

Dubliners, The

"Rare Old Mountain Dew"

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Let grasses grow and waters flow in a free and easy way,
But give me enough of the fine old stuff that's made near Galway Bay,
And 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 odor rare,
That betwixt both me and you,
As home we stroll, we can take a bowl,
Or a bucket of the Mountain Dew

Chorus

Now learned that men who use the pen,
Have wrote your praises high
Of the sweet 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 the rare old Mountain Dew.

Chorus

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