

411**"Spancil Hill"**Visit "[Spancil Hill](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Last night as I lay dreaming of pleasant days gone by
My mind been bent on rambling to Ireland I did fly
I stepped on board a vision and followed with a will
Til next I came to anchor at the cross in Spancil Hill

It been on the twenty-third of June the day before the
Fair
When Irelands sons and daughters and friends
assembled
There
The young, the old, the brave and the bold came their
Duty to fulfill
At the parish church in Clooney, a mile from Spancil
Hill

Delighted by the novelty, enchanted by the scene.
Where in me early boyhood where often I had been.
I thought I heard a murmur. I think I hear it still.
It's the little stream of water that flows down Spancil
Hill.

To amuse a passing fancy, I laid down on the ground.
And all my school companions, they shortly gathered
Round.
When we were home returning, we danced with bright
good

Will
To Martin Monahan's music, at the cross at Spancil
Hill.

I went to see me neighbours to see what they might say
The old ones were all dead and gone, the young ones
Turning grey
But I met the tailor Quigley, he's as bold as ever
Still
Ah, he used to make me britches when I lived at Spancil
Hill

I paid a flying visit to my first and only love
She's as white as any lily, gentle as a dove

And she threw her arms around me, saying Johnny I
love
You still
Ah, she's now a farmer's daughter and the pride of
Spencil Hill

I dreamt I knelt and kissed her as in the days of yore
Ah, Johnny you're only joking as many the time before
Then the cock he crew in the morning, he crew both
loud
And shrill
I awoke in California, many miles from Spencil Hill

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