

Spancil Hill

Trad.



1. Last night as I lay dream-ing, of the pleasant days gone by, my mind being
3. And to am-use my fan-cy I lay up-on the ground, where all my
5. And when our du-ty did commence, we all knelt down in prayer, in hopes for
7. I went in-to my old home, as ev-er-y stone can tell, the old bor-
9. I paid a fly-ing vis-it to my first and on-ly love, she's as pure as



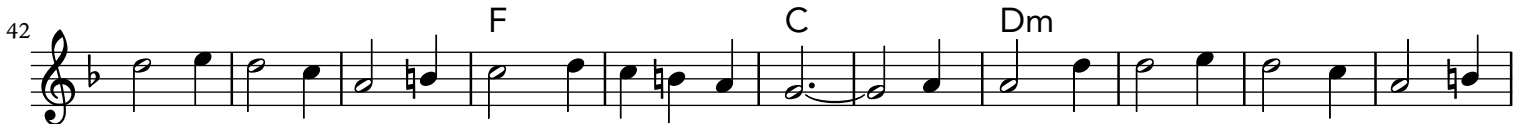
bent on rambling and to Ire-land I did fly. I stepped a-board a vi-sion and
school com-pan-ions, in crowds ass-em-bled 'round. Some have grown to man-hood, while
to be read-dy, to climb the Gol-den Stair. And when back home re-turn-ing, we
een, was just the same, the apple tree ov-er the well. I miss my sis-ter Ell-en, my
an-y li-ly, as gen-tle as a dove. She threw her arms around me say-ing



sailed out with a will, 'till I gla-dly came to an-chor at the Cross of Spancil Hill.
more they gra-ves did fill, oh I thought we were all young ag-ain at the Cross of Spancil Hill.
danced with right good will, to Mar-tin Moylan's mu-sic, at the Cross of Spancil Hill.
bro-thers Pat and Bill, sure I on-ly met me strangers at my home in Spancil Hill.
Mike I love you still, she is Mack the Ran-gers daughter, and the pride of Spancil Hill.



2. En-chant-ed by the no-vel-ty, de-ligh-ted by the scenes, where in my
4. It be-ing on the Sabb-ath morn, I though I heard a bell, o'er hills and
6. It being on the twen-ty third of June, the day be-fore the fair, sure E-rin's
7. I called to see my neigh-bours, to hear what they might say, the old were
10. I thought I stooped to kiss her, as I did in days gone by, she says Mike your



ear-ly child-hood, I of-ten times had been. I thought I heard a mu-mur. I
vall-ies soun-ded, in notes that se-em to tell. That Fa-ther Dan was com-ing, his
sons and daugh-ters, they all ass-em-bled there. The young, the old, the stout, the bold, they
get-ting fee-ble, the young were tur-ning grey. I met with tai-lor Qui-gly, he's as
on-ly jok-ing, as you of-ten were be-fore. the cock crew on the roost a-gain, he



think I hear it still, 'tis the litt-le stream of wa-ter at the Cross of Spancil Hill.
du-ty to ful-fill, at the par-ish church of Clooney just one mile from Spancil Hill.
came to sport and kill, what a curious com-bi-na-tion, at the Fair of Spancil Hill.
brave as ev-er still, sure he al-ways made me breeches when I li-ved in Spancil Hill.
crew both loud and shrill, I aw-oke in Cal-i-for-nia, far far from Spancil Hill.

11. But when my vision faded, the tears came in my eyes,
in hope to see that dear old spot, some day before I die.
May the Joyous King of Angels, His choicest blessings spill,
on that Glorious spot of Nature, the Cross of Spancil Hill.