

Spencil Hill

Michael Considine

Am G Am
Last night as I lay dreaming of pleasant days gone by
Am C G
Me mind being bent on rambling, to Ireland I did fly
Am C G
I stepped on board a vision, and I followed with a will
Am G Em Am
'Til next I came to anchor at the cross at Spencil Hill

Am G Am
It being on the 23rd of June, the day before the fair
Am C G
When Ireland's sons and daughters and friends assembled there
Am C G
The young, the old, the brave, the bold, they came their joy to fill
Am G Am
At the parish church in Clooney, a mile from Spencil Hill

Am G Am
I went to see me neighbors, to see what they might say
Am C G
The old ones were all dead and gone, the young ones turning gray
Am C G
I met the tailor Quigley, he's as bold as ever still
Am G Am
Sure he used to mend me britches when I lived in Spencil Hill

Am G Am
I paid a flying visit to my first and only love
Am C G
She's as white as any lily, gentle as a dove
Am C G
And she threw her arms around me saying, "Johnny, I love you still"
Am G Am
She's Nell the farmer's daughter, the pride of Spencil Hill

Am G Am
I dreamed I held and kissed her as in the days of yore
Am C G
Ah Johnny, you're only jokin', as many's the time before
Am C G
Then the cock, he crew the morning, he crew both loud and shrill
Am G Am
And I woke in California, many miles from Spencil Hill