

Gourds, Dooley

Dooley was a good ol' man
he lived below the mill
Dooley had two daughters
and a forty-gallon still.
One gal watched the boiler
the other watched the spout
and momma corked the bottles
when ol' Dooley fetched them out.

CHORUS:

Dooley, slipping up the holler
Dooley, trying to make a dollar
Dooley, give me a swaller
I'll pay you back some day.

The revenueurs came for him
slipping through the woods
Dooley kept behind them all
he never lost his goods.
Dooley was a trader
when into town he'd come
sugar by the bushel
and molasses by the tub.

CHORUS

I remember very well
the day ol' Dooley died
the women folk looked sorry
the men stood around and cried.
Now Dooley's on the mountain
he lies there all alone
they put a jug beside him
and a barrel for a stone.

CHORUS