**Spancil Hill** (Life)

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**

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 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**

Then 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