

# Hills of Connemara

## Gaelic Storm

Gather up the pots and the old tin can  
And the mash, and the corn, the barley, and the bran  
And then run like the devil from the excise man  
Keep the smoke from rising, Barney  
Now keep your eyes well peeled today  
The tall, tall men, they're on their way  
They're searching for the mountain tea  
In the hills of Connemara  
Gather up the pots and the old tin can  
And the mash, and the corn, the barley, and the bran  
And then run like the devil from the excise man  
Keep the smoke from rising, Barney  
A gallon for the butcher and a quart for Tom  
And a bottle for the poor old Father Tom  
To help the poor old dear along  
In the hills of Connemara  
Gather up the pots and the old tin can  
And the mash, and the corn, the barley, and the bran  
And then run like the devil from the excise man  
Keep the smoke from rising, Barney  
Now swing to the left, now swing to the right  
Sure, the excise man can dance all night  
He's drinkin' 'up the tea 'til the broad daylight  
In the hills of Connemara  
Gather up the pots and the old tin can  
And the mash, and the corn, the barley, and the bran  
And then run like the devil from the excise man  
Keep the smoke from rising, Barney  
Now, stand your ground, and don't you fall  
The excise men, they're at the wall  
Jesus Christ, they're drinkin' it all  
In the hills of Connemara  
Gather up the pots and the old tin can  
And the mash, and the corn, the barley, and the bran  
And then run like the devil from the excise man  
Keep the smoke from rising,  
Barney(2x)

Songwriters

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