

Traditional Irish Music

www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Bucket Of Mountain Dew

Hay da diddle diddle doo, hay da diddle diddle day,
Hay da diddle did doo dal day
Hay da diddle diddle doo, hay da diddle diddle day
Hay da diddle did doo dal day

Let grasses grow and waters flow in a free and easy way
But give me enough of the rare old stuff that's made near Galway Bay
Come gaugers all from Donegal, from Sligo and Leitrim too
We'll give them the slip and we'll take a sip of the real old Mountain Dew

Chorus:

At the foot of the hill there's a neat little still, where the smoke curls up the sky
By a whiff of the smell you can plainly tell, there's a poitin still close by
Oh 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 bucket of Mountain Dew

Chorus:

Now learned men who use the pen have wrote the praises high
Of the sweet poitin from Ireland green, distilled from wheat and rye
Away with pills, it will cure all ills of the Pagan, Christian or Jew
So take off your coat and grease your throat with the real old Mountain Dew

Chorus: