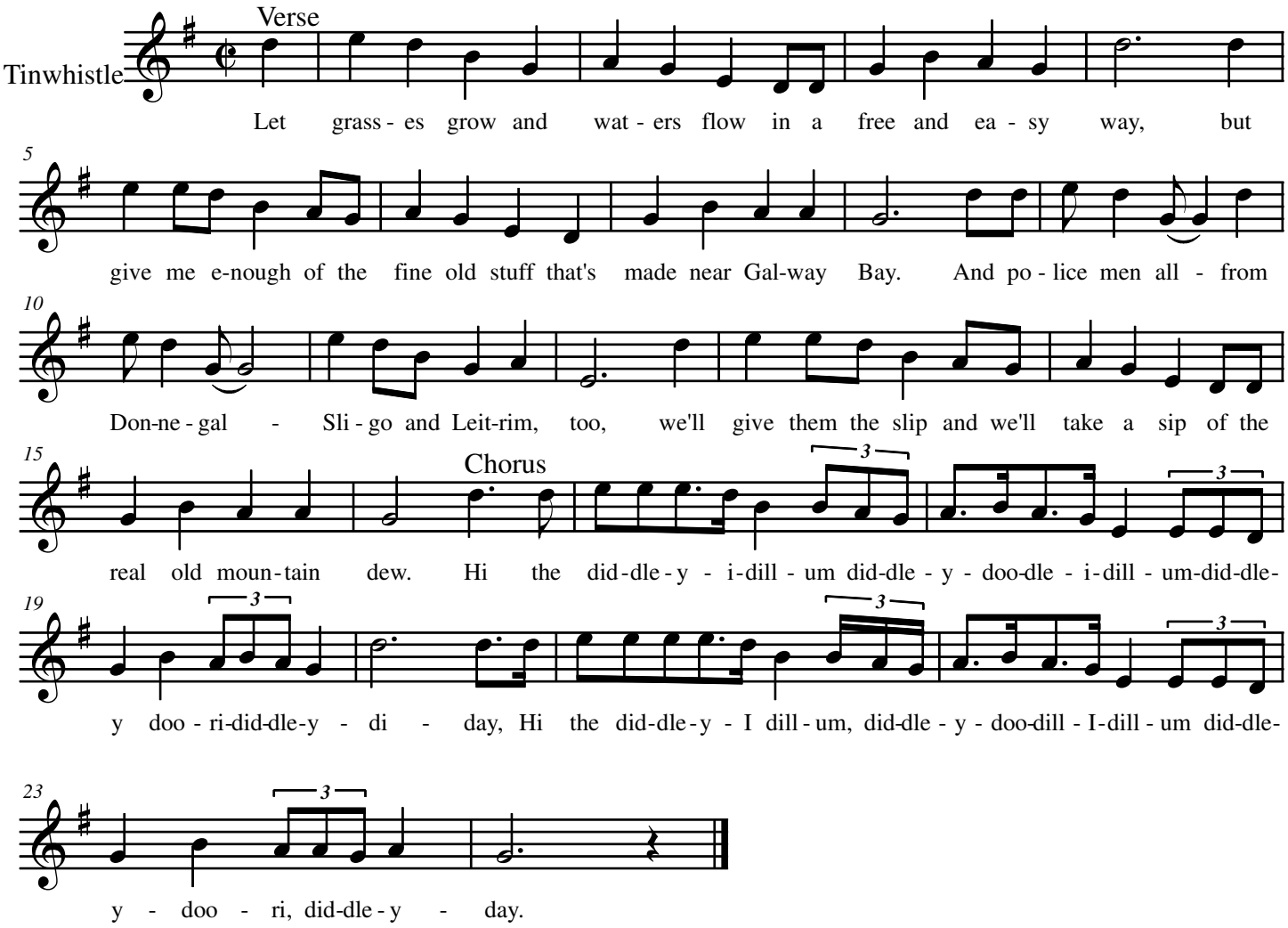
Mountain Dew

Trad. Irish Folk Song arranged for tinwhistle
Based on the playing of the Clancy Brothers.



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 sure as hell tell there's poteen brewin' near by
For it fills the air with odor rare and betwixt both me and you
When home you stroll you can take a bowl or a bucket of the Mountain Dew.

Now learned men who use the pen have wrote your praises high,
That sweet poteen from Ireland green that's made from wheat and rye.
Throw away your pills, it'll cure all ills of pagan, or Christain or Jew,
Take off your coat and grease your throat with the real ol' Mountain Dew.

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