DooleyMitch Jayne & Rodney Dillard 1963? www.ukesterbrown.com (first note sung E)

Α	D	Α	E7	
1: Dooley wa	s a good ole	man, He lived be	low the mill	
Α	D	A E7		
	wo daughter	s, And a forty-gal		
booloy maa t	D	A	E7	
One gal watc	_	er, The other watc		
A	חכם נווס ססוו	ci, inc other wate	E7 A	
	orked the ho	n Doc And ala Doc	oley fetched 'em ou	+
Aliu ilialila CC	nked the bo	tties, Alia die Doc	ney letelled elli ou	L.
Charua				
Chorus:				
A Daalay alimni		llau		
Dooley slippi	n up the no	lier		
D				
Dooley try to	make a dolla	ar		
Α				
Dooley give r				
	E 7	Α		
And I'll pay y	ou back som	neday.		
A	D	A	E 7	
	_		E7 hrough the woods	
	_		hrough the woods	
2: The revenu A	uers came fo D	or him, A-slippin' t	hrough the woods A	
2: The revenu A	uers came fo D	or him, A-slippin' t A E7	hrough the woods A	
2: The revenu A Dooley kept b	uers came fo D Dehind them D	or him, A-slippin' t A E7 all, And never los A	hrough the woods A st his goods E7	
2: The revenu A Dooley kept b	uers came fo D Dehind them D	or him, A-slippin' t A E7 all, And never los	hrough the woods A st his goods E7	
2: The revenu A Dooley kept b Dooley was a A	uers came fo D Dehind them D trader, Whe D	or him, A-slippin' t A E7 all, And never los A en into town he'd o A E7	hrough the woods A st his goods E7 come A	
2: The revenu A Dooley kept b Dooley was a A	uers came fo D Dehind them D trader, Whe D	or him, A-slippin' t A E7 all, And never los A en into town he'd o	hrough the woods A st his goods E7 come A	
2: The revenu A Dooley kept b Dooley was a A	uers came fo D Dehind them D trader, Whe D	or him, A-slippin' t A E7 all, And never los A en into town he'd o A E7	hrough the woods A st his goods E7 come A	
2: The revenu A Dooley kept b Dooley was a A Sugar by the	uers came fo D Dehind them D trader, Whe D	or him, A-slippin' t A E7 all, And never los A en into town he'd o A E7 I molasses by the	hrough the woods A st his goods E7 come A ton. (Chorus)	
2: The revenue A Dooley kept to the color was a color	uers came fo D Dehind them D trader, Whe D bushel, And	or him, A-slippin' t A E7 all, And never los A en into town he'd o A E7 I molasses by the	hrough the woods A st his goods E7 come A ton. (Chorus)	
2: The revenue A Dooley kept to Dooley was a A Sugar by the A 3: I remembe	uers came fo D Dehind them D trader, Whe D bushel, And	or him, A-slippin' t A E7 all, And never los A en into town he'd o A E7 molasses by the A	hrough the woods A st his goods E7 come A ton. (Chorus)	Δ
2: The revenue A Dooley kept to the A Sugar by the A 3: I remembe A	uers came fo D Dehind them D trader, Whe D bushel, And D r very well, 1	or him, A-slippin' t A E7 all, And never los A en into town he'd o A E7 I molasses by the A The day ole Doole D A	hrough the woods A st his goods E7 come A ton. (Chorus) E7 y died, E7	A
2: The revenue A Dooley kept to the A Sugar by the A 3: I remembe A	Dehind them D trader, Whe D bushel, And T very well, T	or him, A-slippin' t A E7 all, And never los A en into town he'd o A E7 I molasses by the D A sorry, And the mei	hrough the woods A st his goods E7 come A ton. (Chorus) E7 y died, E7 n stood round and	
2: The revenue A Dooley kept to the A Sugar by the A 3: I remembe A The women for	D Dehind them D Trader, Whe D bushel, And Tracer well, Tolk weren't services	or him, A-slippin' t A E7 all, And never los A en into town he'd o A E7 I molasses by the D A sorry, And the men	hrough the woods A st his goods E7 come A ton. (Chorus) E7 y died, E7 n stood round and E7	
2: The revenue A Dooley kept to Dooley was a A Sugar by the A 3: I remembe A The women for	D Dehind them D Trader, Whe D bushel, And Tracer well, Tolk weren't services	or him, A-slippin' t A E7 all, And never los A en into town he'd o A E7 molasses by the D A sorry, And the mer A ntain, He lies ther	hrough the woods A st his goods E7 come A ton. (Chorus) E7 y died, E7 n stood round and E7 ce all alone	
2: The revenue A Dooley kept to Dooley was a A Sugar by the A The women for Now Dooleys A	Dehind them D trader, Whe D bushel, And O r very well, T olk weren't s O on the mou	or him, A-slippin' t A E7 all, And never los A en into town he'd o A E7 I molasses by the D A sorry, And the mer A ntain, He lies ther	hrough the woods A st his goods E7 come A ton. (Chorus) E7 y died, E7 n stood round and E7 ce all alone	cried