

## Dooley

### The Gourds

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