



**COME DOWN  
THE MOUNTAIN  
KATIE DAILY  
MIKE DENVER**

Come down from the mountain, Katie do,  
Can't you hear us calling, Katie Daly,  
We want to drink, your Irish mountain dew oo-oo  
Come down the mountain, Katie Daly,

But her old man Katie, came from Tipperary,  
In the pioneering year, of forty-two,  
Her old man, he was shot in Tombstone city,  
For the making of the Irish mountain  
dew,

Wake up and pay attention, Katie Daly,  
I am the judge, that's goin' to sentence you,  
And all the boys in court, have drank your whiskey,  
And to tell the truth dear Kate, I drank some too,

So off to jail, they took poor Katie Daly,  
But very soon, the gates they opened wide,  
An angel came, for poor old Katie Daly,  
And took her, far across the great divide,

Well at the golden gates, there stood poor Katie,  
St Peter said, good brewers they are few,  
So step inside, the golden gates good Katie,  
And start to brew, your heavenly mountain dew,

**Final Chorus**

Come down the mountain, Katie Daly,  
Come down from the mountain, Katie do,  
She'll never more be comin' down the mountain,  
And we never more, will drink her mountain dew