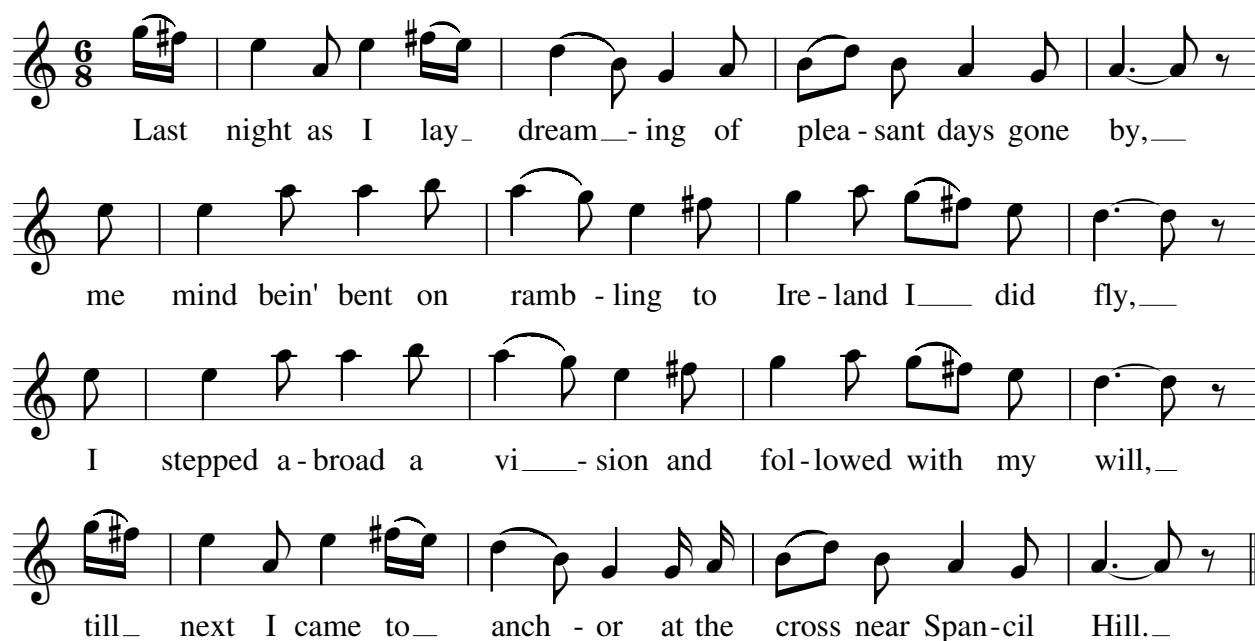


Spencil Hill

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 Spencil 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 Spencil 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 Spencil 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 Spencil 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 Spencil Hill.