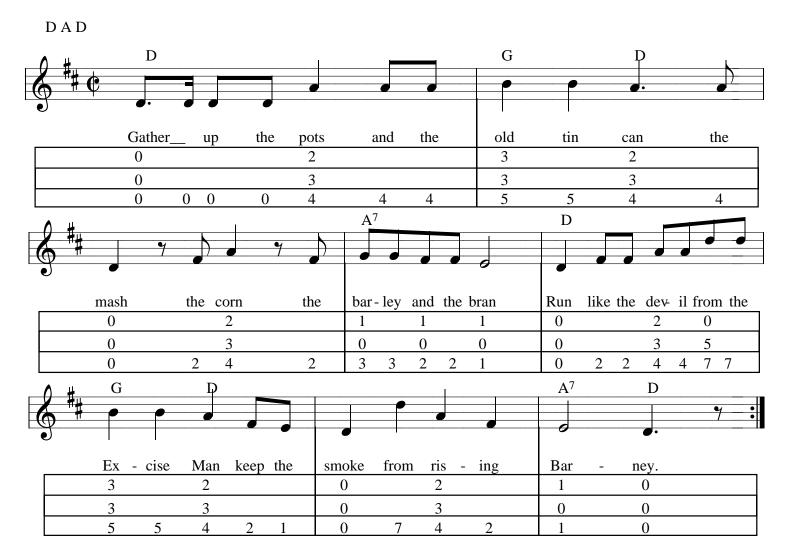
The Hills of Connemara



DULCIMER ARR. S. STEVENS

Keep your eyes well peeled today; The tall, tall men are on their way Searching for the mountain tay; In the hills of Connemara.

Swing to the left and swing to the right; the excise men 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 Tom To help the poor old dear along; In the hills of Connemara

Stand your ground, it is too late; The excise men are at the gate, Glory be to Paddy but they're drinking it nate; In the hills of Connemara