

The Hills of Connemara

^D Gather up the pots and the old tincan,
^G ^D
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.

^D **M** Swing to the left and swing to the right,
^G ^D
The excise men will dance all night,
^A
Drinking up the tay till the broad day light,
^D ^G ^D
In the hills of Connemara.
^A ^D

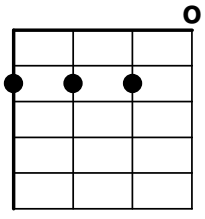
A Chorus

^D **L** A gallon for the butcher, a quart for Tom,
^G ^D
A bottle for poor old Father John
^A
To help the poor old dear along
^D ^G ^D
In the hills of Connemara
^A ^D

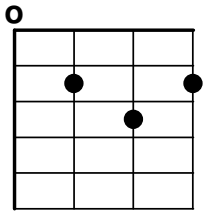
A Chorus

A slow ^D Stand your ground, it is too late
^G ^D
The excise men are at the gate,
^A
back to speed ^D Glory be to Paddy but they're drinking it
^G
nate,
^D
In the hills of Connemara
^A ^D

D



G



A

