

Spancil Hill

Michael Considine (1850-1873)

Last night as I lay dreaming of pleasant days gone by
 Me mind being bent on rambling, to Ireland I did fly
 I stepped on board a vision, and I followed with a will
 'Til next I came to anchor at the cross at Spancil Hill

It being on the 23rd 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 came, 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 ones turning gray
 But I met the tailor Quigley, he's as bold as ever still
 Ah, he used to mend 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 gentle as a dove
 And she threw her arms around me saying, "Johnny, I love you still"
 As she's Nell the farmer's daughter and the flower of Spancil Hill

I dreamed I held and kissed her as in the days of yore
 Ah Johnny, you're only jokin', 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

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