

# Wolfe Tones, Spancil Hill

Last night as I lay dreamin'  
Of pleasant days gone by  
Me mind bein' bent on travelin'  
To Ireland I did fly  
I stepped aboard a vision  
and followed with my will  
'Til next I came to anchor  
At the cross near Spancil Hill

Delighted by the novelty  
Enchanted with the scene  
Where in my early boyhood  
Where often I had been  
I thought I heard a murmur  
And think I hear it still  
It's the little stream of water  
That flows down Spancil Hill

It being the 23rd of June  
The day before the fair  
Where Ireland's sons and daughters  
In crowds assembled there  
The young, the old, the brave and the bold  
They came for sport and kill  
There were jovial conversations  
At the cross near Spancil Hill

I went to see my neighbours  
To hear what they might say  
The old ones were all dead and gone  
The others turning grey  
I met with 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 white as any lily  
And gentle as a dove  
She threw her arms around me  
Saying Johnny I love you still  
She's Meg the farmers daughter  
And the pride of Spancil Hill

I dreamt I stooped and kissed her  
As in the day of 'ore  
She said Johnny you're only joking  
As many the times before  
The cock crew in the morn'  
He crew both loud and shrill  
And I woke in California  
Many miles from Spancil Hill