THE HILLS OF CONNEMARA

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D                           G       D
GATHER UP THE POTS AND THE OLD TIN CAN
                          G               A
THE MASH, THE CORN, THE BARLEY, AND THE BRAN
D                           G      D
RUN LIKE THE DEVIL FROM THE EXCISE MAN
                            A  D
KEEP THE SMOKE FROM RISING, BARNEY

     KEEP YOUR EYES WELL PEELED TODAY

     THE EXCISE MAN IS ON HIS WAY

     SEARCHING FOR THE MOUNTAIN TAY

     IN THE HILLS OF CONNEMARA

A GALLON FOR THE BUTCHER, A QUART FOR TOM

A BOTTLE FOR POOR OLD FATHER JOHN

TO HELP THE POOR OLD MAN ALONG

IN THE HILLS OF CONNEMARA

     STAND YOUR GROUND, IT IS TOO LATE

     THE EXCISE MAN IS AT THE GATE

     GLORY BE TO GOD, HE’S DRINKING IT NATE

     IN THE HILLS OF CONNEMARA
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