

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

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

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

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

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