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!

Keep your eyes well peeled today -
The excise man is on his way,
Searching for the mountain tea,
On the hills of Connemara.

Chorus

A gallon for the butcher and a quart for the maid;
A pint for poor old Father Quaid,
To help the old man on his way,
On the hills of Connemara.

Chorus

Swing to the left; now swing to the right.
The excise man can dance all night,
Drinking up the tea till the broad daylight,
On the hills of Connemara.

Chorus

Stand your ground; now, don't you fall -
The excise man is at the wall.
JESUS CHRIST! HE'S DRINKING IT ALL!
On the hills of Connemara.

Chorus