

## **Cruachan "Spancill Hill"**

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[Arrangement: KF Words: Tradional]

Last night as I lay dreaming  
of pleasant days gone by,  
Me mind been bent on rambling,  
to Ireland I did fly,  
I stepped on board a vision  
and followed with a will  
Till next I came to anchor  
at the cross near Spancill Hill.

Delighted by the novelty,  
enchanted with the scene,  
Where in me early boyhood - 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 Spancill Hill.

To amuse a passing fancy  
I lay down on the ground,  
And all my school companions  
they shortly gathered round  
When we were home returning  
we danced with bright goodwill,  
To Martin Moynahan's music  
at the cross at Spancill Hill.

It was on the 24th of June,  
the day before the fair  
When Ireland's sons and daughters  
and all assembled there,  
The young, the old, the brave, the bold  
came their duty to fulfil,  
At the little church in Clooney,  
a mile from Spancill Hill.

I went to see me neighbours  
to see what they might say,  
The old ones they were dead and gone,  
the young ones turning grey,  
I met the tailor Quigley, he was bold as ever still,

sure he used to make my britches  
when I lived at Spancill Hill.

I paid a flying visit to me first and only love,  
She's as fair as any lilly and gentle as a dove,  
She threw her arms around me  
crying "Johnny I love you still",  
She was a farmer's daughter,  
the pride of Spancill Hill.

Well I dreamt I hugged and kissed her  
as in the days of yore  
She said "Johnny you're only joking"  
as many the times before,  
The cock crew in the morning,  
he crew both loud and shrill  
And I awoke in California,  
many miles from Spancill Hill.

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