

Spancil Hill by The Dubliners

Intro: 6/8 | Dm | C | C | Dm | Dm |

1. Last night as I lay drea-ming of plea-sant days gone by
My mind being bent on ramb-ling to Ire-land I did fly
I stepped on board a vis-ion and I fol-lowed with the wind
Till next I came to an-chor at the cross in Spa-ncil Hill

2. It being on the twen-ty third of June the day be-fore the fair
When Ire-land's sons and daught-ers and friends as-sem-bled there
The young the old the brave and the bold came their du-ty to ful-fil
At the par-ish church in Cloo-ney a mile from Span-cil Hill

3. I went to see me neigh-bours to see what they might say
The old ones were all dead and gone the young one's tur-ning grey
But I met the tail-or Qui-gley he's as bold as ev-er still
And he used to make me britch-es when I lived in Span-cil Hill

Instr: | Dm | C | C | Dm | Dm | Dm | C | G |
| Dm | Dm | C | G | Dm | C | C | Dm | Dm |

4. I paid a fly-ing vis-it to my first and on-ly love
She's as white as an-y lil-ly gent-le as a dove
And she threw her arms a-round me say-ing "John-ny I love you still"
Ah she's Nel the far-mers daugh-ter and the pride of Span-cil Hill

5. I dreamt I held and kissed her as in the days of yore
"Ah John-ny you're on-ly jok-in' as ma-ny's the time be-fore"
Then the cock he crew in the mor-ning he crew both loud and shrill
I a-woke in Cal-i-for-nia ma-ny miles from Span-cil Hill