

Spancill Hill

The Corrs

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 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 there The young, the old, the brave, the bold
Came their duty to fill
At the parish church at Cluney
Just a mile from Spancill Hill I went to see my neighbors
To hear what they might say
The old ones were all dead and gone
The young one's turning gray I met the tailor Quigley
He's bold as ever still
Sure he used to mend my britches
When I lived at Spancill Hill I paid a flying visit
To my first and only love
She's fair as any lily
And gentle as a dove She 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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