

SPANCIL HILL

**Author: Michael Considine,
born ca. 1850, † ca. 1873**

Original Version

*Last night as I lay dreaming, of the pleasant days gone by,
My mind being bent on rambling and to Erin's Isle I did fly.
I stepped on board a vision and sailed out with a will,
'Till I gladly came to anchor at the Cross of Spancilhill.*

*Enchanted by the novelty, delighted with the scenes,
Where in my early childhood, I often times have been.
I thought I heard a murmur, I think I hear it still,
'Tis that little stream of water at the Cross of Spancilhill.*

*And to amuse my fancy, I lay upon the ground,
Where all my school companions, in crowds assembled 'round.
Some have grown to manhood, while more their graves did fill,
Oh I thought we were all young again, at the Cross of Spancilhill.*

*It being on a Sabbath morning, I thought I heard a bell,
O'er hills and vallies sounded, in notes that seemed to tell,
That Father Dan was coming, his duty to fulfill,
At the parish church of Clooney, just one mile from Spancilhill.*

*And when our duty did commence, we all knelt down in prayer,
In hopes for to be ready, to climb the Golden Stair.
And when back home returning, we danced with right good will,
To Martin Moilens music, at the Cross of Spancilhill.*

*It being on the twenty third of June, the day before the fair,
Sure Erin's sons and daughters, they all assembled there.
The young, the old, the stout and the bold, they came to sport and kill,
What a curious combination, at the Fair of Spancilhill.*

*I went into my old home, as every stone can tell,
The old boreen was just the same, and the apple tree over the well,
I miss my sister Ellen, my brothers Pat and Bill,
Sure I only met my strange faces at my home in Spancilhill.*

*I called to see my neighbors, to hear what they might say,
The old were getting feeble, and the young ones turning grey.
I met with tailor Quigley, he's as brave as ever still,
Sure he always made my breeches when I lived in Spancilhill.*

*I paid a flying visit, to my first and only love,
She's as pure as any lilly, and as gentle as a dove.
She threw her arms around me, saying Mike I love you still,
She is Mack the Rangers daughter, the Pride of Spancilhill.*

*I thought I stooped to kiss her, as I did in days of yore,
Says she Mike you're only joking, as you often were before,
The cock crew on the roost again, he crew both loud and shrill,
And I awoke in California, far far from Spancilhill.*

*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 Spancilhill.*

Traditional Version

*Last night as I lay dreaming of pleasant days gone by,
Me mind bein' bent on rambling to Ireland I did fly,
I stepped on board a vision and followed with the will,
When next I came to anchor at the cross near Spancil Hill.*

*Delighted by the novelty, enchanted by the scene
Where in my early boyhood so often I had been
I thought I heard a murmur and I think I hear it still,
It's that little stream of water that flows down Spancil Hill.*

*Being on 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 duty to fulfill,
At the parish church of Clooney, a mile from Spancil Hill.*

*I went to see my neighbours, to hear what they might say,
The old ones were all dead and gone, and 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 and gentle as a dove
She threw her arms around me, saying "Johnny, I love you still"
Ah she's Nell, the farmer's daughter, the pride of Spancil Hill*

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

Another popular Version

*One night as I lay dreaming of pleasant days gone by
My mind was bent on rambling to Ireland I did fly
I stepped on a vision and I followed with the wind,
When at last I came to anchor at the cross of Spancill Hill.*

*Then on the 23rd of June the day before the fair,
When Ireland's sons and daughters and friends assembled there.
The young and the old, the brave and the bold came their duty to fulfill
At the Parish Church in Clooney a mile from Spancill Hill.*

*I went to see my neighbours to see how they did fare,
The old ones were all dead and gone the young ones turning grey.
I met with tailor Quigley he's as funny as ever still,
And I used to patch his britches when I lived in Spancill Hill.*

*I paid a flying visit to my one and only love,
She's as gentle as a puppy and as pretty as a doll
She threw her arms around me saying, "Johnny I love you still,"
Sure she's Ned the farmer's daughter and the pride of Spancill Hill.
[Alt: She was Meg, the farmer's daughter, and the pride of Spancill Hill.]*

*I dreamt I held and kissed her as many a time before,
Oh Johnny you're only joking as many a time before.
The cock he crowed in the morning, he crowed both clear and shrill,
And I woke in California many miles from Spancill Hill.*

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Spancill_Hill