

SPANCIL 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 ABOARD A VISION AND I FOLLOWED WITH A WILL
TILL NEXT I CAME TO ANCHOR AT THE CROSS OF SPANCIL HILL**

**DELIGHTED BY THE NOVELTY, ENCHANTED BY THE SCENE
WHERE IN MY EARLY BOYHOOD HOURS SO OFTEN I HAD BEEN
I THOUGHT I HEARD A MURMUR - I THINK I HEAR IT STILL
IT'S THAT LITTLE STREAM OF WATER THAT FLOWS BY SPANCIL HILL**

**IT BEING THE TWENTY-THIRD OF JUNE, THE DAY BEFORE THE FAIR
WHEN IRELAND'S SONS AND DAUGHTERS IN CROWDS ASSEMBLED THERE
THE YOUNG, THE OLD, THE BRAVE AND THE BOLD, THEIR DUTIES TO FULFILL
AT THE PARISH CHURCH OF CLOONEY NOT FAR FROM SPANCIL HILL**

**I WENT TO SEE MY NEIGHBORS, TO HEAR WHAT THEY MIGHT SAY
THE OLD ONES ARE ALL DEAD AND GONE, THE YOUNG ONES TURNING GREY
I MET THE TAILOR QUIGLEY - HE'S AS BOLD AS EVER STILL
SURE HE USED TO MAKE MY BRITCHES WHEN I LIVED IN SPANCIL HILL!**

**I PAID A FLYING VISIT TO MY FIRST AND ONLY LOVE
SHE'S AS FAIR AS ANY LILY, AS GENTLE AS A DOVE
SHE THREW HER ARMS AROUND ME SAYING "WILLIE, I LOVE YOU STILL!"
SHE'S MATT THE RANGER'S DAUGHTER, AND THE PRIDE OF SPANCIL HILL**

**I DREAMT I HELD AND KISSED HER AS IN THE DAYS OF YORE
SHE SAID "WILLIE, YOU'RE ONLY JOKING, LIKE MANY'S THE TIME BEFORE!"
BUT THE COCK HE CREW IN THE MORNING, HE CREW BOTH LOUD AND SHRILL
I AWOKE IN CALIFORNIA, MANY MILES FROM SPANCIL HILL!**