SPANCIL HILL

Am G Am
Last night as I lay dreaming of pleasant days gone by,
Delighted by the novelty, enchanted by the scene
Being on the twenty-third of June, the day before the fair,
I went to see my neighbours, to hear what they might say,
I paid a flying visit to my first and only love,
I dreamt I held and kissed her as in the days of yore

C G
Me mind bein´bent on rambling to Ireland I did fly,
Where in my early boyhood so often I had been
When Ireland's sons and daughters in crowds assembled there
The old ones were all dead and gone, and the young ones turning grey
She's as fair as any lily and gentle as a dove
She said "Johnny you're only joking, as many´s the time before"

Am C G
I stepped on board a vision and followed with the will,
I thought I heard a murmur and I think I hear it still,
The young, the old, the brave and the bold, their duty to fulfill,
I met the tailor Quigley, he's as bold as ever still,
She threw her arms around me, saying "Johnny, I love you still"
The cock he crew in the morning, he crew both loud and shrill,

Am G Am
When next I came to anchor at the cross near Spancil Hill.
It's that little stream of water that flows down Spancil Hill.
At the parish church of Clooney, a mile from Spancil Hill.
Sure he used to make my britches when I lived in Spancil Hill.
Ah she's Nell, the farmer's daughter, the pride of Spancil Hill
I awoke in California, many miles from Spancil Hill.