

The Hills Of Connemara

Sol Do Sol
Gather up the pots and the old tin can

Do Re
The mash, the corn, the barley and the bran,

Sol Do Sol
Run like the devil from the excise man

Re Sol
Keep the smoke from rising, Barney

Keep your eyes well peeled today
The excise man is on his way,
Searching for the mountain tay
In the hills of Connemara

Swing to the left and swing to the right,
The excise man 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 John,
To help the poor old man along,
In the hills of Connemara.

Stand your ground, it is too late,
The excise man is at the gate,
Glory be to God, he's drinking it nate,
In the hills of Connemara.