

The Irish Collection



Spancil Hill (Michael Considine 1850-73)

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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.

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