**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