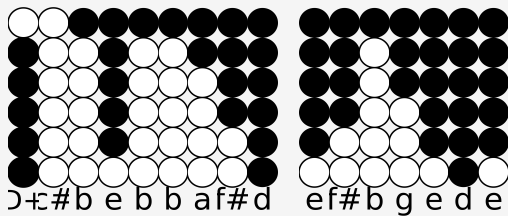
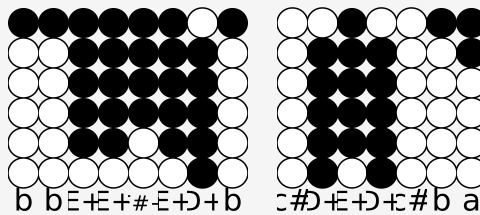
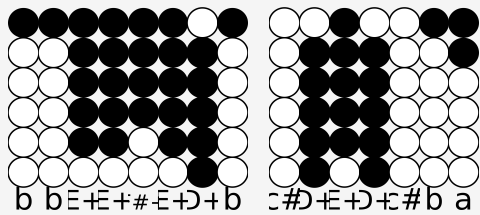
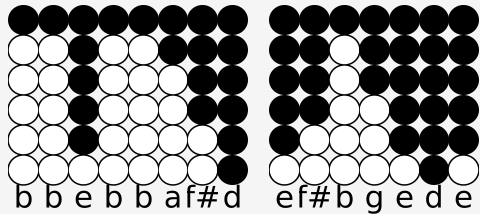


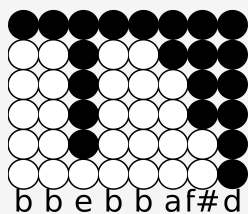
# Tin whistle tabs for: Spancil Hill

Categories: Irish

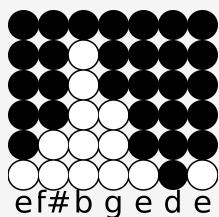
## Tabs



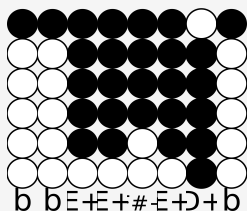
## Lyrics



Last night as I lay dreamin'

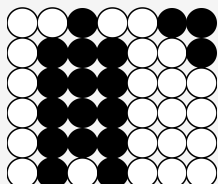


Of pleasant days gone by



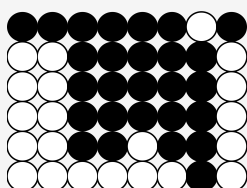
b b E E + # E D + b

Me mind bein' bent on rambling



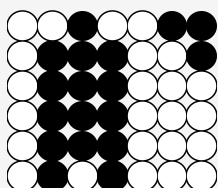
c # D E D E # b a

To Ireland I did fly



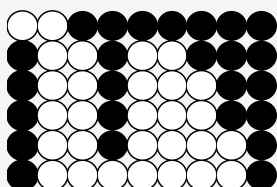
b b E E + # E D + b

I stepped on board a vision and



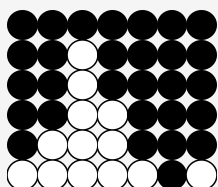
c # D E D E # b a

I followed with the wind



D E # b e b b a f # d

Till first I came to anchor at



e f # b g e d e

The cross at Spancil Hill

It being the 23rd of June

The day before the fair

Where 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 near Clooney  
A mile from Spancil Hill  
I went to see my neighbours to  
See what they might say  
The old ones were all dead and gone The young ones turning grey  
I met the tailor Quigley  
He's as bold as ever still  
He used to mend my britches when  
I lived in Spancil Hill  
I took a flying visit to my one and only love  
She's as white as any lily  
As gentle as a dove  
She threw her arms around  
Me, saying "Johnny, i love you still"  
She is Nell, the farmer's daughter  
The pride of Spancil Hill  
I dreamt I held and kissed her  
As in the days of old  
Saying, "Johnny, you're only joking  
As many's the time before"  
But the cock, he crew in the morning  
He crew both loud and shrill  
I awoke in California  
Many miles from Spancil Hill