

## **Dubliners, The**

### **"The Hills Of Connemara"**

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Keep your eyes well peeled today  
The excise men are on their way  
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.  
Run like the devil from the excise man  
Keep the smoke from rising, Barney.

Swinging to the left, swinging to the right  
The excise men will dance all night  
Drinkin' 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.  
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 to 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.  
Run like the devil from the excise man  
Keep the smoke from rising, Barney.

Stand your ground, for it's too late  
The excise men are at the gate.  
Glory be to Paddy, but they're drinkin' it straight  
In the hills of Connemara.

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

