

# Rare Old Mountain Dew

Edward Harrigan – David Braham 1882

- ① Let the grasses grow and waters flow  
In a free and easy way,
- ② But give me enough of the rare old stuff  
That's made near Galway Bay,
- ③ Come gangers all from Donegal,  
Sligo and Leitrim too,
- ④ Oh, we'll give the slip and we'll take a sip  
Of the rare old Mountain Dew

I	-	IV	-
I	-	V	-
I	-	IV	-
I	V	I	-
I	-	I	-
I	-	vi	-
I	-	IV	-
I	V	I	-

*hi dee diddley idle dum, hi dee doodle dydle dum,  
hi dee doo dye diddly aye day  
hi dee diddley idle dum, hi dee doodle dydle dum,  
hi dee doo dye diddly aye day*

I	-	IV	-
I	-	V	-
I	-	IV	-
I	V	I	-

There's a neat little still at the foot of the hill,  
Where the smoke curls up to the sky,  
By a whiff of the smell you can plainly tell  
That there's poitin', boys, close by.  
For it fills the air with a perfume rare,  
And betwixt both me and you,  
As home we roll, we can drink a bowl,  
Or a bucketful of Mountain Dew

I	-	I	-
I	-	vi	-
I	-	IV	-
I	V	I	-
I	-	I	-
I	-	vi	-
I	-	IV	-
I	V	I	-

*Fiddle*

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

I	-	I	-
I	-	vi	-
I	-	IV	-
I	V	I	-
I	-	I	-
I	-	vi	-
I	-	IV	-
I	V	I	-