

Spencil Hill – Michael Considine

❖ Instrumental - Intro

Last night as I lay dreaming of pleasant days gone by
My mind been bent on rambling to Ireland I did fly
I stepped on board a vision and I followed with the wind
Till first I came to anchor at the cross in Spencil Hill

It been on the twenty-third of June the day before the fair
When Irelands sons and daughters and friends assembled there
The young, the old, the brave and the bold came their duty to fulfill
At the parish church near Clooney, a mile from Spencil Hill

I went to see me neighbours to see what they might say
The old ones were all dead and gone, the young ones turning grey
But I met the tailor Quigley, he's as bold as ever still
he used to mend my britches when I lived at Spencil Hill

❖ Instrumental – (ganz)

I paid a flying visit to my one and only love
She's as white as any lily, as 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 Spencil Hill

I dreamt I held and kissed her as in the days of old
Ah, Johnny you're only joking as many the time before
but the cock he crew in the morning, he crew both loud and shrill
I awoke in California, many miles from Spencil Hill

❖ Instrumental - Schluss