

Rare Old Mountain Dew

The Dubliners

Let the grasses grow and the waters flow in a free and
easy way
Just give me enough of the fine old stuff that's brewed
near Galway Bay
Come gouters all from Donegal, Sligo and Leitrim too
We'll give them the slip and we'll take a sip of the
rare old mountain dew
Skid-ree Idle-diddle dum skid-ree Idle-diddle dum
Skid-ree Idle-dum diddle dum day
Skid-ree Idle-diddle dum skid-ree Idle-diddle dum
Skid-ree Idle-dum diddle dum day
There's a neat little still at the foot of the hill,
and smoke twirls up to the sky
For the smoke and the smell, its plan to tell that
there's poteen brewing near by
It fills the air, with an odor rare, and betwixt both
me and you
When home you stroll, you can take a bowl, or a bucket
of the mountain dew
Skid-ree Idle-diddle dum skid-ree Idle-diddle dum
Skid-ree Idle-dum diddle dum day
Skid-ree Idle-diddle dum skid-ree Idle-diddle dum
Skid-ree Idle-dum diddle dum day
Now learned men who use the pen, have written their
praises high
That sweet poteen from Ireland green, distilled from
wheat and rye
Throw away your pills; it will cure all ills, of the
pagan, the Christian or Jew
Take off your coat and grease your throat, with the
real old mountain dew
Skid-ree Idle-diddle dum skid-ree Idle-diddle dum
Skid-ree Idle-dum diddle dum day
Skid-ree Idle-diddle dum skid-ree Idle-diddle dum
Skid-ree Idle-dum diddle dum day