

Hazel O'connor "Spancill Hill"

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(traditional)

One night as he lay dreaming of pleasant days gone by
His mind being bent on rambling to Ireland he did fly
he stepped on a vision and he followed with the wind,
when at last he came to anchor at the cross of Spancill
Hill.

Then on the 23rd of June the day before the fair,
When Ireland's sons and daughters and
friends assembled there.
The young and the old, the brave and
the bold cametheir dutie to fulfill
At the Parish Church in Clooney a mile from Spancill
Hill.

He went to see his neighbours to see how they did fare,
The old ones were all dead and gone
the young ones turning grey.
He met with tailor Quigley he's as funny as ever still,
Johnny used to patch his britches
when he lived in Spancill Hill.

He paid a flying visit to his one and only love,
She's as gentle as a puppy and as pretty as a doll
She threw her arms around me saying,
Johnny I love you still,

Sure she's Ned the farmer's daughter and the pride of
Spancill Hill.

He dreamt he held, he kissed her as many a time
before,
Oh Johnny you're only joking as many a time before.
The cock he crowed in the morning he crowed
both clear and shrill,
He awoke in California many miles from Spancill Hill.

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