

Irish Song Lyrics

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Rare Old Mountain Dew, The
Samuel Lover

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 poitín, 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 poitín 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