

Spancill Hill

Lastnight as I lay dreaming, of pleasant days goneby,
Me mind being bent on rambling, to Ireland I did fly,
I stepped on board a vision, and followed with a will,
Till the first I came to anchor at the cross at Spancil Hill,

T'was on the twenty third of June, the day before the fair,
When Ireland's sons and daughters, and friends assembled there,
The young the old the brave the bold, thier duty to full fill,
At the parish Church near Clooney, a mile from Spancil Hill.

I went to see me neighbours to see what they might say,
The old one's were all dead and gone, the young one's turning grey,
I met with tailor Quigley, he's as bold as ever still,
Sure he used to make me britches when I lived in Spancil Hill.

I paid a flying visit to my first and only love,
She's as fair as any lilly as gently as a dove,
She threw her arms around me saying Johnny I love ye still,
She was Meg the farmer's daughter, the pride of Spaincil Hill.