

The Rare Old Mountain Dew

D G D A

Where the grasses grow, And the waters flow, In a free and easy way

D G D A D

But give me enough, Of the rare ol' stuff, That's made near Galway Bay

D D D Hm

Come goughers all, From Donegal, Sligo and Leitrim too

D G D A D

And we'll give 'em the slip, And we'll take a sip, Of the rare ol' mountain dew

D G D A

Skideri-diddle-dum, Skideri-diddle-dum, Skideri-um-B-di, A-diddle-ey-day

D G D A D

Skideri-diddle-dum, Skideri-diddle-dum, Skideri-um-B-di, A-diddle-dum-day

There's a neat little still At the foot of the hill

Where the smoke curls up to the sky

By the whiff and the smell, You can plainly tell

That there's poteen brewin' nearby

For it fills the air, With a perfume rare, And betwixt both me and you

And it's home we go, With a pint or bowl, Or a bucket full a mountain dew

Chorus

Now learned men, Who use the pen, Have written your praises high

Of the rare poteen, From Ireland green, That's made from wheat and rye

So, Away with yer pills, It'll cure all ills, Be ya, Pagan, Christian or Jew

So take off yer coat, And grease yer throat, With a bucketfull of mountain dew

Chorus 2x