

**SPANCIL HILL**

**Am** **G** **Am**  
LAST NIGHT AS I LAY DREAMING OF PLEASANT DAYS GONE BY  
**C** **G**  
ME MIND BEIN' BENT ON RAMBLING TO IRELAND I DID FLY  
**Am** **C** **G**  
I STEPPED ON BOARD A VISION AND FOLLOWED WITH THE WILL  
**Am** **G** **Am**  
WHEN NEXT I CAME TO ANCHOR AT THE CROSS NEAR SPANCIL HILL  
  
DELIGHTED BY THE NOVELTY, ENCHANTED BY THE SCENE  
  
WHERE IN MY EARLY BOYHOOD SO OFTEN I HAD BEEN  
  
I THOUGHT I HEARD A MURMUR AND I THINK I HEAR IT STILL  
  
IT'S THAT LITTLE STREAM OF WATER THAT FLOWS FROM SPANCIL HILL  
  
BEING ON THE TWENTY-THIRD OF JUNE, THE DAY BEFORE THE FAIR  
  
WHEN IRELAND'S SONS AND DAUGHTERS IN CROWDS ASSEMBLED THERE  
  
THE YOUNG, THE OLD, THE BRAVE AND THE BOLD, THEIR DUTY TO FULFILL  
  
AT THE PARISH CHURCH OF CLOONEY, A MILE FROM SPANCIL HILL  
  
I WENT TO SEE MY NEIGHBORS, TO HEAR WHAT THEY MIGHT SAY  
  
THE OLD ONES WERE ALL DEAD AND GONE AND THE YOUNG ONES TURNING GRAY  
  
I MET THE TAILOR QUIGLEY, HE'S AS BOLD AS EVER STILL  
  
SURE HE USED TO MAKE NY BRITCHES WHEN I LIVED IN SPANCIL HILL  
  
I PAID A FLYING VISIT TO MY FIRST AND ONLY LOVE  
  
SHE'S AS FAIR AS ANY LILY AND GENTLE AS A DOVE  
  
SHE THREW HER ARMS AROUND ME, SAYING, "JOHNNY I LOVE YOU STILL"  
  
AH, SHE'S NELL, THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER, 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, AS MANY'S THE TIME BEFORI

THE COCK HE CREW IN THE MORNING, HE CREW BOTH LOUD AND SHRILL  
I AWOKE IN CALIFORNIA, MANY MILES FROM SPANCIL HILL.