

## Porter Kalan

### "Dooley"

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Dooley was a good old 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  
Mama corked the bottles and old Dooley fetched them  
out.

Dooley slippin' up the holler  
Dooley tryin' to make a dollar  
Dooley give me a swallow  
And I'll pay you back some day.

The revenueurs came for him a slippin' through the  
wood  
Dooley kept behind them all and never lost his good  
Dooley was a trader when into town he'd come  
Sugar by the bushel and molasses by the tons.

Dooley slippin' up the holler  
Dooley tryin' to make a dollar  
Dooley give me a swallow  
And I'll pay you back some day.

--- Instrumental ---

I remember very well the day old Dooley died  
The woman folk felt sorry and 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.

Dooley slippin' up the holler  
Dooley tryin' to make a dollar  
Dooley give me a swallow  
And I'll pay you back some day.

Dooley slippin' up the holler  
Dooley tryin' to make a dollar  
Dooley give me a swallow  
And I'll pay you back some day...

