

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Gather Up the Pots

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Gather up the pots and the old tin cans
The corn, the mash, the barley and the bran
Running like the devil from the excise man
Keep the smoke from rising, Barney

Oh the excise men are on their way
They're hunting all around for the mountain tay
Oh they won't go away for the devil of a day
In the hills of Connemaraugh

Oh here's a bottle for Uncle Tom
And here's a gallon for Father John
To help the poor old man along
Through the hills of Connemaraugh

Well, stand your ground for it's too late
The excise men are at the gate
Oh, glory be to Jesus, they're drinking it straight
In the hills of Connemaraugh

recorded by Owen McBride
SOF