

# Hills of Connemara

Irish Folk

G C G

Gath - er up your pots and your old tin cans, the mash and the

D G

corn the bar - ley and the bran. Run like the dev - il from the

C G D G

ex - cise men keep the smoke from ris - ing Bar - ney.

*Well, keep your eyes well-peeled today,  
The excise men, they're on their way,  
Searching for the mountain tay,  
In the Hills of Connemara.*

*Well, the mountain breezes as they blow,  
Echo down to plains below.  
The big tall men are on the go,  
In the Hills of Connemara.*

*Swing to the left now swing to the right.  
The excise men, they can dance all night,  
Drinking up the tay till the broad daylight,  
In the Hills of Connemara.*

*Well, a gallon for the butcher and big Nick Klein,  
A bottle for the poor old Father Stein,  
To keep him off that altar wine,  
In the Hills of Connemara.*

*Stand your ground, for it's too late,  
The excise men, they're at the gate.  
Glory be to Paddy for they're drinking it straight,  
In the Hills of Connemara!*