

Wolfetones, The "Spencil hill"

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Last night as I lay dreamin'
Of pleasant days gone by
Me mind bein' bent on travelin'
To Ireland I did fly
I stepped aboard a vision
and followed with my will
'Til next I came to anchor
At the cross near Spencil Hill

Delighted by the novelty
Enchanted with the scene
Where in my early boyhood
Where often I had been
I thought I heard a murmur
And think I hear it still
It's the little stream of water
That flows down Spencil Hill

It being the 23rd of June
The day before the fair
Where Ireland's sons and daughters
In crowds assembled there
The young, the old, the brave and the bold
They came for sport and kill
There were jovial conversations
At the cross near Spencil Hill

I went to see my neighbours
To hear what they might say
The old ones were all dead and gone
The others turning grey
I met with tailor Quigley
He's as bold as ever still
Sure he used to make my britches
When I lived in Spencil Hill

I paid a flying visit
To my first and only love
She's white as any lily
And gentle as a dove
She threw her arms around me

Saying Johnny I love you still
She's Meg the farmers daughter
And the pride of Spencil Hill

I dreamt I stooped and kissed her
As in the day of 'ore
She said Johnny you're only joking
As many the times before
The cock crew in the morn'
He crew both loud and shrill
And I woke in California
Many miles from Spencil Hill

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