

# Spancil Hill

## The Dubliners

Last night as I lay dreaming of pleasant days gone by  
My mind being bent on rambling to Ireland I did fly  
I stepped on board a vision and I followed with a will  
Till next I came to anchor at the cross of Spancil Hill

It being on the 23rd of June, the day before the fair  
When Ireland's sons and daughters, and friends  
Assembled there  
The young, the old, the brave and the bold, came their  
Duty to fulfill  
At the parish church in Clooney, a mile from Spancil  
Hill

I went to see me neighbors, to see what they might say  
The old ones were all dead and gone, the young one's  
Turning grey  
But I met the tailor Quigley, he's as bould as ever  
Still  
Ah he used to make my breeches when I lived in Spancil  
Hill

I paid a flying visit to my first and only love  
She's as white as any lily and as gentle as a dove  
And she threw her arms around me, saying "Johnny, I  
Love you still"  
Oh she's Nell the farmers daughter, and the pride of  
Spancil Hill

I dreamt I held and kissed her, as in the days of yore  
Ah, "Johnny you're only joking as many's the time  
Before"  
Then the cock he crew in the morning, he crew both loud  
And shrill  
I awoke in California, many miles from Spancil Hill.

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Lyrics submitted by Lucio Ranieri.