

## Spancil Hill (Key Am)

Intro – Am / G / Am G Am /

Am / G / / / Am /  
Last night as I lay dreamin' of pleasant days gone by

Am / / / C / G /  
Me mind been bent on ramblin' to Ireland I did fly

Am / / / C / G /  
I stepped on board a vision and I followed with a will

Am / G / / / Am /  
When at last I came to anchor at the cross at Spancil Hill

It was on the twenty third 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 - their duty to fulfill  
at the parish church at Clooney a mile from Spancil Hill

I went to see my neighbours to see what they might say  
the old ones they were dead and gone the young ones turnin' grey  
I met with Tailor Quigley, he's as bold as ever still  
for he used to make me 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 sayin', "Johnny, I love you still!"  
she's Ned the farmer's daughter and the pride of Spancil Hill

I dreamt I hugged and kissed her as in the days of yore  
she said, "Johnny, you're only jokin' as many's the times before!"  
the cock he crew in the mornin' he crew so loud and shrill  
and I awoke in California many miles from Spancil Hill.