

Spencil Hill

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 followed with a will
Till next I came to anchor at the cross of Spencil Hill

It being 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 in Clooney, a mile from Spencil Hill

I went to see me neighbors, to see what they might say
The old ones were all dead and gone, the young one's turning grey
But I met the tailor Quigley, he's as bould as ever still
Ah he used to make my breeches when I lived in Spencil Hill

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

I dreamt I held and kissed her, as in the days of yore
Ah, "Johnny you're only joking as many's the time before"
Then the cock he crew in the morning, he crew both loud and shrill
I awoke in California, many miles from Spencil Hill.