

## 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