

Paddy Schmidt

"SPANCIL HILL"

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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 I followed with a will

When next I came to anchor at the cross of Spancil Hill

Delighted by the novelty, enchanted by the scene

Where in my early boyhood so 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 Spancil Hill

It bein' on the 23rd of June, the day before the fair

When Ireland's 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 near Clooney, a mile from Spancil Hill

I went to see me neighbours, to hear what they might say

The old ones where all dead and gone, the young ones turning grey

I met the tailor Quigley, he's as bold as ever still

Sure he used to make me breeches when I lived in Spancil Hill

I payed a flying visit to me first and only love

She's as white as any lily, she's as gentle as a dove

She threw her arms around me, saying "Johnny, I love you still"

Ah, she's Ned, the farmer's daughter, the pride of Spencil Hill

I dreamed I held and kissed her as in the days of yore

She said "Oh Johnny, you're only joking as many's the time before"

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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