**The Hills of Connemara**

***Chorus:***

**D G A**

Gather up the pots and the old tin can

**D G A7**

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

**D G A**

Run like the devil from the excise man

**D A7 D**

Keep the smoke from rising, Barney.

**D G A D G A7**

Keep your eyes well-peeled today / The excise men, they’re on their way

**D G A D A7 D**

Searching for the mountain tay / In the Hills of Connemara.

***[Chorus]***

**D G A D G A7**

A quart for the butcher and a quart for Tom / A quart for poor old Father John

**D G A D A7 D**

To help the poor old dear a-long / In the Hills of Connemara.

***[Chorus]***

**D G A D G A7**

The mountain breezes as they blow / Echo down to plains be-low

**D G A D A7 D**

The excise men are on the go / In the Hills of Connemara.

***[Chorus]***

**D G A D G A7**

Swing to the left now swing to the right / The excise men can dance all night

**D G A D A7 D**

Drinking up the tay till the broad daylight / In the Hills of Connemara.

***[Chorus]***

**D G A D G A7**

Stand your ground, and don’t you fall / The excise men, they’re at the wall

**D G A D A7 D**

Saints preserve us, they’re drinking it all! / In the Hills of Connemara!

***[Chorus x2]***