


# Mountain Dew

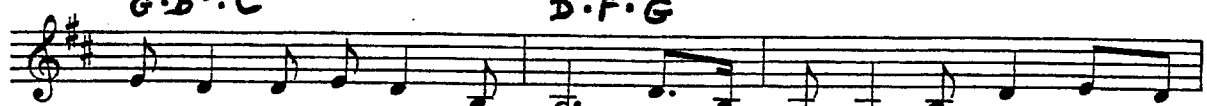
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*Verse* **D · F · G**




Down the road here from me there's an old hol - ler tree, Where you

**G · B<sup>b</sup> · C** **D · F · G**




lay down a dol - lar or two. If you hush up your mug they will

**A7 · C<sup>7</sup> · D<sup>7</sup>** **D · F · G**




fill up your jug With that good old moun - tain dew.

*Chorus* **G · B<sup>b</sup> · C** **D · F · G**



They call it that good old moun-tain dew, And them that re-fuse it are few. You may

**A7 · C<sup>7</sup> · D<sup>7</sup>** **D · F · G**



go round the bend, But you'll come back a - gain For that good old moun-tain dew.

Way up on the hill there's an old whiskey still  
That is run by a hard-working crew.  
You can tell if you sniff and you get a good whiff  
That they're making that old mountain dew. *Chorus*

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

My brother Mort is sawed off and short,  
He measures just four-foot two.  
But he thinks he's a giant when they give him a pint  
Of that good old mountain dew. *Chorus*

My uncle Bill has a still on the hill  
Where he runs off a gallon or two.  
The birds in the sky get so high they can't fly  
On that good old mountain dew. *Chorus*

My aunty June has a brand new perfume,  
It has such a sweet-smelling pu.  
Imagine her surprise when she had it analyzed—  
It was good old mountain dew. *Chorus*

Mister Roosevelt told me just how he felt  
The day that the dry law went through:  
"If your likker's too red, it will swell up your head—  
Better stick to that mountain dew." *Chorus*