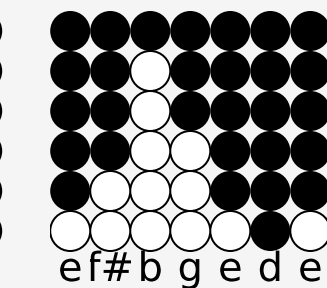
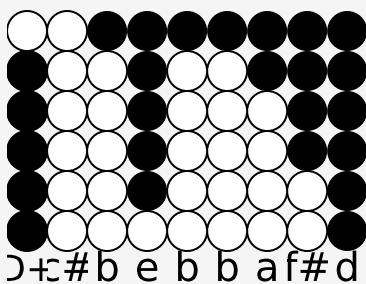
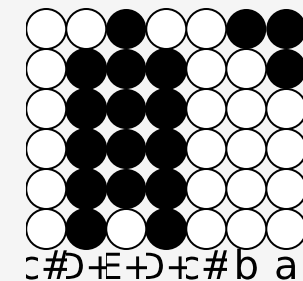
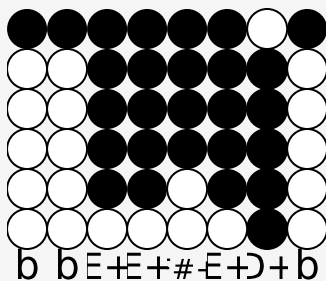
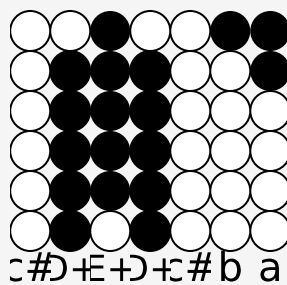
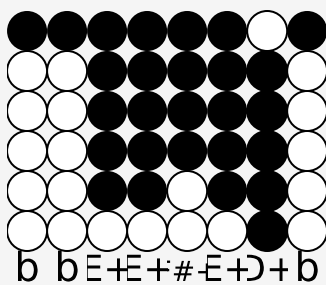
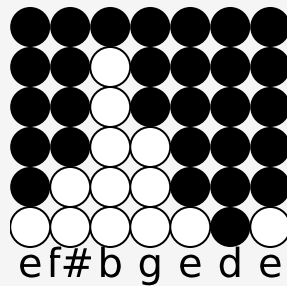
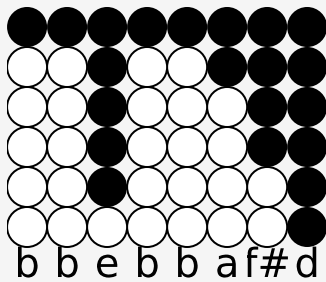


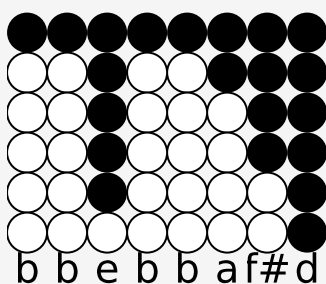
# Tin whistle tabs for: Spancil Hill

Genre: irish

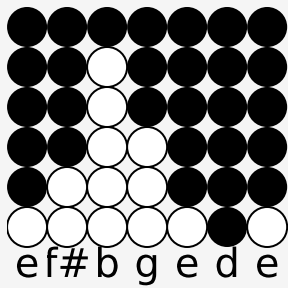
## Tabs



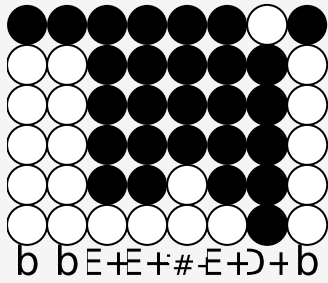
## Lyrics



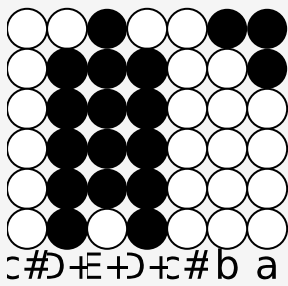
Last night as I lay dreamin'



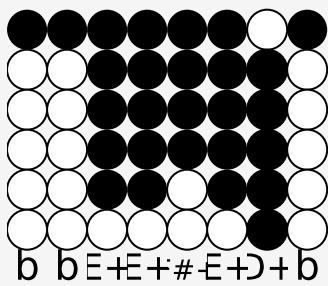
Of pleasant days gone by



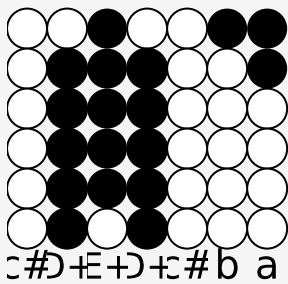
Me mind bein' bent on rambling



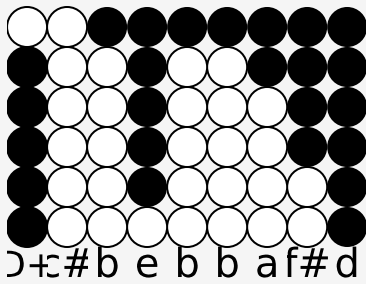
To Ireland I did fly



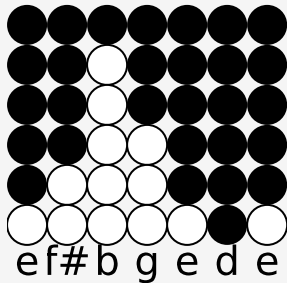
I stepped on board a vision and



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