

## The Prodigals "Spancil Hill"

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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 boarded with a will  
At last I came to anchor at the cross at Spancil Hill.

Chorus: Yippee-yi-yayyyy,  
Yippee-yi-yohhhh,  
A ghost rider in the sky.

It being on the twenty-third of June the day before the  
fair  
All Ireland's sons and daughters in crowds assembled  
there  
The young the old the brave the bold, their duties to  
fulfill  
There were pleasant conversations at the foot of  
Spancil Hill.

I went to see my neighbors to see what they might say  
The old ones were all dead and gone the young ones  
turning grey  
I met old Tailor Quigley, he's as bold as ever still  
He used to mend my britches when I lived at Spancil  
Hill

I paid a flying visit to me first and only love  
She's as young as any lily and as gentle as a dove  
She threw her arms around me saying 'Johnny I love  
you still'  
She's Ned the farmer's daughter and the pride of  
Spancil Hill

I asked her would she marry me as in the days of yore  
She said 'Johnny, you're only joking, as many's the time  
before'  
The cock crew in the morning, he crew both loud and  
shrill  
I awoke in California, many miles from Spancil Hill.

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