

The Prize Fighter Inferno

"Spencil 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 Spencil 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
Spencil 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 Spencil
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
Spencil 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 Spencil Hill.

