

## **Corrs, The**

### **"Spancill 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 followed with the wind  
'Til next I came to anchor at the cross near Spancill Hill

T'was on the twenty third June the day before the fair  
When Ireland's sons and daughters and friends  
assembled there  
The young  
The old  
The brave  
The bold came  
Their duty to fill at the parish church at Cluney  
Just a mile from Spancill Hill

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

I paid a flying visit to my first and only love  
She's fair as any lily and gentle as a dove  
She threw her arms around me saying, "Johnny I love  
you still"  
She was Meg the farmers daughter and the pride of  
Spancill Hill  
She was Meg the farmers daughter and the pride of  
Spancill Hill

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