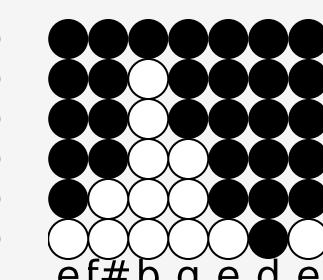
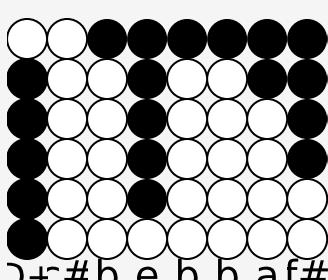
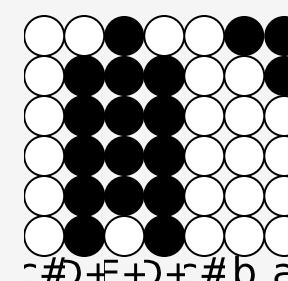
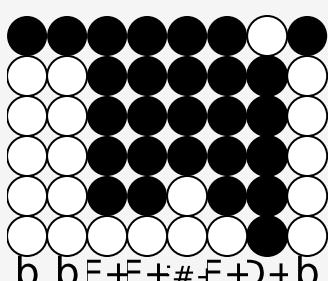
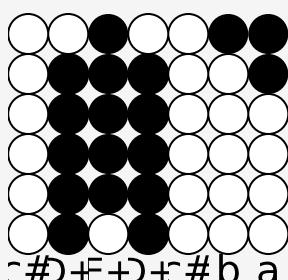
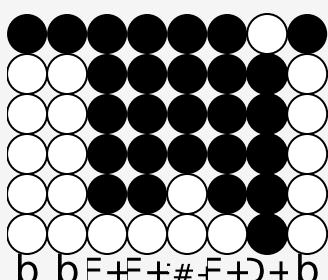
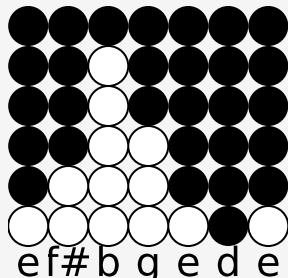
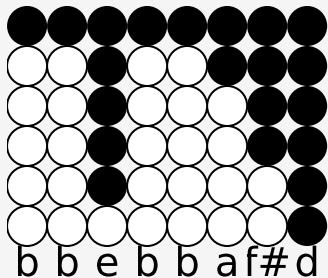


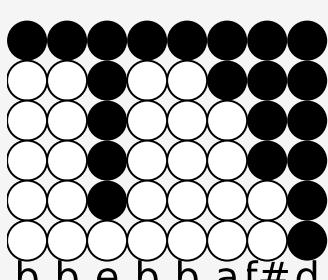
Tin whistle tabs for: Spancil Hill

Genre: irish

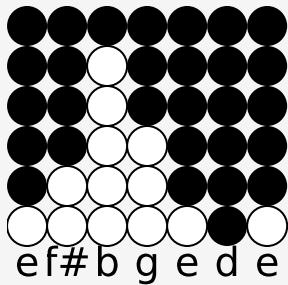
Tabs



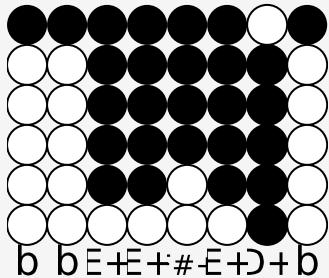
Lyrics



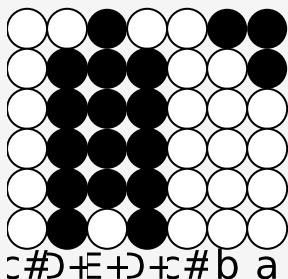
Last night as I lay dreamin'



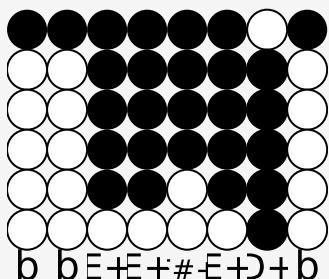
Of pleasant days gone by



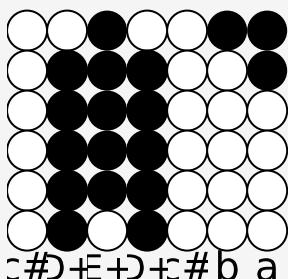
Me mind bein' bent on rambling



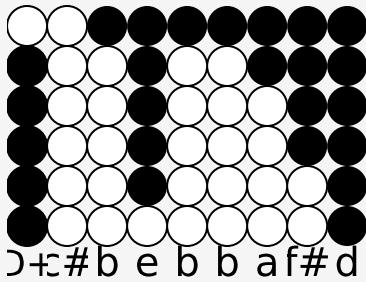
To Ireland I did fly



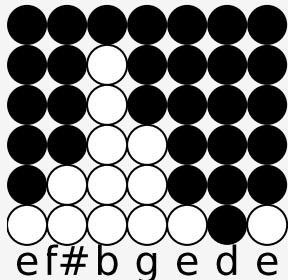
I stepped on board a vision and



I followed with the wind



Till first I came to anchor at



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