

Spancil Hill

The High Kings

Last night as I lay dreaming,
of the pleasant days gone by,
My mind being bent on rambling to Ireland I did fly. I stepped on board a vision
and followed it with a will,
'Til I gladly came to anchor
at the Cross of Spancil Hill. And when our duty did commence, we all knelt down in prayer,
In hopes for to be ready, to climb the Golden Stair.
And when back home returning, we danced with right good will,
To Martin Moilen's music, at the Cross of Spancil Hill. It being on the twenty third of June, the day before the
fair,
Sure Erin's sons and daughters, they all assembled there.
The young, the old, the stout and the bold, they came to sport and kill,
What a curious combination, at the Fair of Spancil Hill. So I paid a flying visit, to my first and only love,
She's as pure as any lily, and as gentle as a dove.
She threw her arms around me, saying Mike I love you still,
And she's Mack the Ranger's daughter, and the Pride of Spancil Hill. It being a Sabbath morning, I thought I
heard a bell,
O'er hills and vallies sounded, in notes that seemed to tell
Of the Joyous King of Angels, his Choicest Blessings spill,
On that Glorious spot of Nature, the Cross of Spancil Hill.

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