dooley, slippin' up the holler, **D**

C Dooley, tryin' to make a dollar, **G**

G Dooley, gimme a swaller and I'll pay you back someday. **D G**

Break

G The revenueurs came for him, a--slippin' thru the woods, **D**

G Dooley kept behind them all and never lost his goods. **C D G**

Dooley was a trader when into town he'd come, **D**
G sugar by the bushel and molasses by the ton. **C D G**

Chorus

G Dooley, slippin' up the holler, **D**

C Dooley, tryin' to make a dollar, **G**

G Dooley, gimme a swaller and I'll pay you back someday. **D G**

Break

G I remember very well the day old Dooley died, **D**

G the women folk looked sorry and the men stood 'round and cried. **C D G**

Now Dooley's on the mountain, he lies there all alone, **D**
G they put a jug beside him and a barrel for a stone. **C D G**

Chorus

G Dooley, slippin' up the holler, **D**

C Dooley, tryin' to make a dollar, **G**

G Dooley, gimme a swaller and I'll pay you back someday. **D G**

D And I'll pay you back someday **G**