

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

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

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

G C  
Dooley, slippin' up the holler, Dooley, tryin' to make a dollar,  
G D G  
Dooley, gimmee a swaller and I'll pay you back some-day.

G D  
The revenuers came for him, a-slippin' thru the woods,  
C G  
Dooley kept behind them all and never lost his goods.

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

(Chorus)

D C  
I remember very well the day old Dooley died,  
G G  
the women folk looked sorry and the men stood 'round and cried.

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