Katie Daily ()

CHORUS:
Oh Come down the mountain Katie Daily
come down the mountain Katie do
Oh can't you hear us calling Katie Daily
we want to drink your Irish mountain dew

With her old man Katie came from Tipperary
in the pioneering year of '42
her old man he was shot in Tombstone City
For the makin' of his Irish mountain dew

Wake up and pay attention Katie Daily
I am the judge that's going to sentence you
For all the boys in court have drunk your whiskey
& to tell the truth drea Kate I've drunk it too

and so to jail they took poor Katie Daily
but very soon the gates they opened wide
and angel came for poor old Katie Daily
and took her far across the great divide

Before the Golden gate there stood poor Katie
St. Peter said, "Good brewers there are few
So pass inside the golden gates dear Katie
and start to brew your Heavenly mountain dew

Oh Come down the mountain Katie Daily
come down the mountain Katie do
she'll never more be comin' down that mountain
we never more will drink her mountain dew

Copyright © 2004 Donal O'Shaughnessy