

## **Barleyjuice**

### **"Real Old Mountain Dew"**

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Let grasses grow and waters flow  
In a free and easy way.  
Just give me enough of that fine old stuff  
That's made near Galway Bay.  
And peelers all from Donegal,  
Sligo and Leitrum, too.  
We'll give them the slip and we'll have a sip  
Of that real old mountain dew.  
Hi the diddly idle um diddly doo idle um, diddly doo  
rah diddly-i-day  
Hi the diddly idle um diddly doo idle um, diddly doo  
rah diddly-i-day

At the foot of the hill there's a neat little still  
Where the smoke curls up to the sky.  
From the smoke and the smell you can plainly tell  
There' s poteen brewin' nearby.  
For it fills the air with a perfume rare.  
Betwixt both you and me,

When home you roll you can take a bowl  
Or a bucket of the mountain dew.  
Hi the diddly idle um diddly doo idle um, diddly doo  
rah diddly-i-day  
Hi the diddly idle um diddly doo idle um, diddly doo  
rah diddly-i-day

And learned men as use the pen  
Have wrote your praises high.  
That sweet poteen from Ireland green,  
Distilled from wheat and rye.  
Throw away your pills, it'll cure all ills,  
Be you pagan or christian or jew.  
Take off your coat and grease your throat  
With that real old mountain dew.  
Hi the diddly idle um diddly doo idle um, diddly doo  
rah diddly-i-day  
Hi the diddly idle um diddly doo idle um, diddly doo  
rah diddly-i-day

