

Spancil Hill



Last night as I lay dreaming of pleasant days gone by,
me mind been bant on rambling to Ireland I did fly,
I stepped on board a vision and followed with a will
till next I came to anchor at the cross near Spancil Hill.

Delighted by the novelty, enchanted with the scene,
where in my early boyhood where often I had been.
I tought I heard a murmur and I think I hear it still,
It's the little stream of water that flows down Spancil Hill

To amuse a passing fancy I lay down on the ground,
and all my shool compagnions they shortley gathered round.
When we were home returning we danced with bright goodwill,
to Martin Moynehan`s music at the cross at Spancil Hill

It was on the tentyfouth of June the day before the fair,
whe Ireland`s sons and daughters and friends assembled there.
The young, the old, the brave and the bold came their duty to fulfill.
At the parish church in Clooney, a mile from Spancil Hill.

I went to see my neighbours to see what they might say.
The old one they were dead and gone, the young ones turning grey.
I met the tailor Quigley he as bold as ever still
for he used to make my britches whe I lived at Spancil Hill

I paid a flying visit to my fist an only love.
She`s as fair as any lily and as gentle as a dove.
She threw her arms around me, crying Jhonny I love you still,
She was a farmers daughter, the pride of Spancil Hill

Well I dreamt I hugged and kissed her as in the days of yore,
she said, Jhonny you`re only joking as many times before.
The cock he crew in the morning, he crew out loud and shrill.
An I woke in California, many miles from Spancil Hill