

## **Broddingnagian Bards "Spencil Hill"**

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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 Spencil 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 Spencil  
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 Spencil  
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 Spencil  
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 Spencil  
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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