

Spancil Hill



Last night as I lay dreaming, of pleasant days gone by.
My mind being bent on rambling to Ireland I did fly.
I stepped on board a vision and I followed with the wind.
And I shortly came to anchor at the cross of Spancil Hill.

It being on the 23rd June the day before the fair.
When Ireland's sons and daughters and friends assembled there.
The young and the old, the brave and the bold came their duty to fulfil.
at the parish church near Cluny a mile from Spancil Hill

I went to see my neighbours to hear what they might say.
The old ones were all dead and gone and the young one's turning grey.
I met with the tailor Quigley, he's a bold as ever still,
sure he used to make my breeches 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.
She threw her arms around me saying "Johnny I love you still".
Oh she's Ned the farmers daughter and the pride of Spancil Hill.

I dreamt I held and kissed her as in the days of yore.
She said, "Johnny you're only joking like many a time before".
The cock he crew in the morning he crew both loud and shrill.
And I awoke in California, many miles from Spancil Hill.