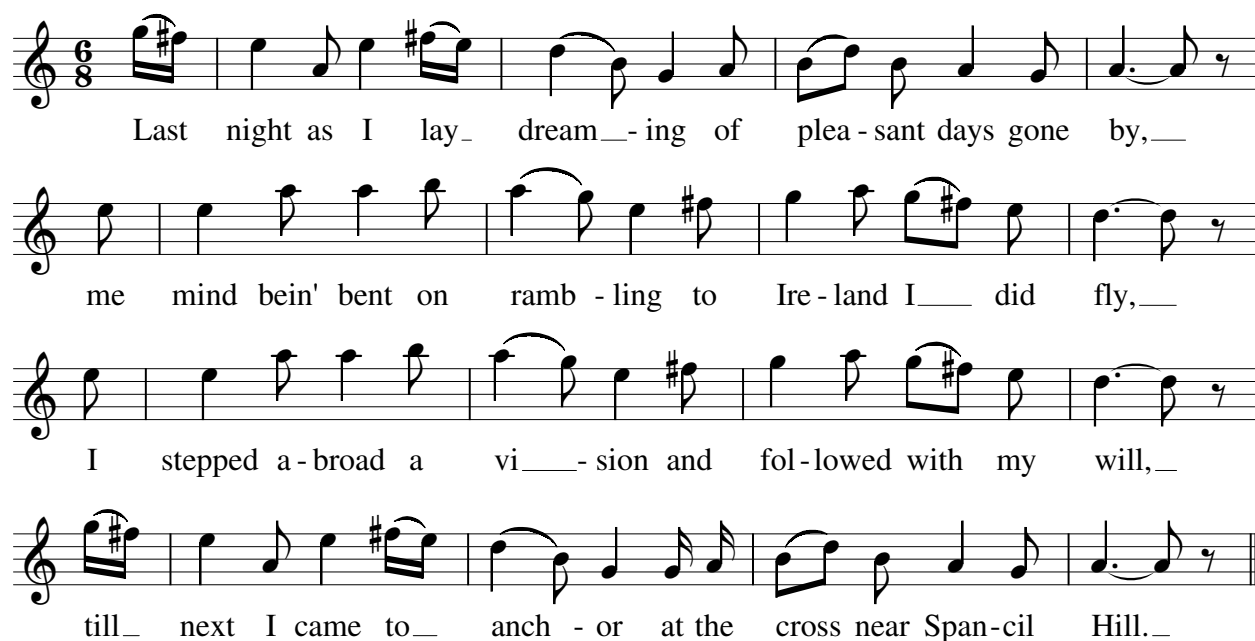


# Spancil Hill

Trad. aus Irland / USA



Last night as I lay\_ dream\_-ing of plea - sant days gone by,\_\_\_  
me mind bein' bent on ramb - ling to Ire - land I\_\_\_ did fly,\_\_\_  
I stepped a - broad a vi\_\_\_ - sion and fol - lowed with my will,\_\_\_  
till\_ next I came to\_\_\_ anch - or at the cross near Span - cil Hill. \_

2. Delighted by novelty, enchanted with the scene,  
where in my early boyhood where often I had been,  
I thought I heard a murmur and I think I hear it still:  
It's the little stream of water that flows down Spancil Hill.
3. It being the twenty-third of June, the day before the fair,  
when Ireland's sons and daughters in crowds assembled there:  
the young, the old, the brave and the bold, they came for sport and kill.  
There were jovial conversations at the cross of Spancil Hill.
4. I went to see my neighbours, to hear what they might say;  
the old ones were all dead and gone, the others turning grey.  
I met with taylor Quigley, he's as bold as ever still.  
Sure he used to make my britches when I lived in Spancil Hill.
5. I paid a flying visit to my first and only love:  
she's white as any lily and gentle as a dove.  
She threw her arms around me, saying: "Johnny, I love you still!"  
She's Mag, the farmer's daughter, and the pride of Spancil Hill.
6. I dreamt I stooped and kissed her as in the days of yore.  
She said: "Johnny, you're only joking, as many's the times before!"  
The cock crew in the morning, he crew both loud and shrill,  
and I woke in California, many miles from Spancil Hill.