**Spancil Hill**

3/4 |v v^v^|

**Am G Am**

**Am G Am**

Last night as I lay dreaming of pleasant days gone by

**C (CBAG) G**My mind bein’ bent on rambling to Ireland I did fly

**Am C G**I stepped on board a vision and I sailed out with a will

**Am G Am**‘Til I gladly came to anchor at the cross of Spancil Hill

**Am G Am**

Enchanted by the novelty, delighted with the scenes.

**C G**Where in my early childhood I often times had been.

**Am C G**I thought I heard a murmur and I think I hear it still

**Am G Am**‘Tis that little stream of water at the cross of Spancil Hill.

**Am G Am**

And to amuse my fancy, I lay upon on the ground.

**C G**Where all my school companions, in crowds assembled ‘round

**Am C G**

Now some have grown to manhood, while more their graves did fill,

**Am G Am**

I thought we all were young again at the cross of Spancil Hill

**Am G Am**

It bein’ on the Sabbath morning I thought I heard a bell

**C G**

O’er hills and valleys sounded in notes that seemed to tell

**Am C G**

That Father Dan was coming his duty to ful-fill

**Am G Am**

At the parish church of Clooney just one mile from Spancil Hill.

**Am G Am**

And when our duty did commence we all knelt down in prayer

**C G**

In hopes for to be ready to climb the golden stair

**Am C G**

And when back home returning, we danced with right good will

**Am G Am**To Martin Moylan's music, at the cross of Spancil Hill.

**Am G Am**

Bein’ on the twenty-third of June the day before the fair

**C G**Sure Erin’s sons and daughters they all assembled there

**Am C G**The young, the old, the stout and the bold they came to sport and kill

**Am G Am**What a curious combi-nation at the fair at Spancil Hill

**Am G Am**

I went into my old home as every stone can tell

**C G**

The old boreen was just the same, the apple tree over the well

**Am C G**

I miss my sister Ellen and my brothers Pat and Bill

**Am G Am**

Sure I only met strange faces at my home in Spancil Hill

**Am G Am**

I called to see me neighbors to hear what they might say  
 **C G**

The old were getting feeble, the young ones turning grey

**Am C G**I met with the tailor Quigley, he's as bold as ever still

**Am G Am**Sure he always made me britches when I lived on Spancil Hill

**Am G Am**

I paid a flying visit to my first and only love

**C G**She's as pure as any lily, gentle as a dove

**Am C G**She threw her arms around me, saying Johnny I love you still

**Am G Am**She is Mack the Ranger's daughter and the pride of Spancil Hill

**Am G Am**

I thought I stooped to kiss her as I did in days of yore

**C G**Ah, Johnny you're only joking as you often were be-fore  
 **Am C G**

But the cock he crew on the roost again, he crew both loud and shrill

**Am G Am**And I a-woke in Cali-fornia, far, far from Spancil Hill

**Am G Am**

And when my vision faded and the tears came in my eyes

**C G**

In hope to see that dear old spot some day before I die

**Am C G**

May the Joyous King of Angels his choicest blessings spill

**Am G Am**

On that curious spot of nature on the cross of Spancil hill.

* The change from Am to C can be accompanied by a picked A B C; similarly, the C to G can be accompanied by a picked C B A G.