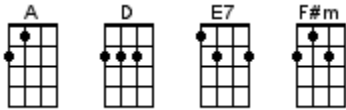


# Mountain Dew/I'll Tell Me Ma

Traditional



**INTRO:** / 1 2 / 1 2 / [A] / [A]

Let [A] grasses grow and [D] waters flow  
In a [A] free and easy [E7] way  
But [A] give me enough of the [D] fine old stuff  
That's [A] made near [E7] Galway [A] Bay  
Come [A] policemen all, from Donegal  
From [A] Sligo-Lietrim [F#m] too  
We'll [A] give `em the slip, and we'll [D] take a sip  
Of the [A] rare old [E7] mountain [A] dew

**CHORUS:**

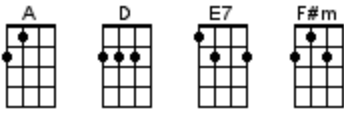
Hi, dee [A] diddley idle dum, diddley [D] doodle idle dum  
Diddley [A] doo rye diddley eye [E7] day  
Hi dee [A] diddley idle dum, diddley [D] doodle idle dum  
Diddley [A] doo rye [E7] diddley eye [A] day

At the [A] foot of the hill there's a [D] neat little still  
Where the [A] smoke curls up to the [E7] sky  
By the [A] smoke and the smell you can [D] plainly tell  
That there's [A] poitín [E7] brewin' near-[A]by  
It [A] fills the air, with a perfume rare  
And be-[A]twixt both me and [F#m] you  
When [A] home you stroll you can [D] take a bowl  
Or the [A] bucket of the [E7] mountain [A] dew

**CHORUS:**

Hi, dee [A] diddley idle dum, diddley [D] doodle idle dum  
Diddley [A] doo rye diddley eye [E7] day  
Hi dee [A] diddley idle dum, diddley [D] doodle idle dum  
Diddley [A] doo rye [E7] diddley eye [A] day

Now [A] learned men, who [D] use the pen  
Have [A] wrote the praises [E7] high  
Of the [A] sweet poitín from [D] Ireland green  
Dis-[A]tilled from [E7] wheat and [A] rye  
Throw a-[A]way your pills, it'll cure all ills  
Of [A] pagan or Christian or [F#m] Jew  
Take [A] off your coat and [D] grease your throat  
With the [A] rare old [E7] mountain [A] dew



**CHORUS:**

Hi, dee [A] diddley idle dum, diddley [D] doodle idle dum  
 Diddley [A] doo rye diddley eye [E7] day  
 Hi dee [A] diddley idle dum, diddley [D] doodle idle dum  
 Diddley [A] doo rye [E7] diddley eye [A]↓ day

**< A CAPPELLA >**

Hi, dee diddley idle dum, diddley doodle idle dum  
 Diddley doo rye diddley eye day  
 Hi dee diddley idle dum, diddley doodle idle dum  
 Diddley doo rye diddley eye day

**I'll Tell Me Ma**

**CHORUS:**

I'll [A] tell me ma when [D] I get [A] home  
 The [E7] boys won't leave the [A] girls alone  
 They [A] pull me hair and [D] stole me [A] comb  
 But [E7] that's all right, till [A] I go home  
 [A]↓ She is handsome [D]↓ she is pretty  
 [A]↓ She is the Belle of [E7]↓ Belfast city  
 [A] She is courtin' [D]↓ one [D]↓ two [D]↓ three  
 [A] Please won't you [E7] tell me [A] who is she [A]

[A] Albert Mooney [D] says he [A] loves her  
 [E7] All the boys are [A] fightin' for her  
 They [A] knock on her door, they [D] ring on her [A] bell sayin'  
 [E7] "Oh me true love [A] are you well?"  
 [A] Out she comes as [D] white as snow  
 [A] Rings on her fingers [E7] bells on her toes  
 [A] Old Jenny Murphy [D] says she'll die  
 If she [A] doesn't get the [E7] fella with the [A] rovin' eye

**CHORUS:**

I'll [A] tell me ma when [D] I get [A] home  
 The [E7] boys won't leave the [A] girls alone  
 They [A] pull me hair and [D] stole me [A] comb  
 But [E7] that's all right, till [A] I go home  
 [A]↓ She is handsome [D]↓ she is pretty  
 [A]↓ She is the Belle of [E7]↓ Belfast city  
 [A] She is courtin' [D]↓ one [D]↓ two [D]↓ three  
 [A] Please won't you [E7] tell me [A] who is she [A]

Let the [A] wind and the rain and the [D] hail blow [A] high  
And the [E7] snow come shovellin' [A] from the sky  
[A] She's as sweet as [D] apple [A] pie  
And [E7] she'll get her own lad [A] by and by  
[A] When she gets a [D] lad of her own  
She [A] won't tell her ma when [E7] she gets home  
[A] Let them all come [D] as they will  
But it's [A] Albert [E7] Mooney [A] she loves still

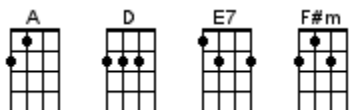
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They [A] pull me hair and [D] stole me [A] comb  
But [E7] that's all right till [A]↓ I go home

**< A CAPPELLA >**

She is handsome, she is pretty  
She's the Belle of Belfast city  
She is courtin' one two three  
Please won't you tell me who is she

She is handsome, she is pretty  
She's the Belle of Belfast city  
She is courtin' one two three  
Please won't you tell me who is she



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