

Rare Old Mountain Dew

Let the grasses grow
 and the waters flow in a free and easy way
 But give me enough of the rare old stuff
 that's made near Galway Bay
 Come gangers all from Donegal,
 Sligo and Leitrim too
 Oh, we'll give 'em a slip
 and we'll take a sip of the rare old mountain dew

thiddle i ay di diddle dum thiddle i ay di diddle dum
 thiddle i ay di diddle dum rum a dum dey
 thiddle i ay di diddle dum thiddle i ay di diddle dum
 thiddle i ay di diddle dum rum a dum dey

There's a neat little still at the foot of the hill,
 where the smoke curls up to the sky
 By a whiff of the smell you can plainly tell,
 that there's poitn, boys, close by
 For it fills the air with a perfume rare,
 and betwixt both me and you
 As home we roll, we can drink a bowl,
 or a bucketful of mountain dew

thiddle i ay di diddle dum thiddle i ay di diddle dum
 thiddle i ay di diddle dum rum a dum dey
 thiddle i ay di diddle dum thiddle i ay di diddle dum
 thiddle i ay di diddle dum rum a dum dey

Now learned men as use the pen,
 have writ the praises high
 Of the sweet poitn from Ireland green,
 distilled from wheat and rye
 Away with yer pills, it'll cure all ills,
 be ye Pagan, Christian or Jew
 So take off your coat
 and grease your throat with a bucketful of mountain dew

thiddle i ay di diddle dum thiddle i ay di diddle dum
 thiddle i ay di diddle dum rum a dum dey
 thiddle i ay di diddle dum thiddle i ay di diddle dum
 thiddle i ay di diddle dum rum a dum dey