

## “Moonshiner”

In a cave at the mouth of Dead Man’s Holler  
Where the wild plums claw and the black haws twine  
To cover the entrance, thorn and bramble,  
I tend my kittles and still my shine.  
Grain a-work in my barrels and noggins,  
Corn and barley and rye and wheat.  
A quart of ashes to make it sour. . . .  
A poke of sugar to keep it sweet. . . .  
A can of lye so the stuff will fizzle,  
Fizzle, sizzle, and foam and swell. . . .  
Limestone water to make it clearer  
Than rain on a huckleberry bell.

In a cave at the mouth of Dead Man’s Holler  
Where the hills are close and the rocks are steep,  
With my kittles red and the brass worm dripping  
I work while the Revenooers sleep.  
Bile and bubble and steam and trickle. . . .  
Jugs and bottles and jars to fill.  
In a cave at the mouth of Dead Man’s Holler,  
With my skunk gun handy, I run my still.