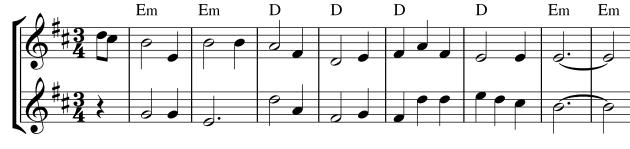
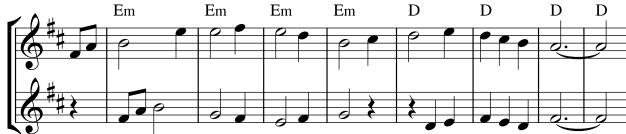
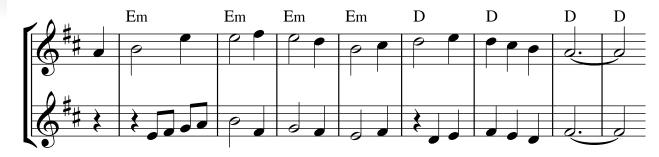
## The Irish Collection

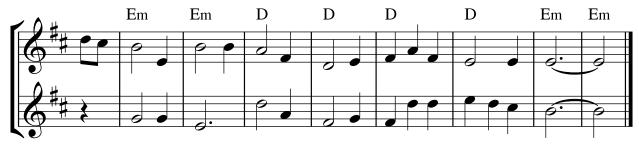


## Spancil Hill (Michael Considine 1850-73)









Last night as I lay dreaming of pleasant days gone by; My mind being bent on rambling to Ireland I did fly. I stepped on board a vision and I followed with the wind, And I shortly came to anchor at the cross of Spancil Hill.

It being the 23rd June the day before the fair, When Ireland's sons and daughters in crowds assembled there; The young and the old, the brave and the bold their journey to fulfill, There were jovial conversations at the fair of Spancil Hill.

I went to see my neighbors to hear what they might say; The old ones were all dead and gone and the young one's turning grey. I met with the tailor Quigley, he's a bould as ever still, Sure he used to make my britches 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 saying "Johnny I love you still," Oh she's Ned the farmer's daughter and the flower of Spancil Hill.

I dreamt I held and kissed her as in the days of yore; She said, "Johnny you're only joking like many's the time before." The cock he crew in the morning he crew both loud and shrill, And I awoke in California, many miles from Spancil Hill.