

# Dubliners, Rare Old Mountain Dew

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

Chorus

Hi di-diddly-idle-um, diddly-doodle-idle-um, diddly-doo-ri-diddlum-deh  
Hi di-diddly-idle-um, diddly-doodle-idle-um, diddly-doo-ri-diddlum-deh

At the foot of the hill there's a neat little still,  
Where the smoke curls up to the sky,  
By the smoke and the smell you can plainly tell  
That there's poitin brewin' nearby.  
For it fills the air with a perfume rare,  
And betwixt both me and you,  
As home we troll, we can take a bowl,  
Or a bucket of the Mountain Dew

Chorus

Now learned men who use the pen,  
Have sung the praises high  
Of the rare poitin from Ireland green,  
Distilled from wheat and rye.  
Put away with your pills, it'll cure all ills,  
Be ye Pagan, Christian or Jew,  
So take off your coat and grease your throat  
With a bucket of the Mountain Dew.

Chorus