**SPANCIL HILL**

*Straight in*

Last night as I lay dreamin'  
Of pleasant days gone by  
My mind be’ bent on rambling  
To Ireland I did fly  
I stepped on board a vision and  
I followed with the wind  
Till next came to anchor at  
The cross at Spancil Hill

T’was on the 23rd of June  
The day before the fair  
Where Ireland's sons and daughters  
And friends assembled there  
The young, the old, the brave and the bold came  
Their duty to fulfil,

At the parish church near Clooney  
A mile from Spancil Hill

I went to see my neighbours   
To see what they might say  
The old ones were all dead and gone  
The young ones turning grey  
I met the tailor Quigley  
He's as bold as ever still  
Sure he used to mend my britches when  
I lived in Spancil Hill

Music break

I took a flying visit to my one and only love  
She's as white as any lily  
As gentle as a dove  
She threw her arms around  
Me, saying "Johnny, i love you still"  
She is Nell, the farmer's daughter  
The pride of Spancil Hill

I dreamt I held and kissed her  
As in the days of old  
Saying, "Johnny, you're only joking  
As many's the time before"  
But the cock, he crew in the morning  
He crew both loud and shrill  
I awoke in California  
Many miles from Spancil Hill