## HILLS OF CONNEMARA

G C G
Gather up the pots and the old tin can D7
The mash, the corn, the barley and the bran G C G
Run like the devil from the Excise man D7 G
Keep the smoke from rising Barney.

Swing to the left and swing to the right.

The Excise men will dance all night.

Drinking up the tay till the broad daylight
In the hills of Connemara.

A gallon for the butcher, a quart for Tom,
A bottle for poor old Father Tom
To help the poor old dear along
In the hills of Connemara.

Stand your ground, it is too late
The Excise men are at the gate
Glory be to Paddy, but they're drinking it nate.
In the hills of Connemara.