

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 gougiers 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