

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 the wind
And I shortly came to anchor at the cross of Spencil Hill

It being the 23rd June the day before the fair
When Ireland's sons and daughters in crowds assembled there
The young and the old, the brave and the bold their journey to fulfill
There were jovial conversations at the fair of Spencil Hill

I went to see my neighbors to hear what they might say
The old ones were all dead and gone and the young one's turning grey
I met with the tailor Quigley, he's a bould 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 as white as any lily and as gentle as a dove
She threw her arms around me saying "Johnny, I love you still"
Oh she's Ned the farmers daughter and the flower of Spencil Hill

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