

# Fairmount Hill

## Dropkick Murphys

ast night as I lay dreaming of pleasant days gone by  
My mind was spent on rambling to Boston I did fly  
I stepped on board a vision and I followed with the wind  
When next I came to anchor at the rocks on Fairmount Hill  
It was on the 23rd of June the day before the fair  
When Boston sons and daughters and friends assemble there  
The young, the old, the brave, and the bold  
Came there till they took their fill  
At the parish church of Thatcher, a mile from Fairmount Hill  
I went to see old friends there, to see what they  
might say  
The old ones were all dead and gone, the young ones turning gray  
I met the broken hills, hazes on as ever still  
See I used to crash at his mother's house, when I hung on Fairmount Hill  
I paid a fly and visit to my first and  
only love  
She's as white as any lily, and as gentle as a dove  
She threw her arm around me saying Andy I love ya still  
Oh, she's one Miss Fayes O'Bailey, the pride of Fairmount Hill  
I dreamt I fought a violent war for the hand of  
this darling gal  
Against an angry jealous fool by the name of Danny Gill  
The clock it rang in the morning, it rang both loud and shrill  
When I awoke in California, many miles from Fairmount Hill

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