

Spancill Hill

Cruachan

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

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

To amuse a passing fancy
I lay down on the ground,
And all my school companions
they shortly gathered round
When we were home returning
we danced with bright goodwill,
To Martin Moynahan's music
at the cross at Spancill Hill.

It was on the 24th of June,
the day before the fair
When Ireland's sons and daughters
and all assembled there,
The young, the old, the brave, the bold
came their duty to fulfil,
At the little church in Clooney,
a mile from Spancill Hill.

I went to see me neighbours
to see what they might say,
The old ones they were dead and gone,
the young ones turning grey,
I met the tailor Quigley, he was bold as ever still,
sure he used to make my britches
when I lived at Spancill Hill.

I paid a flying visit to me first and only love,
She's as fair as any lilly and gentle as a dove,
She threw her arms around me
crying "Johnny I love you still",
She was a farmer's daughter,
the pride of Spancill Hill.

Well I dreamt I hugged and kissed her
as in the days of yore
She said "Johnny you're only joking"
as many the times before,
The cock crew in the morning,
he crew both loud and shrill
And I awoke in California,

many miles from Spancill Hill.