**Spancil Hill** (People)

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**

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**

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 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