

## The Mountain dew

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*They call it the good old mountain dew, dew, dew,*

A

E

*and them there refuse it are few.*

*I'll hush my mug if you'll fill up my jug,*

A

H

E

*with that good old mountain dew.*

I know a place 'bout a mile down the road,  
where you lay down a shilling or two.  
If you hush up your mug, he'll slip you a jug  
of that good old mountain dew.

When its fragrance so rare starts to fill up the air,  
you know that they're just about through.  
So you pucker your lips, and you take a few sips  
of that good old mountain dew.

*They call it ...*

Up on the hill, there's an old whisky still,  
runned by a hardworking crew.  
You can tell by the whiffle, when you sniffle a swill.  
That they are making that good old mountain dew.

My brother Poul, he is tiny and small,  
he measures about four foot two.  
But he thinks he's a giant when you give him a pint  
of that good old mountain dew.

*They call it ...*

The preacher came by, with a tear in his eye.  
He said that his wife got the flu.  
We told him he ought to give her a quart  
of that good old mountain dew.

My uncle Bill he's got a still on the hill  
where he runs off a barrel or two,  
and the birds in the sky get so drunk they cannot fly  
on that good old mountain dew.

||: *They call it ....* :||

En sang til whiskyens pris og om dens indvirkning på mennesker og dyr.  
Specielt de fugle der flyver hen over destilleriet.