

Gaelic Storm "Hills Of Connemara"

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Gather up the pots and the old tin cans
The mash, the corn, the barley and the bran
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 are on their way
They're searching for the mountain Tay
In the Hills of Connemara

Gather up the pots and the old tin cans
The mash, the corn, the barley and the bran
Then run like the devil from the excise man
Keep the smoke from rising, Barney

A gallon for the butcher and a quart for John
And a bottle for poor old father Tom
Just help the poor old dear along
In the Hills of Connemara

Gather up the pots and the old tin cans
The mash, the corn, the barley and the bran
Then run like the devil from the excise man
Keep the smoke from rising, Barney

Don't swing to the left, don't swing to the right
Sure excise men can dance all night
Drinking up the Tay till the broad daylight
In the Hills of Connemara

Gather up the pots and the old tin cans
The mash, the corn, the barley and the bran
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 ain't drinking at all
In the Hills of Connemara

Gather up the pots and the old tin cans
The mash, the corn, the barley and the bran

Then run like the devil from the excise man
Keep the smoke from rising, Barney

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