

# Spancill Hill

## The Brogues

Last night as I lay dreaming  
Of pleasant days gone by  
My mind being bent on rambling  
To Ireland I did flyI stepped on board a vision  
And followed with the wind  
Till next I came to anchor  
At the cross near Spancill Hill'Twas on the 23rd of June  
The day before the fair  
When Ireland's sons and daughters  
And friends assembled thereThe young, the old, the brave, the bold  
Came their duty to fill  
At the parish church at Cluney  
Just a mile from Spancill HillI went to see my neighbors  
To hear what they might say  
The old ones were all dead and gone  
The young one's turning grayI met the tailor Quigley  
He's bold as ever still  
Sure he used to mend my britches  
When I lived at Spancill HillI paid a flying visit  
To my first and only love  
She's fair as any lily  
And gentle as a doveShe threw her arms around me saying  
Johnny I love you still  
She was Meg the farmer's daughter  
And the pride of Spancill Hill  
She was Meg the farmer's daughter  
And the pride of Spancill Hill

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