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      G                    C
Let grass grow, and waters flow,
      G                 D7
In a free and easy way,
      G                          C
But give me enough of the fine old stuff
          G              D7       G
That's made near Galway Bay.

Oh, peelers all, from  Dongegal.

                          Em
Galway and E-Trim too—
D7    G                              C
We'll give them the slip and we'll take a sip
          G                 D7  G
Of the real 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 whiskey 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
Or a bucket of the mountain dew.

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Now learned men who use the pen
Who've wrote your praises high,
This sweet  'pocheen'  (potion) from Ireland's green
Distilled from wheat and rye.
Throw away your pills—it'll cure all ills
Of pagan or Christian, Jew.
Take off your coat and free your throat
With the real old Mountain Dew.
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