

Dillards "Dooley"

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Dooley was a good ole 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 mama corked the bottles
And ole Dooley fetched 'em out.

Dooley slippin' up the holler
Dooley try to make a dollar
Dooley give me a swaller
And I'll pay you back someday.

The revenueurs came for him
A-sippin' though the woods
Dooley kept behind them all
And never lost his goods

Dooley was a trader
When into town he'd come
Sugar by the bushel
And molasses by the ton.

Dooley slippin' up the holler
Dooley try to make a dollar
Dooley gimme a swaller
And I'll pay you back someday.

I remember very well
The day ole Dooley died
The women folk weren't sorry
And the men stood round and cried

Now Dooleys on the mountain
He lies there all alone
They put a jug beside him
And a barrel for his stone.

Dooley slippin' up the holler
Dooley try to make a dollar

Dooley gimme a swaller
And I'll pay you back someday.

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