

Rare Old Mountain Dew
The Dubliners

This is from the live version,
Nice and easy chords, grand fun to play
and gets anyone listening to you wondering
what the feck a skideri-diddle-dum is, as they sing along.
As always any mistakes are mine

- flatwound -

THE RARE OLD MOUNTAIN DEW

[Verse 1]

Where the ^Cgrasses grow, And the ^Fwaters flow, In a ^Cfree and ^Geasy way
^CBut give me enough, Of the ^Frare ol stuff, That s ^Cmade near ^GGalway Bay ^C
^CCome goughers all, From ^CDonegal, Sligo and ^CLeitrim too ^{Am}
^CAnd we ll give em the slip, And we ll take a sip, Of the ^Frare ol ^Cmountain ^Gdew ^C

[Chorus]

^CSkideri-diddle-dum, ^FSkideri-diddle-dum, ^CSkideri-um-A-di, ^GA-diddle-ey-day
^CSkideri-diddle-dum, ^FSkideri-diddle-dum, ^CSkideri-um-A-di, ^GA-diddle-dum-day ^C

[Verse 2]

^CThere s a neat little still At the ^Cfoot of the hill
^CWhere the smoke curls up to the ^Fsky
^CBy the whiff and the smell, You can ^Fplainly tell
^CThat there s poteen brewin nearby ^G
^CFor it fills the air, With a ^Cperfume rare, And ^Cbetwixt both me and you ^F
^CAnd it s home we go, With a ^Fpint or bowl, Or a ^Cbucket full a ^Gmountain ^Cdew

[Chorus]

C	F	C	G
Skideri-diddle-dum,	Skideri-diddle-dum,	Skideri-um- A -di,	A-diddle-ey-day
C	F	C	G C
Skideri-diddle-dum,	Skideri-diddle-dum,	Skideri-um- A -di,	A-diddle-dum-day

[Verse 3]

C	C	C	F
Now learned men,	Who use the pen,	Have written your praises high	
C	F	C	G C
Of the rare poteen,	From Ireland green,	That s made from wheat and rye	
C	C	C	F
So, Away with yer pills,	It ll cure all ills,	Be ya, Pagan, Christian or Jew	
C	F	C	G C
So take off yer coat,	And grease yer throat,	With a bucketfull of mountain dew	

[Chorus]

C	F	C	G
Skideri-diddle-dum,	Skideri-diddle-dum,	Skideri-um- A -di,	A-diddle-ey-day
C	F	C	G C
Skideri-diddle-dum,	Skideri-diddle-dum,	Skideri-um- A -di,	A-diddle-dum-day
C	F	C	G
Skideri-diddle-dum,	Skideri-diddle-dum,	Skideri-um- A -di,	A-diddle-ey-day
C	F	C	G C
Skideri-diddle-dum,	Skideri-diddle-dum,	Skideri-um- A -di,	A-diddle-dum-day