

Mountain Tay

The Irish Rovers

Chorus:

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

Mountain breezes as they blow
Hear their echo in the glen below
The excise men are on the go
In the hills of Connemara

Keep your eyes well peeled today
The big, tall men are on their 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 his prayers and hymns along
In the hills of Connemara

Stand your ground boys, it's too late
The excise men are at the gate
Glory be to Paddy, but they're drinking it straight
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