

The Rare Old Mountain Dew

Where the grasses grow, And the waters flow, In a free and easy way
But give me enough, Of the rare ol' stuff, That's made near Galway Bay
Come goughers all, From Donegal, Sligo and Leitrim too
And we'll give 'em the slip, And we'll take a sip, Of the rare ol mountain dew

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