

Spancil Hill

Irish Folk

Bm A Bm

Last night as I lay dre - am - ing of pleas - ant days gone by Me

D A

mind being bent on ramb - l - ing to Ire - land I — did fly I

Bm D A

stepped on board a vi - sion and I foll - owed wi - th my will Ti - ll

Bm A F#m Bm

next I came to an - chor at the cross of Span - cil Hill

*It was on the twenty-third of June, the day before the fair,
When Ireland's sons and daughters and friends assembled there,
The young, the old, the brave, and the bold, their duty to fulfill,
At the parish church in Clooney, a mile from Spancil Hill*

*I went to see me neighbors, to see what they might say,
The old ones were all dead and gone, the young one's turning grey,
I met the tailor Quigley, he's as bold as ever still,
Ah he used to make me britches when I lived in Spancil Hill*

*I paid a flying visit to my first and only love
She's as white as any lily and as gentle as a dove
And she threw her arms around me, saying: "Johnny, I love you still"
Ah she's Nell the farmer's daughter, and the pride of Spancil Hill*

*I dreamt I held and kissed her, as in the days of yore,
She said: "Johnny, your only joking as many's the time before,"
Then the cock he crew in the morning, he crew both loud and shrill,
I awoke in California, many miles from Spancil Hill*