

# Spancil Hill

1. Strophe

Irish folk

Violine

8 Last night as I lay dream\_\_ing of pleas-ant days gone

8 by\_\_\_\_\_ My mind being bent on ramb-ling to Ire-land I . did

16 C dm F fly\_\_\_\_\_ I stepped on board a vis-ion and foll-owed with a

24 C dm C am will\_\_\_\_\_ till I late-ly came to an-chor at the cross near Span-cil

32 dm 2. Strophe Hill\_\_\_\_\_ De-ligh-ted by\_the no-vel-ty en-chan-ted with the

## Spancil Hill (dm)

1)

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 followed with a will  
Till I lately came to anchor at the cross near Spancil Hill

2)

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

3)

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, they came for sport and kill  
There were jovial conversations at the cross of Spancil Hill

4)

I paid a flying visit to my first and only love,  
She's white as any lily and as gentle as a dove  
She threw her arms around me, saying "Johnny, I love you still"  
She's Mag, the farmers daughter and the pride of Spancil Hill

5)

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