

## Orthodox Celts

# Rare Old Mountain Dew

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  
Oh peelers all, from Donegal, Galway and Etrim too,  
We'll give them the slip and we'll take a sip of the rare old mountain dew

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 whisky brewing  
nearby  
For it fills the air with odor rare, and betwixt both me and you,  
When home you roll you can take a bowl and a bucket full of mountain dew

Now learned men who use the pen, who've wrote your praises high,  
This sweet "pocheen" from Ireland's green, distilled from wheat and rye  
Throw away your pills, it'll cure all ills of Pagan, Christian and Jew  
Take off your and free your throat with the rare old mountain dew