

# Christy Moore, Spancill 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 Spancil 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 Spancil 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 Spancil 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 Spancil 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 Spancil Hill.