

The Hills of Connemara

D A D

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Gather_ up the pots and the						old tin can the							
0						2		3		2			
0						3		3		3			
0 0 0 0						4 4		5 5		4 4			
mash the corn the			A ⁷ bar-ley and the bran			D Run like the dev- il from the							
0			2			1 1 1			0			2 0	
0			3			0 0 0			0			3 5	
0			2 4			2			3 3 2 2 1			0 2 2 4 4 7 7	
G		D			A ⁷				D				
Ex - cise Man keep the				smoke from ris - ing				Bar - ney.					
3		2			0		2		1		0		
3		3			0		3		0		0		
5		5 4 2 1			0		7 4 2		1		0		

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